May 18, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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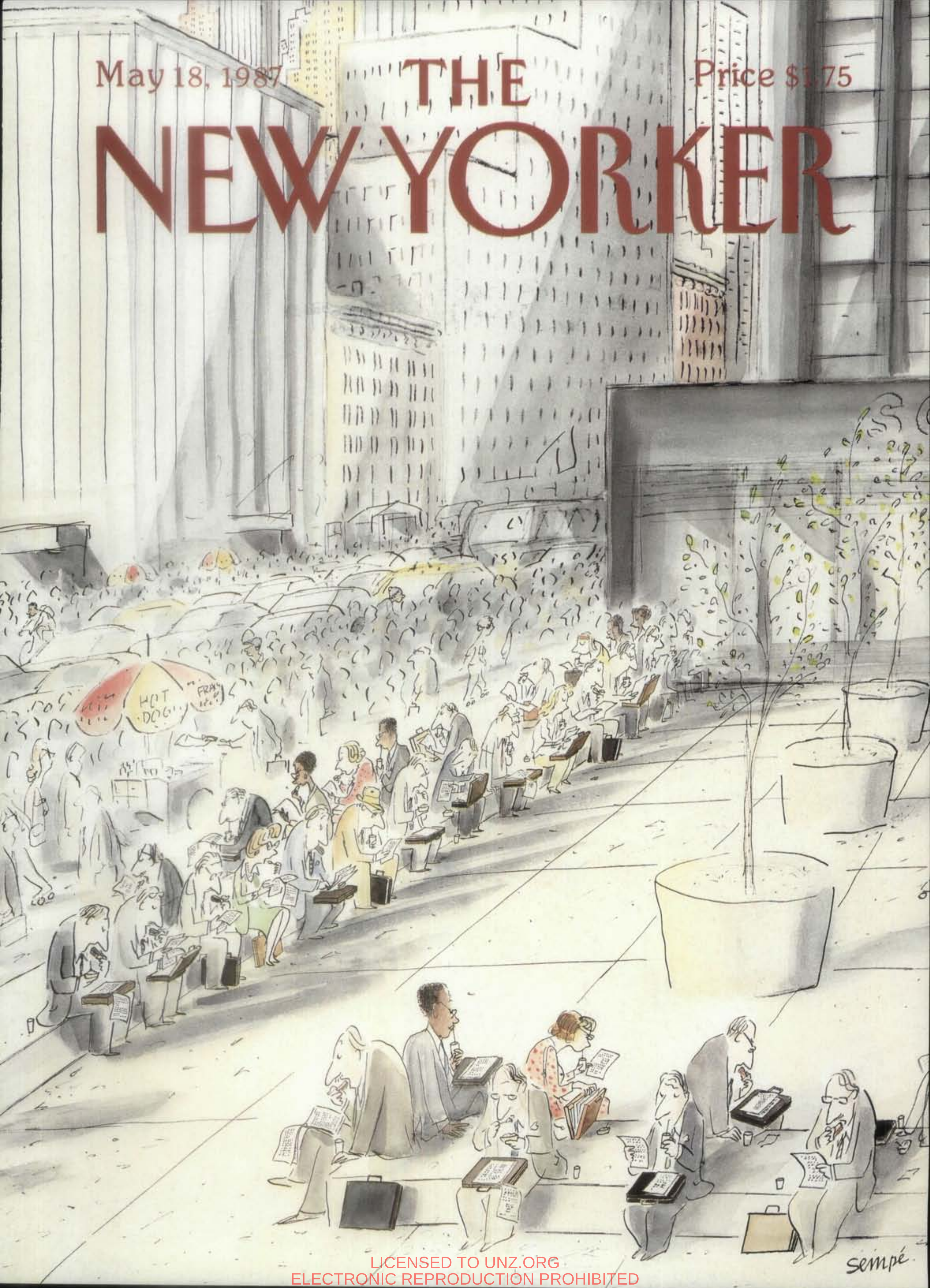
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All My Sons—Arvin Brown (director) and his capable company have made an acceptable show out of Arthur Miller's clunky play, which was first done here in 1947. Richard Kiley is the villainous businessman who sells defective parts to the Air Force. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/87.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Asinamali!—A brilliant play written and directed by South African playwright Mbongeni Ngema, which was seen last fall at Lincoln Center's "Woza Afrika!" festival. (9/29/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (4/13/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. The director is Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Lady of Fadima," by Edward Allan Baker; "A Ripe Banana," by Jennifer Lombard; "After School Special," by Keith Reddin; "All for Charity," by John Patrick Shanley; and "Dinah Washington Is Dead," by Kermit Frazier: Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 7:30; Saturday, May 16, at 5 (previews) and 9 (opening); and Monday, May 18, and Thursday, May 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "The Author's Voice," by Richard Greenberg; "The One About the Guy in the Bar," by Ernest Thompson; "The Last Outpost at the Edge of the World," by Stuart Spencer; and "A Million Dollar Glass of Water," by Anthony McKay: Friday, May 15, at 7:30; Sunday, May 17, at 3 and 7; Wednesday, May 20, and Friday, May 22, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 23, at 5 and 9. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Through Monday, June 15.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of **wish you were here,** a 1952 musical by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan (book) and Harold Rome (music and lyrics). Opens on Thursday, May 14, and will run through Sunday, June 7. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"THE NEW FIRST LADY" . . . . *Randy Cohen* 36
"LET IT PASS" . . . . *Mavis Gallant* 38
"THREE POEMS" . . . . *Osip Mandelstam* 40
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MIAMI) . . . . *David Rieff* 65
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 84
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 87
THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 89
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 107
"THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART" (POEM) . . . . *Billy Collins* 109
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 110
  BRIEFLY NOTED 115

COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Roz Chast, Dean Vietor, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, Edward Koren, W. B. Park, William Hamilton, Michael Maslin, Mick Stevens, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, Jack Ziegler, J. B. Handelsman, Gahan Wilson, Arnie Levin, Tom Funk, Al Ross, James Stevenson, Henry Martin, Bill Woodman, Mike Twohy, Charles Barsotti, Stuart Leeds, Mischa Richter*

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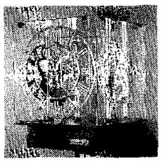

This typical clock is a distinctive feature of all Swissôtels: Hotel International Zurich, Hotel Président Geneva, Hotel Bellevue Palace Berne, Hotel Le Plaza Basle, Le Lausanne Palace, Le Montreux Palace, Amsterdam Ascot Hotel, The Drake Hotel New York, The Lafayette Hotel Boston, The Swiss Grand Hotel Chicago (opening summer 1988), The Crystal Palace Hotel Tianjin/ PR China, The Swiss Grand Hotel Seoul (opening late 1987). For information or reservation please contact the hotel directly, your travel agent or Swissair/ HORIS. Swissôtel – Swiss precision in hospitality.

The Drake in New York, as one example, is conveniently located on the corner of Park Avenue and 56th Street. Or the Bellevue Palace in downtown Berne, with the Aare river below and the Bernese Alps on the horizon. But Swissôtels are not highly rated because of their location alone: attentive service, superb cuisine and a discreet ambiance are equally important assets. Regardless of the Swissôtel you choose, you will be on the right spot to effectively attend to business.

swissôtel

Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke, its composer, Richard Peaslee, and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. Performances begin Friday, May 15. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 6. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT**, is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Morning performances Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous novel by Choderlos de Laclos (1782). With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A more than satisfactory revival of Jules Feiffer's comedy about a family under the siege of the day-to-day menace in this city. Mr. Feiffer's satire doesn't cut very deep, but his humor and his mocking spirit are as entertaining as ever. With Mike Nussbaum (in three roles), Graham Beckel, Christine Lahti, and Frances Sternhagen, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Lucky Spot—The action takes place in a dance hall in Louisiana in 1934. The playwright is Beth Henley, so eccentricity, humor, and passion abound, to say nothing of talent. There are strong performances by Mary Stuart Masterson and Amy Madigan, as two young women in love with the dance hall's proprietor. Stephen Tobolowsky was the director. (5/11/87) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

Eve Olitsky

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Second Avenue—A play by Allan Knee. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 24.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A failed comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a divorced artist in middle age and a young man who is her son's roommate at college. Four actors (Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton) portray this woebegone couple, who love neither wisely nor too well. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Three Postcards—A musical with a book by Craig Lucas and score and lyrics by Craig Carnelia, who is also a cast member. Preview Wednesday, May 13. Opens officially on Thursday, May 14, and will run through Sunday, May 24. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Wha . . . i, Whai, a Long Long Time Ago—A play by the Korean writer Che Inhoon, performed in English under Tisa Chang's direction. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 23.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast is headed by George Rose. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,256 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer, who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by

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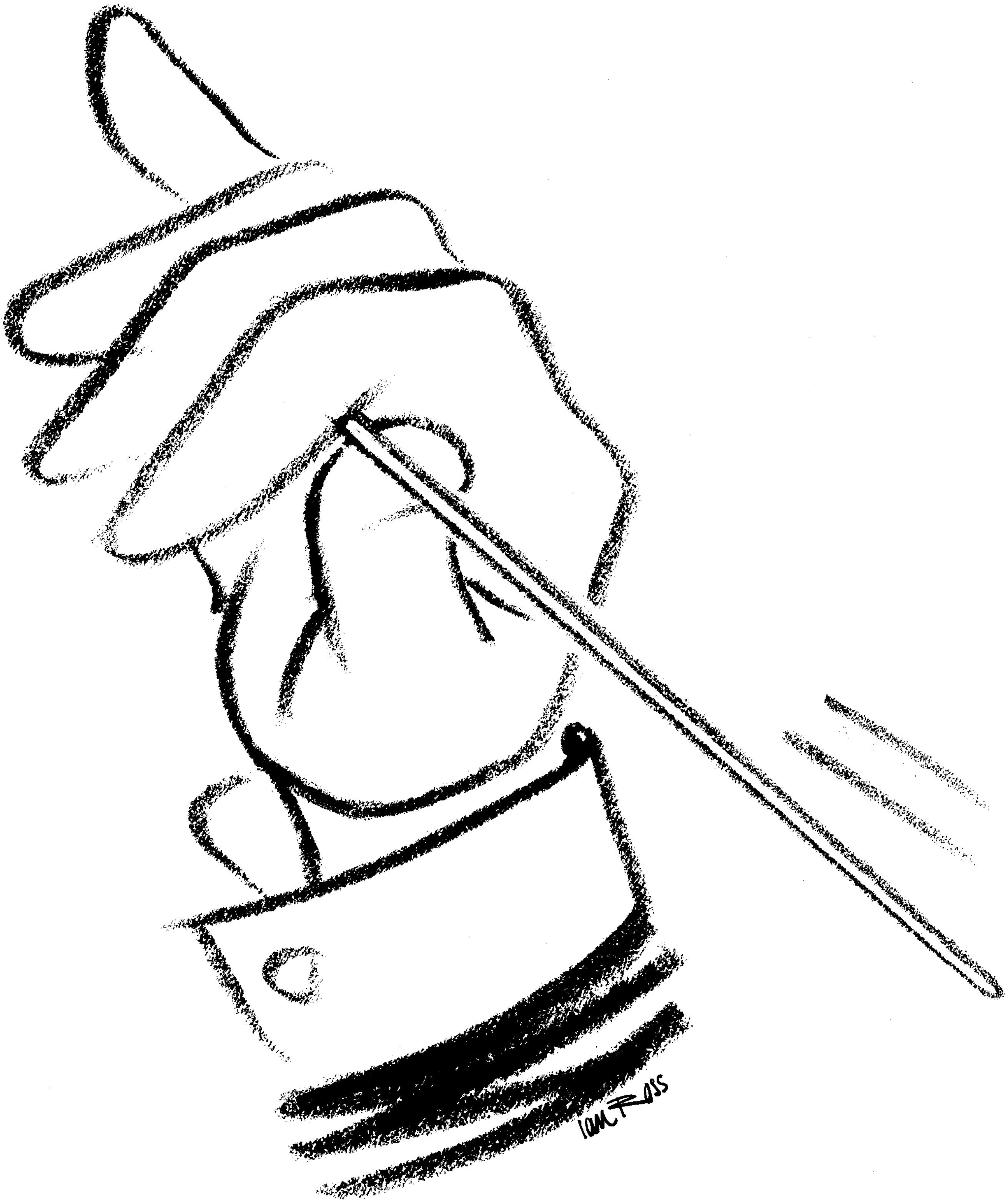

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 20, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 13, at 7:30; Thursday, May 14, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 15, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, May 16-17, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Wednesday evening, May 13: "Agon," "In G Major," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Serenade," "Les Gentilhommes" (première), and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Scotch Symphony," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "The Four Temperaments," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Serenade," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 17: "In G Major," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 17: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 19: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "In G Major," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Sinfonia Mistica," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Moves," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and "Serenade." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Through Monday evening, May 18: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 19: "Airs," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 20: "Les Rendezvous," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 20: "Airs," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 21: "Paquita," "Pillar of Fire," and "Les Rendezvous." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 22, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 23: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 13, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 3: "Images," "Last Look," and "Kith and Kin." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 8: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," "Paean," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 8: "Arden Court," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 8: "Esplanade," "Profiles," "Aureole," and "Syzygy." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

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LYON OPERA BALLET—A return engagement of "Cendrillon." Starts Tuesday, May 19, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, May 19, at 3:30; Wednesday, May 20, and Saturday, May 23, at 2 and 8; and Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, at 8.)

LUCINDA CHILDS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 7:30: Two excerpts from "Relative Calm" ("Rise" and "Race") and two excerpts from "Portraits in Reflection" ("Suite Form" and "Hands"). . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 2: Dance No. 1 from "Dance," "Available Light," and "Calyx." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Arthur Schwartz. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**AL CARMINES,** a minister who doubles as a singer and pianist, is giving vesper concerts (Porter, Berlin, Paul Simon, Bessie Smith blues, hymns, his own songs, and a poem in praise of his cat are on the program) at six-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No sermons or exegetical patter; there's still light left in the day when he's done. Late risers can hear Amanda McBroom at nine (through Saturday, May 16), and Helen Schneider at eleven (Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16).

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Pianist **JOE SAMPLE'S** quartet trades sets with electric violinist **JOHN BLAKE** and his foursome through Saturday, May 16; on Sunday, May 17, the Sample band flies all by itself. Starting Tuesday, May 19, high-note trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** works out with his big band, High Voltage. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, and followers of the **LOUNGE LIZARDS.** The Lizards are a lot more polished than they were back in the days when they entertained downtown sophisticates with "fake jazz;" in fact, while they still dabble in dissonance and pell-mell ensemble playing, they more often sound like an ordinary fusion band. They are here on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, May 13, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, May 15, Hunters & Collectors; Saturday, May 16, Soupy Sales; and Thursday, May 21, the Desert Rose band, with **CHRIS HILLMAN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. The duos: **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, May 15, and **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** starting Monday, May 18. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Flutist **JAMES NEWTON** directs a quartet through Sunday, May 17, and on Tuesday, May 19, Gloria Lynne starts singing. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and singer-pianist **BEN SIDRAN** are working together in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box through Sunday, May 17. On Tuesday, May 19, the Brazilian percussion-and-vocal team of **AIRTO** and **FLORA PURIM** begin a six-night stint. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. Nat Jones owns the keyboard through Saturday, May 16, and **HILTON RUIZ** takes charge starting Tuesday, May 19. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesday, May 13.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH,** an Arkansas-born hepcat, is at the upright, singing his version of that song. He also sometimes sings "Moon River," "East of the Sun (and West of the Moon)," and an extravagant, up-tempo love song called "Nothing Like You," which he wrote with Fran Landesman. He and his longtime partner, bassist **BILL TAKAS,** are here on Sundays and Mondays. Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio, and Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to singer Judy Niemack's threesome. Music from about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** are on duty Tuesdays through Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, May 13, the Tubes; Thursday, May 14, **DR. JOHN** and **EDDIE (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER;** Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, Jack Mack & the Heart Attack; and Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, the **RADIATORS.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room, which is where all the action is, you can see Dory

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Previn (through Saturday, May 16) and **JO SULLIVAN** and Len Cariou (starting Tuesday, May 19). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Small but satisfying helpings (trio-size, as a rule) of jazz and soul in an upper West Side café. Baritone saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and his two sidemen occupy the bandstand Friday and Saturday, May 15-16. Music from about ten until two.

Positano, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—A high-ceilinged Italian seafood restaurant. The waiters and waitresses wear what look like Chinese bowling shirts—loose black blouses with a picture of a mermaid, the house mascot, on the back. Good jazz trios play quietly in the aerie above the bar. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI'S** threesome will be aloft through Friday, May 15, and pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ'S** crew goes to work on Monday, May 18. Music from nine Mondays and Tuesdays, and from ten Wednesdays through Fridays. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Wednesday, May 13, Hipsway; Thursday, May 14, World Party; Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, Erasure; Thursday, May 21, Pseudo Echo; Friday, May 22, the Godfathers; and Saturday, May 23, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, Brazilian percussionist-singer **NANA VASCONCELOS** & the Bush Dancers; Friday, May 15, Black Stalin, a calypso group; Saturday, May 16, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, May 19, Yomo Toro; and Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, reggae singer **JUDY MOWATT.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. **MC COY TYNER,** whose dense, thundering, rhythmically insistent piano style works like an incantation on some people, performs with his trio every night but Monday, May 18, when the eclectic and satirical **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** pops in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and funk room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. **LONNIE LISTON SMITH** works out on it Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16. On Thursday, May 21, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** begins a three-night gig. Music from nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club that is attached to an Irish pub. Fridays and Saturdays are blues nights. **PINETOP PERKINS,** a Mississippi-born piano thumper who spent a dozen years in Muddy Waters' band, is the main event Friday and Saturday, May 15-16. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On May 18, **RAY ANDERSON** will take a trombone solo or two with orchestras led by **WILLIE COLON** and **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ.** Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** every night except Monday. On Tuesdays, they alternate with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from nine-thirty on Tuesdays, and from ten the rest of the week.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **KENNY BURRELL & THE JAZZ GUITAR BAND,** a three-guitar quintet, hold forth through Sunday, May 17, and on Tuesday, May 19, clarinettist **EDDIE DANIELS** (an old Vanguard hand; he worked with the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis big band in the late sixties and early seventies) descends the stairs with his quartet. Mondays remain the property of the aforementioned institution, now known as the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room where you can contemplate the meaning of bop and post-bop. **JOEL FORRESTER,** a pianist and co-leader of the Microscopic Septet, directs a small group called the Congress of Opposites through Sunday, May 17, and on Wednesday, May 20, hard-bop alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** moves in with his quartet. Shows from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a pianist who seems to burrow into whatever she plays rather than float through it waving to bystanders, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, and Saturday, May 16. (**RONNIE MATHEWS** fills in for her on Friday, May 15.) Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their long-running collaboration on Sunday, May 17, and another topnotch guitar-bass duo, **TAL FARLOW** and **GARY MAZZAROPPI,** swings into action on Monday, May 18. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Yomo Toro—Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Fostina Dixon & Winds of Change—Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, May 17, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.

Don Shirley Trio—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, May 17, at 8.

Reggie Workman Ensemble—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Abdullah Ibrahim & Ekaya and Sathima Bea Benjamin & Windsong—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 21, at 8.

Caetano Veloso—Town Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8.

José Feliciano—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, May 23, at 8.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD
S.

"Barbershop Harmony"—With the Big Apple Chorus and three quartets. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Town Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Rela Banks—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Saturday, May 16. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Thirteen ink drawings of circus subjects. Through May 30. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

John Chamberlain—Recent sculptures. Through June 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Linda Chapman—Watercolors by a Magic Realist. Through Saturday, May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Those dating from 1943 to 1974 are at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Through May 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Those made after 1974 are at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through May 30.

Karen Erla—A two-gallery show of oil paintings on paper. Through May 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Garabedian—Abstract paintings combining motifs from architecture, sculpture, and American Indian art. Through Saturday, May 23. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Glenn Goldberg—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Bryan Hunt—A two-gallery show. Drawings at Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 6), and sculptures at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through June 13).

Jane Kaplowitz—Oil-stick drawings of imaginary interiors furnished, tongue-in-cheek, with twentieth-century art works—a Matisse figure and a Hoffmann-style chair, for instance. Through June 6. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings of balloons for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, based on Norman McGrath's photographs, which are also in the show. Through May 27. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Aquatints in a show that complements the artist's retrospective opening at the Guggenheim Museum on Friday, May 15. Through June 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—Paintings and collages from the eighties. Through May 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

John Parks / Kazuko Inoue—Distorted views of London landmarks. / Recent abstract paintings. Through June 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

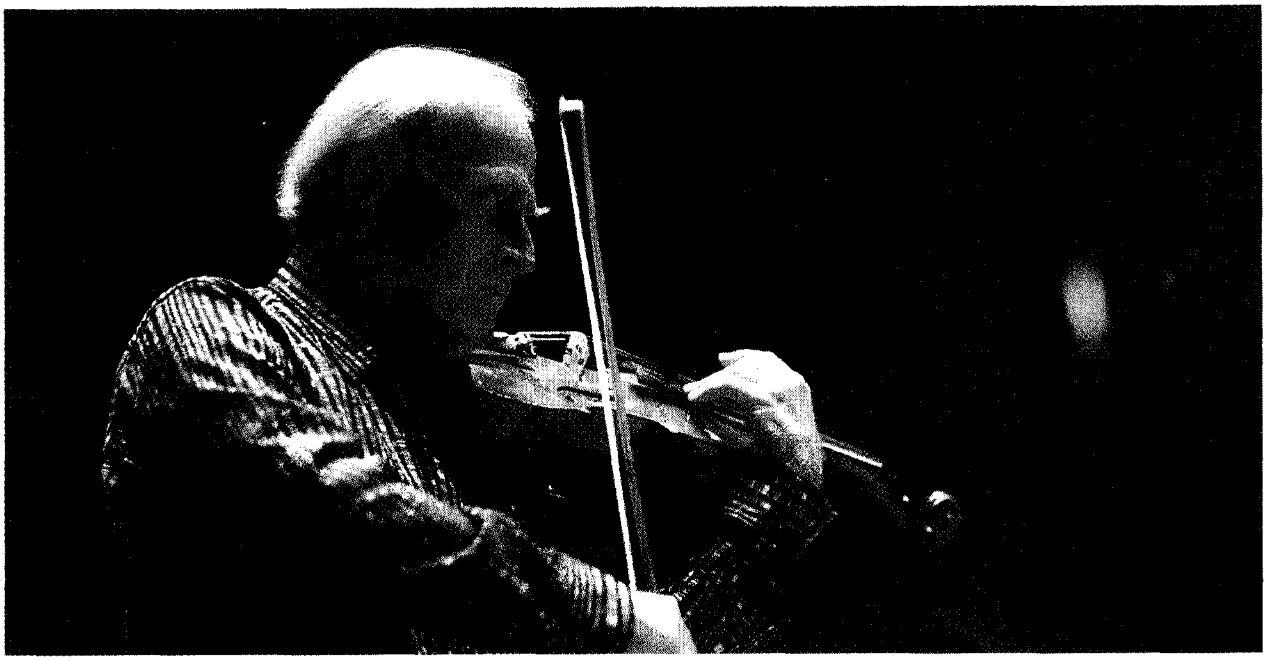
Ann Sperry—Metal sculptures. Through Saturday, May 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Hedda Sterne—New paintings. Through May 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Leonard Stokes—New figurative paper collages. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

John H. Twachtman (1853-1902)—Nineteen paintings by an American Impressionist. Through June 13. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism,"



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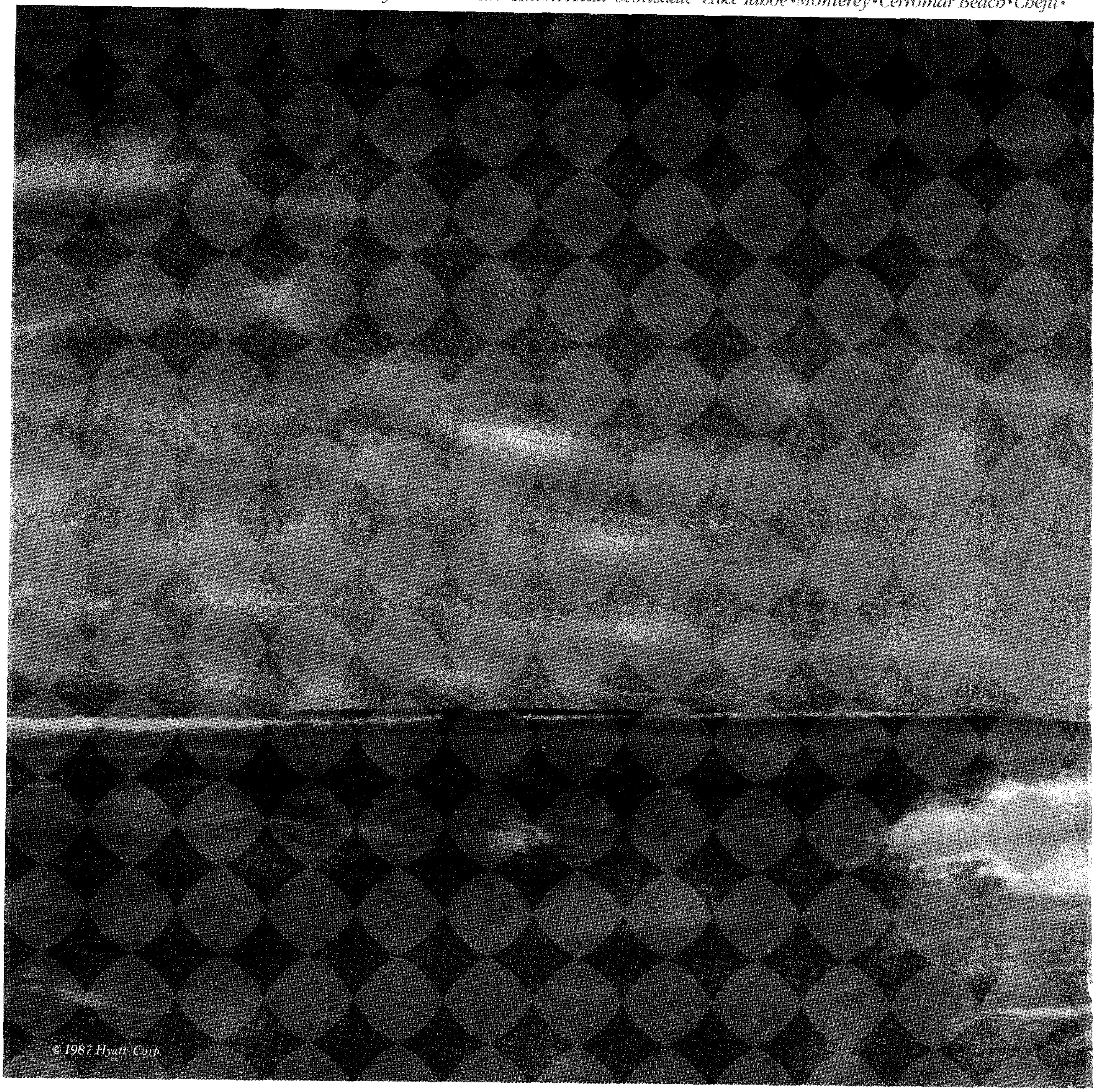
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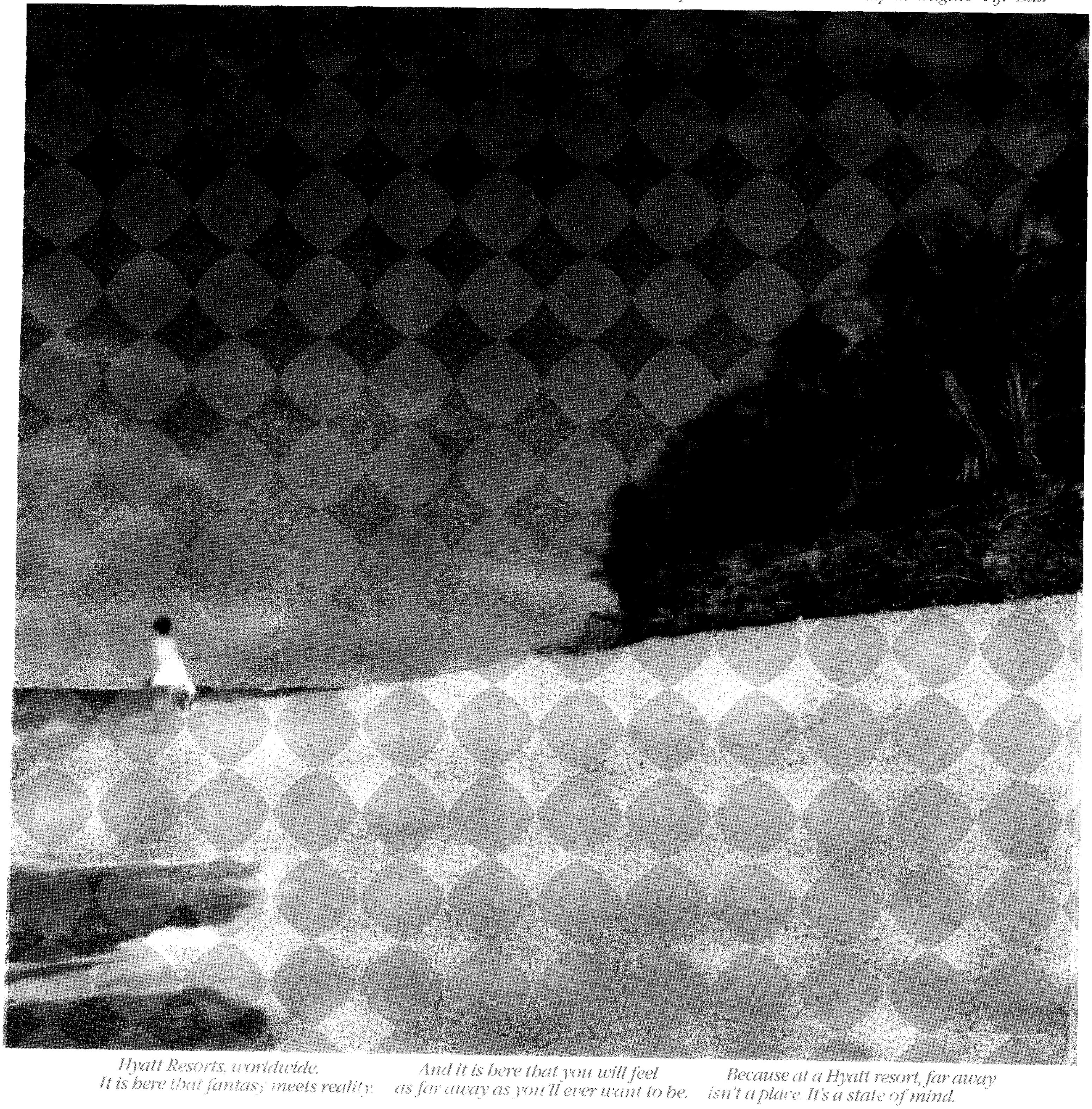

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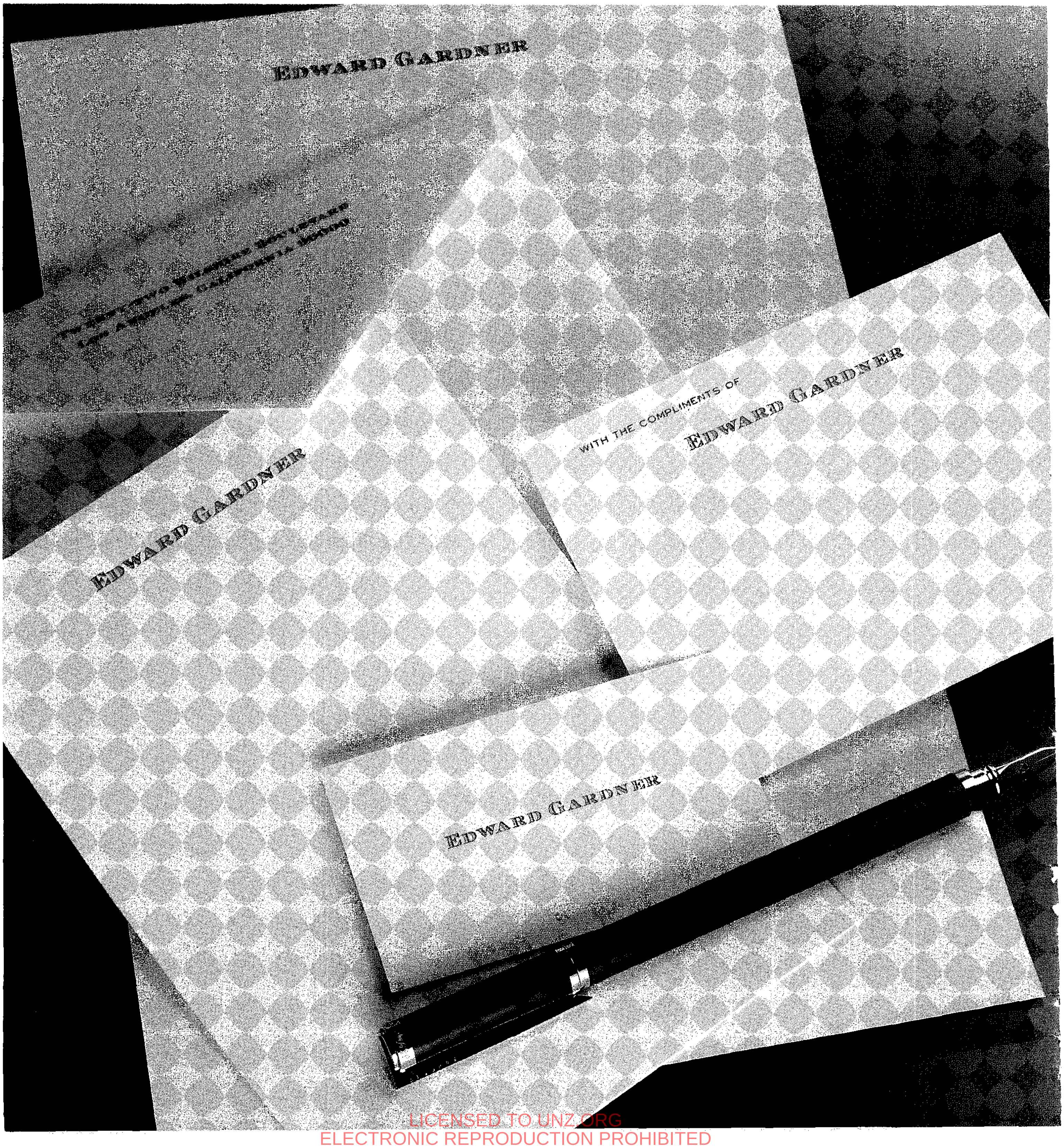


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through June 12.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1886-1966)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and works on paper, dating primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, May 23. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—A retrospective of woodcuts, drypoints, and lithographs. Through June 12. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Birmelin / Jerome Witkin—Paintings and works on paper of cityscapes, many observed by the artist from his studio window on Fourteenth Street. / Preparatory drawings for paintings. Through May 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Isabel Case Borgatta / Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Stone sculptures. / Small watercolors and drawings. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Cronin—New painted tinplate sculptures, plus three large-scale painted aluminum works. Through Saturday, May 16. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio / George Woodman—Pastels of the Southwest. / New paintings of flowers intertwined with patterns, on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, May 23. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Ray Ciarrochi—Watercolors of arboreal landscapes. / Oils and pastels of New England and lower Manhattan. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-88)—A loan show of twenty-eight drawings. Through June 12. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Roy Gussow / Royce Howes—Painted-and-polished stainless-steel abstract sculptures. / Oil-on-board paintings, each one evenly divided between abstraction and realism. Through June 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Mixed-medium paintings and books. Through June 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arthur Levine—Paintings of vintage airplanes. Through May 30. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Ellsworth Kelly—Pop paintings from the early sixties. / Pencil drawings outlining leaves. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Mr. Lichtenstein's show of drawings continues at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Ethel Magafan—Colorado landscapes painted in egg tempera and watercolors, plus ink drawings. Through June 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) / **Joseph Hirsch**—Watercolors from the thirties, a period when he interpreted landscape subjects in several styles. Through June 6. / Paintings by a contemporary social realist. Starts Thursday, May 14. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

John Meyer—Realist landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Self-portraits and dog portraits. Through May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Izhar Patkin—Oil paintings on wire-mesh screen, among other works (which complement his stencilled-rubber-curtain installation in the Whitney Biennial). Through Saturday, May 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Piccolo—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes of Rome. Through May 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages, together with paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties by New York artists (Gorky, Krasner, Pollock) who were friends of Ryan's and, like her, were unrecognized at the time. Through May 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Color woodcuts. Through June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli / Ethan Greenberg—Abstract paintings. / Charcoal drawings of cityscapes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through June 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Surls / Alain Clement—Figures and abstractions rendered in carved-and-burned oak. / Photograms. Through May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Painted-metal cutouts, a few projecting from the wall. Through May 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Drawings for the Joseph Husser house (1899) and for the Guggenheim Museum (the earliest dated 1943). Through May 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—An installation of paintings and altered musical instruments. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Elise Asher—Fantasy landscape paintings and drawings. Through June 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

David Bates—Stylized paintings of outdoorsmen by an outdoorsman from Dallas. Also, three painted bronzes—a dog's head, a bust, a platter of fish. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Linda Besemer—Thickly painted abstract oils and charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, May 16. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Janice Biala and Daniel Brustlein—Paintings. Through May 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Tom Bills—Steel-and-lead sculptures. Through June 6. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

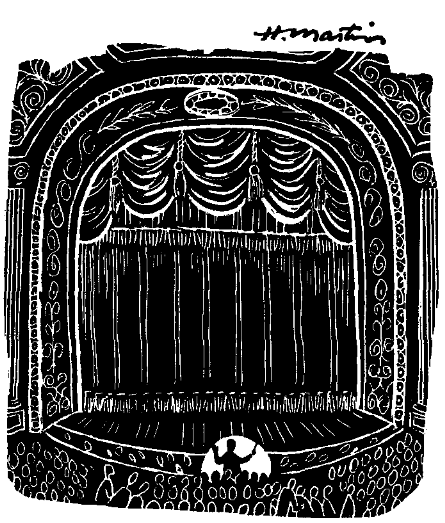
Melvin Charney—An installation and drawings by a member of the architecture faculty of the University of Montreal. Through May 30. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Sandro Chia—New paintings. Through May 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford—Emblematic paintings and four bronzes based on them. Through May 31. (M-13, now located at 72 Greene St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Dorothy Dehner / Geer Morton—Works on paper from her "Bolton Landing" series. / Oil paintings. Through Saturday, May 23. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Randy Dudley / Steven Lee Hansen—The Gowanus Canal transformed by a style that can be traced to seventeenth-century Dutch landscapists. / Painted reliefs evoking the Lascaux murals. Through Saturday, May 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)



Lauren Ewing—Sculptures, including a trompe-l'oeil theatre curtain in bronze. Through June 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Carole Jeane Feuerman—Classical-style cast-stone sculptures of fragmented figures. Through June 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Viola Frey—Glazed ceramic works, among them larger-than-life-size figures. Through June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Marilyn Giersbach / Carol J. Steen—Abstract oils. / Vigorous alkyd paintings on paper, all containing emblematic representations of tools. Through Saturday, May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jack Goldstein—Large-scale paintings in Day-Glo colors. Through Saturday, May 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jan Håfström—Painted wood in various configurations. Through May 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Penny Kaplan—Sculptures of classical architecture pared down to basics and constructed so that each work folds up like a book. Through Saturday, May 23. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Kassel—Realist paintings of interiors. Through May 30. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Barbara Kruger—Photomontages from the past five years. Through May 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vincent Longo—Color paintings based on grids. Through May 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Recent paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, May 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Eduardo Oliveira Cézar—Monochromatic Precisionist paintings of architectural elements. Through May 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Michele Owings—Goya was the inspiration for these recent paintings. Through May 30. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—A sculpture installation, among other works; first solo show in New York. Through June 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Scott Richter—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 27. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Gerwald Rockenschaub—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through May 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Frances Siegel—Self-portraits covering a six-year period. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

The Starn Twins—Cut-and-taped photographic works. Through Saturday, May 23. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Haim Steinbach—Objects, ranging from antique bric-a-brac to contemporary consumer goods, arranged on Formica shelves. Through Saturday, May 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Osami Tanaka / B. Wurtz—Two shows of sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

P.U.L.S.E.—The name of a show of very active kinetic machine sculptures that make sounds, create light, or present moving images. The artists, who use such technologies as fibre optics, neon, and computers, seem to come from the same family tree, starting with Granddaddy Marcel Duchamp, and coming on down to Jean Tinguely, James L. Seawright, Alice Aycock, Kristin Jones, and Andrew Ginzel. Through Saturday, May 23. (420 West Broadway, ground floor.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: New paintings and sculptures by Kosuth, Morris, Oldenburg, Serra, Stella, and Therrien. Through May 30. . . . **schreiber-cutler**, 171 Spring St.: Contemporary works on the theme of crime and punishment. Among the twelve artists are Stephen Lack, Hannelore Baron, and Nic Nicosia. Through May 30.

Sculpture—Works by artists who were in-

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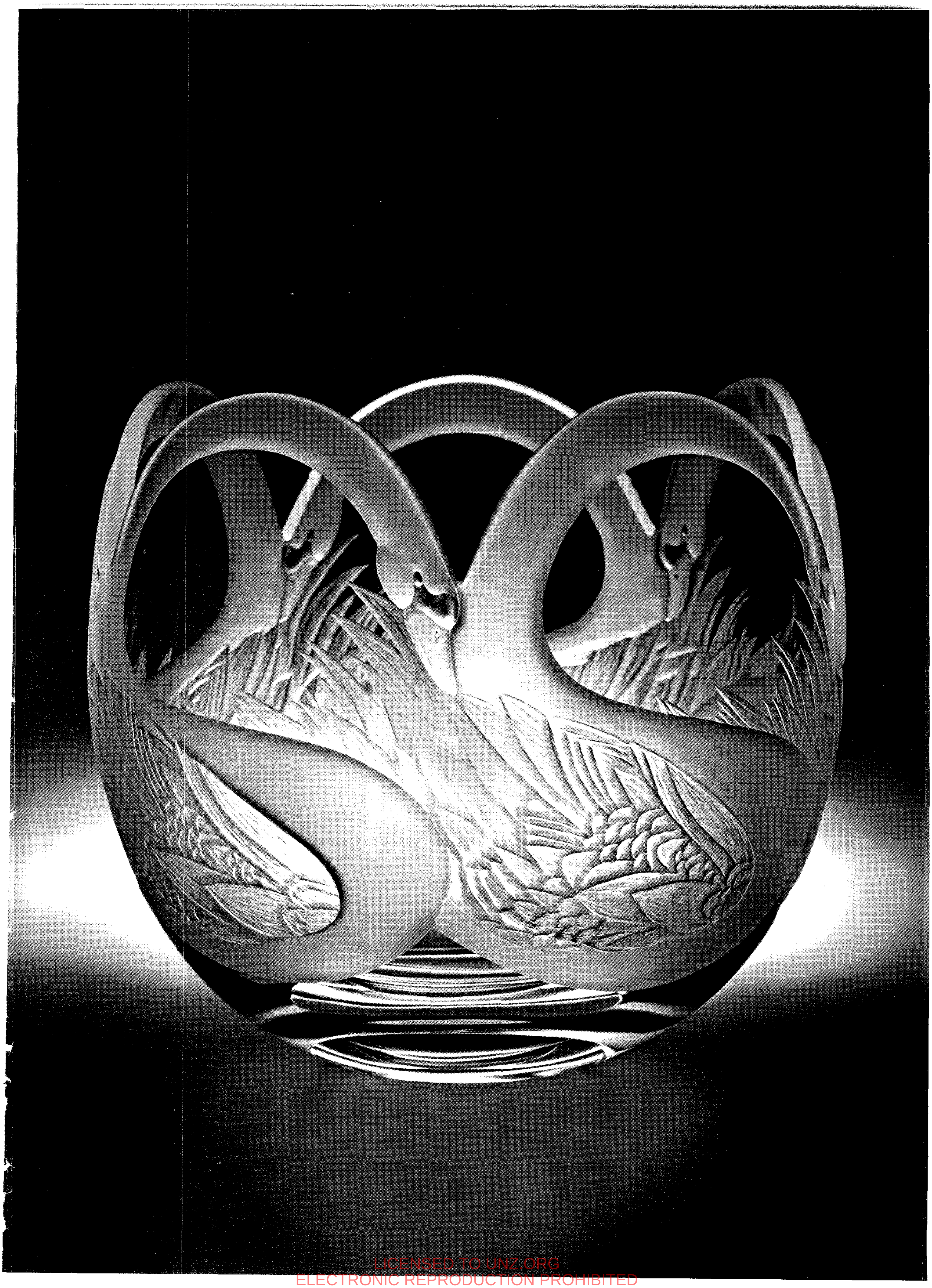

fluenced by minimalism: Peter Ambrose, Heide Fasnacht, Tom Hatch, Carol Hepper, Lisa Hoke, and Creighton Michael. Through May 26. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Franklin—A mixture of traditional and nontraditional materials. For instance, in "The Drum Painting" a wide cowhide frame surrounds a rabbitskin-glue-coated canvas with a dowel attached to it. Through May 31. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Anthony Gormley—A monumental sculpture of a lead glider. Through May 26. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

David Hacker / Mary Woronov—Sculptures. / Paintings. Through May 25. (Bond, 30 Bond St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Stephen Hannock—Landscape paintings in phosphorescent acrylics and shown under black light in an otherwise dark room. Through May 31. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Kalina / Osvaldo Romberg—Black-and-white paintings. / Bright-colored paintings on laminated wood. Through May 31. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—New paintings complementing their works in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 31. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rick Prol—Drawings and constructions from the past four years. Through May 30. (St. Marks, 411 E. 9th St., near First Ave. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Rice / Dondi White—Sculptures of male figures made of materials found in the street; also, paintings. / Works on paper by a graffiti writer. Through Saturday, May 23. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Alan Saret—Five new twisted-wire sculptures by an artist who has works in the same material in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 30. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Jeff Way—A hinged, painted wood screen, partially cut out, and several masks. Through May 30. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—New slide projections. Through May 24. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Five life-size guards, carrying paintings as shields and otherwise armored in suits of jewels (in the artist's characteristic style), ward off potential art-world marauders from the Gracie Mansion Gallery. Through Sunday, May 17. (167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Guerrilla Girls Review the Whitney—The anonymous Guerrilla Girls (they asked the Clocktower staff to vacate the premises while they mounted their work) keep track of the status of women artists. Huge graphics analyze the Whitney Biennial from that point of view, starting with the 1973 show. Through Sunday, May 17. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—At **nature morte,** 204 E. 10th St.: A single work apiece by James Brown and Michelangelo Pistoletto, and two by Joel Otterson. Through May 31. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **P.S. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Pieces by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Musuem of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Mark Klett—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest. Through June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Danny Lyon—Photographs from the past twenty-five years. Through June 6. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—New works. Through Saturday, May 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ray K. Metzker / Dennis Farber—Tuscan landscapes. / The street life of Venice, California, in prints that have gold-leaf modifications. Through June 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Cindy Sherman—The artist isn't exactly out of the picture in these new works, but she isn't the whole pizza, either—in a beach scene, for instance, her reflection is in the sunglasses. Through May 30. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Deborah Turbeville—Photographs, most of them done on assignment for *Vogue* and other publications. Through July 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mothers & Daughters—The theme of a show of eighty prints by seventy-five photographers. Through May 30. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. (A complementary show of paintings is at Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . **photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which will include paintings, objects, and works on paper. Starts Friday, May 15. Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St. has a complementary exhibit. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics, and metalwork from North and South America and Asia. Through Monday, May 18. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing the structures. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The ink-and-wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view), a book that, dwelling as it does on the coarser aspects of Russian life, did not exactly delight Catherine the Great (she wrote a rebuttal). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of the artist's suite of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Re-

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naissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of varying works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed fabric that is stretched like a canvas. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Frank Moore's "Intimate Cave" (performance), Thursday, May 14, from 7 to midnight, during which the audience is free to come and go.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Susan Rethorst (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 14-17, at 8:30, and an afternoon show Sunday at 3.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Holly Hughes' "Dress Suits to Hire," with Peggy Shaw and Lois Weaver, Fridays through Sundays, May 15-17 and 22-24, at 9. . . . ¶ Maria Cutrona's "The Doppler Effect," Friday through Sunday, May 15-17, at 9.

Artists' Films—Two programs of films by or about artists. Thursday, May 14, at 8: "Style Wars: Art or Vandalism? Portrait of a Subculture," by Tony Silver, and three other works. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8: "The World of Gilbert and George," by Gilbert Proesch, and ten other films. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. 924-4212.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

American Chamber Opera Company—Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Alice Shields' "Shaman," conducted by Douglas Anderson and staged by Roger Sullivan. (TOMI Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

Bronx Opera Company—Michael Spierman conducting Donizetti's "The Elixir of Love," staged by Johnathon Pape. With the Bronx Opera Orchestra. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1356.)

Mannes Camerata—Paul C. Echols conducting Francesco Cavalli's 1649 comic opera, "Giasone" (in English). Staging by Mr. Echols, who also prepared the translation, with Martin Morell. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 16-17; Tuesday, May 19; and Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, all at 8. For information about tickets, call 595-1747.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting—Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, and Tuesday, May 19, at 8: Works by Gabrieli, Byrd, Schumann, and Strauss, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, at 8: A Ravel-Berlioz-Strauss program, with Rosalind Plowright, soprano.

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting an Ives-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 8: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting a Franck-Shostakovich-Sibelius program, with Lynn Harrell, cello.

Tampere Philharmonic Orchestra—Paavo Rautio conducting an orchestra from Finland, making its first appearance here. With Matti Salminen, bass. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday, May 18, at 8: Mahler's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 19, at 8: A Strauss-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 20, at 8: A Haydn-Bruckner program.

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Giampaolo Bracali conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in concert performances of Puccini's "Le Villi," with Tony Randall, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, May 14, a benefit performance, and Saturday, May 16, both at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 855-4751.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Philip Smith, trumpet, and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8. Tickets are free; for information, call 874-7515).

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the chorus and orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole and Mark Bleeke, tenors; and Kevin Deas, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harold Rosenbaum directing Handel's oratorio "Joshua," with Karen Beardsley, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis directing a new work by Nicolas Roussakis, plus folk music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a Janáček-Verdi program, with Lila Deis, soprano; Erika Van Wyke, mezzo-soprano; John Stewart, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 3.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 17, at 3.)

Y Chorale and the Levin Baroque Ensemble—Amy Kaiser directing, with Mary Ann Hart and Alexandra Montano, mezzo-sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; and others. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing, with Alimo Russell, soprano; Mark Bleeke, tenor; Thomas Beveridge, bass; and June Marano-Murray and John Forconi, duo piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Beverly Morgan—Soprano. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Aspen Wind Quintet—With Mary Louise Vetrano, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—Contemporary string quartets. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Diana Kacso—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 5:30.)

Paco Peña—Flamenco guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 9.)

Ridge String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 3.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in two performances of

Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, May 17, at 3, and Monday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the days of the concerts.)

Elizabeth Brown and Scott Jackson Wiley—Flute and guitar. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 5:30.)

Florence Quivar—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 7:30.)

New York Camerata—Two new song cycles by Miriam Gideon and Michael White, and other works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 17, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—Works by Schubert and Alfred Schnittke, performed by musicians who have played at Gidon Kremer's Austrian-based festival. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—A benefit program of premières, including a work by Francis Thorne and a sonata for piano and violin by Dick Hyman, performed by him and Yuval Waldman. Also with the Cassatt String Quartet; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, May 18, at 8.)

Arioso Trio—With David Stanton, clarinet. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aurora—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Simon Preston—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

Lynn Raley—Piano. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musical Elements—Robert Beaser and Daniel Asia conducting, with Dawn Upshaw, soprano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

"Harpsichordmania!"—Kenneth Cooper, Wendy Young, Gerald Ranck, Linda Kobler, Eric Kinsley, and Peter Hendrickson playing new music on six amplified harpsichords. With taped accompaniment. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 19, at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Works by John Cage, who will perform, and Marcel Duchamp. With Dora Ohrenstein, soprano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, May 19, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in an all-Schubert program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin; Stephen Kates, cello; and Kurt Ollmann, baritone. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

The Art of the Early Keyboard—Gwendolyn Toth playing eighteenth-century keyboard concertos, with the Artek Ensemble, a group that performs on period instruments. The last in a series of concerts. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Smithson String Quartet—An all-Beethoven program, performed on period instruments. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

Chicago Pro Musica—The first appearance here by a group consisting of eight members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting, among other works, the première of Susan Blaustein's "To Byzantium," which is set to poetry by Yeats. With Barbara Ann Martin, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

The Aldeburgh Connection—A vocal and instrumental ensemble from Canada. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, May 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-4561.)

Frank Patterson—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 22, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—With Lowell Greer, horn. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, May 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Thurston Johnson—Violin, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting jazz-band orchestrations of works by Gershwin, Stravinsky, and George Antheil. With Leonard Pennario and Kay Swift, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—An all-Gershwin program, including many rarely heard numbers. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, May 16, at 2.)

La Monte Young—A series of concerts presenting Mr. Young's works from the past thirty years—Saturday, May 16, at 8:30: The Kronos Quartet, the American Festival of Microtonal Music Ensemble, Ned Sublette, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, May 18, at 8:30: The Theatre of Eternal Music Brass Ensemble, Mr. Young conducting; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 19, at 8:30: Tapes of Mr. Young playing with his original jazz combo and other groups. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 20, at 8:30: The Theatre of Eternal Music Brass Ensemble. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. For information about tickets, call 925-8270.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, May 13, at 7:30, and Thursday, May 14, at 1. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 15, at 7:35; Saturday, May 16, at 7:05; and Sunday, May 17, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Monday through Wednesday, May 18-20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 22, at 7:35, and Saturday, May 23, at 2:20.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

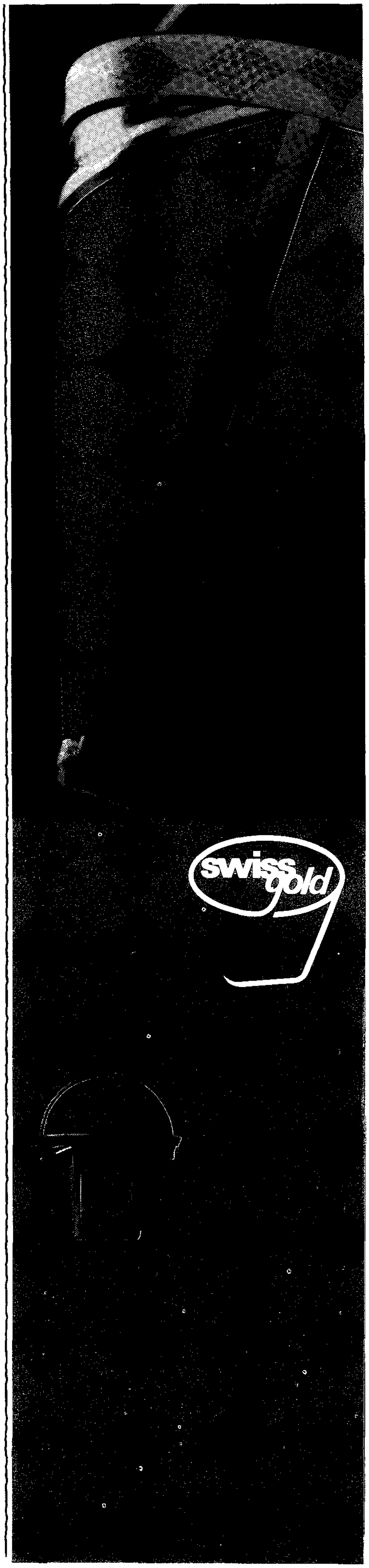
Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, June 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Lucie Brock-Broido, Brooks Haxton, Edward Hirsch, and Mary Swander reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, May 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Peter Cameron, Elinor Lipman, Stephanie Vaughn, and Chris Spain reading from their own short stories. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, May 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ May Swenson and Henri Cole reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Anthony Hecht, Howard Moss, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Richard Wilbur, and others will be among the participants at a memorial reading for Marie Bullock, the founder of the Academy of American Poets. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, May 19, at 7:30. For tickets, call 427-5665.) . . . ¶ Ron Padgett reading from his own works. (Educational Alliance West, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Maria Tucci, Paddy Croft, Anne Pitoniak, and Carrie Nye reading from the stories of Virginia Woolf, Mairtin O'Cadhain, Grace Paley, and Mary McCarthy. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 20, at 6:30.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—American, English, Austrian, and French furniture and decorations. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, May 13, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, from 11 to 9; and Sunday, May 17, from 11 to 6.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of upper Fifth Avenue mansions (façades only) that the rich and famous once called home will take place on Sunday, May 17. Sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York; meets on the front steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at 11. (For reservations, call 534-1672.)



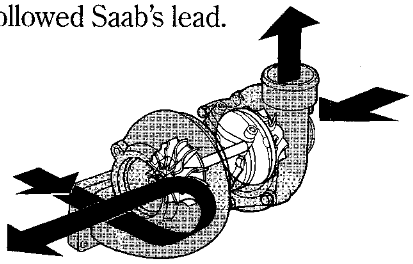
21 LOGICAL REASONS TO BUY A SAAB.

In each of us, there is a tough, cold, logical side that wants to have hard facts, data and empirical evidence before it will assent to anything.

So when your impulsive, emotional side saw the exciting photograph on the facing page and yelled "Hey, look at this!," your logical side immediately asked to see some solid and relevant information about the Saab.

Here, then, are some of the more significant hard facts about Saabs, facts that make a strong logical argument in favor of owning a Saab:

1) Front-wheel drive. Once, Saab was one of the few cars in the U.S. that offered this. Since then, most other carmakers have discovered the superior handling and safety of front-wheel drive and have followed Saab's lead.

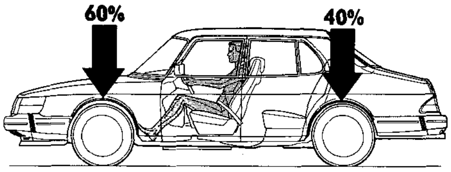


2) Turbocharging. More power without more engine displacement. Saab's third generation of turbocharging, incorporating an intercooler and Saab's Automatic Performance Control system, is still a generation or two ahead of any competition.

3) Four-valve technology. Doubling the number of valves per cylinder improves engine efficiency enormously. Yet another group of manufacturers is beginning to line up behind Saab.

4) Advanced ergonomics. That's just a way of saying that all instruments, controls and functional elements are designed so that they will be easy and natural to use. A legacy of Saab's aerospace heritage. Saab is the only car manufacturer which also builds supersonic military jets.

5) Special steel underpanel. The Saab's smooth underside improves its aerodynamics and helps shed water to prevent rust.



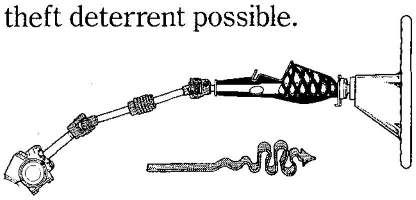
6) Balance. 60% of the car's weight is borne by the front wheels, to maintain a consistent slight understeer and superior traction.

7) Rustproofing. A 16-step process that's designed to protect the car from the wetness and saltiness of Sweden's long winters.

8) Climate control. Your Saab is going to be comfortable inside, whatever is happening outside. Air conditioning is standard on all models, and effective insulation helps to control the temperature as well as the noise level inside.

9) High capacity electrical system. For reliable starts in subarctic cold.

10) Advanced Sound System. When you're in the Saab, the AM/FM cassette system sounds wonderful. When you get out, it can come with you, to provide the most theft deterrent possible.



11) One of the world's safest steering wheels. Heavily padded and designed to collapse in a controlled manner in case of heavy impact.

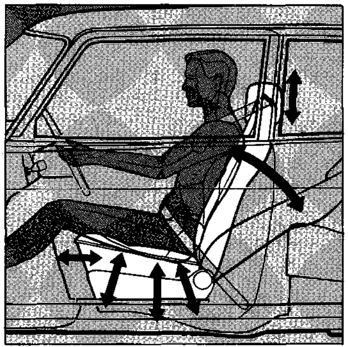
12) Safety cage construction. Last year, the U.S. Highway Loss Data Institute ranked the safety of cars based on actual damage and injury claims. Saab 900's were safer than any other midsize sedans.

13) Fold-down rear seats. This makes Saab the only performance sedan in the world that can provide up to 56 cubic feet of cargo space.

14) Large, 15-inch wheels. They permit good high-speed control with a very comfortable ride. They also permit larger disc brakes all around.

15) Price. It's modest, particularly when you see it against comparable Audi, BMW, Mercedes or Volvo models.

16) Side-cornering lights. These show you what you're getting into when you signal for a turn at night.



17) Front seats. Firmly supportive, orthopedically shaped and adjustable in practically every dimension you can imagine. They're even heated.

18) Saab dealers. They're all over the country, waiting to help you with specially trained mechanics and comprehensive stocks of Saab parts, and...

19) Saab accessories. These may be a bit too much fun for your logical side. They let you customize your Saab with factory-approved performance wheels, floor mats, fog lights and so on. And on. And on.

20) Saab's aircraft heritage. The first Saab automobile was designed by aircraft engineers who established a company tradition of carefully rethinking problems rather than just adopting the conventional solution.

21) The Saab driving experience. Best expressed on the facing page.

SAAB

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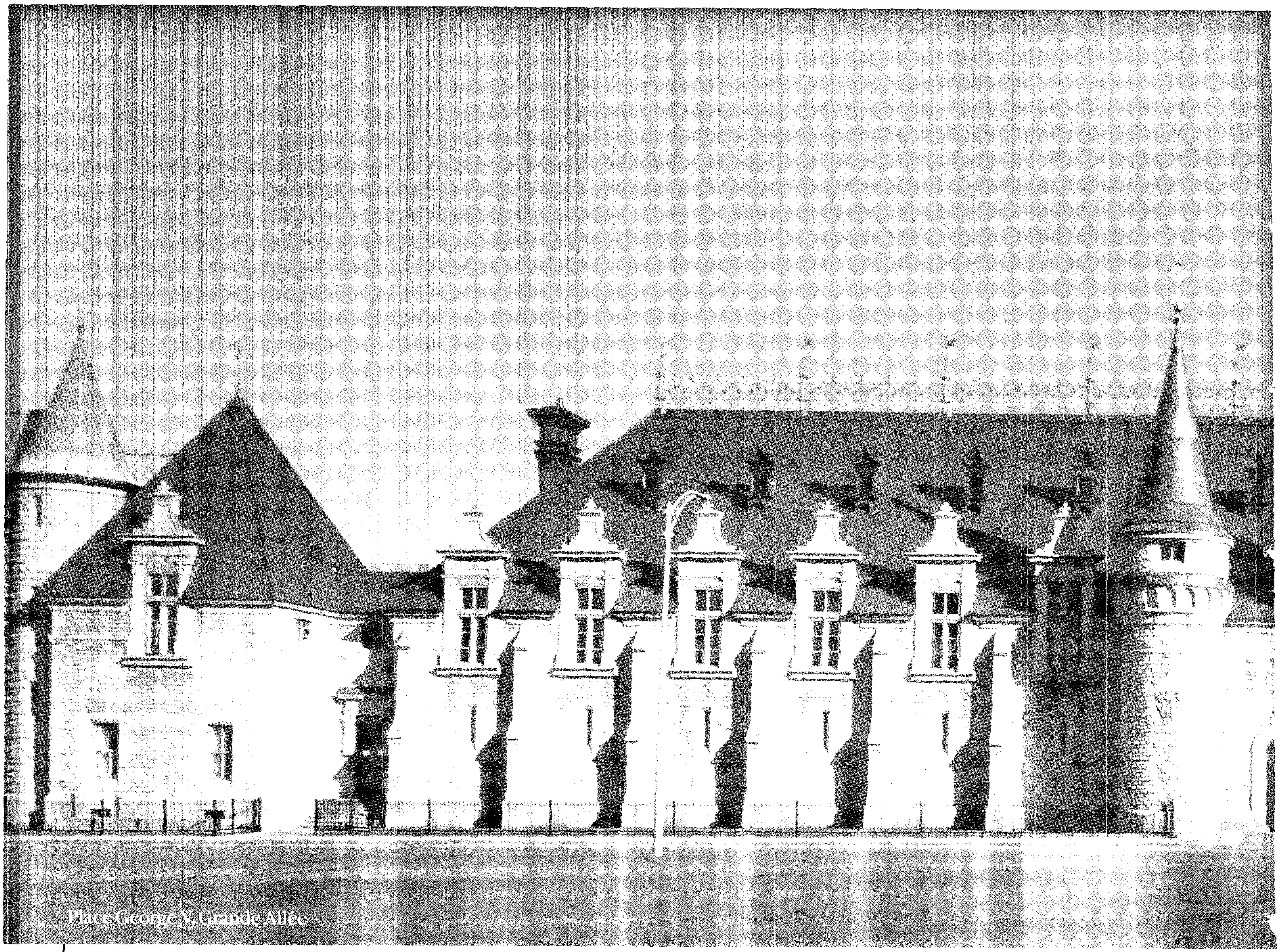
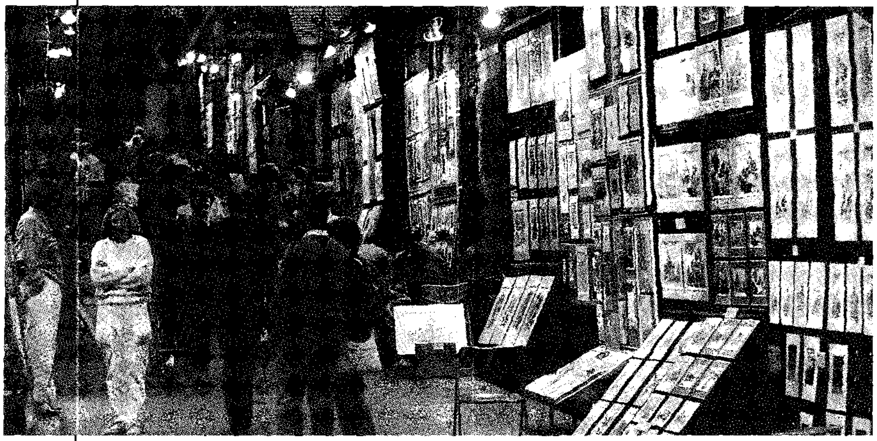
SAAB SCANIA

ONE EMOTIONAL REASON.



Place George V, Grande Allée

Young love in old Québec



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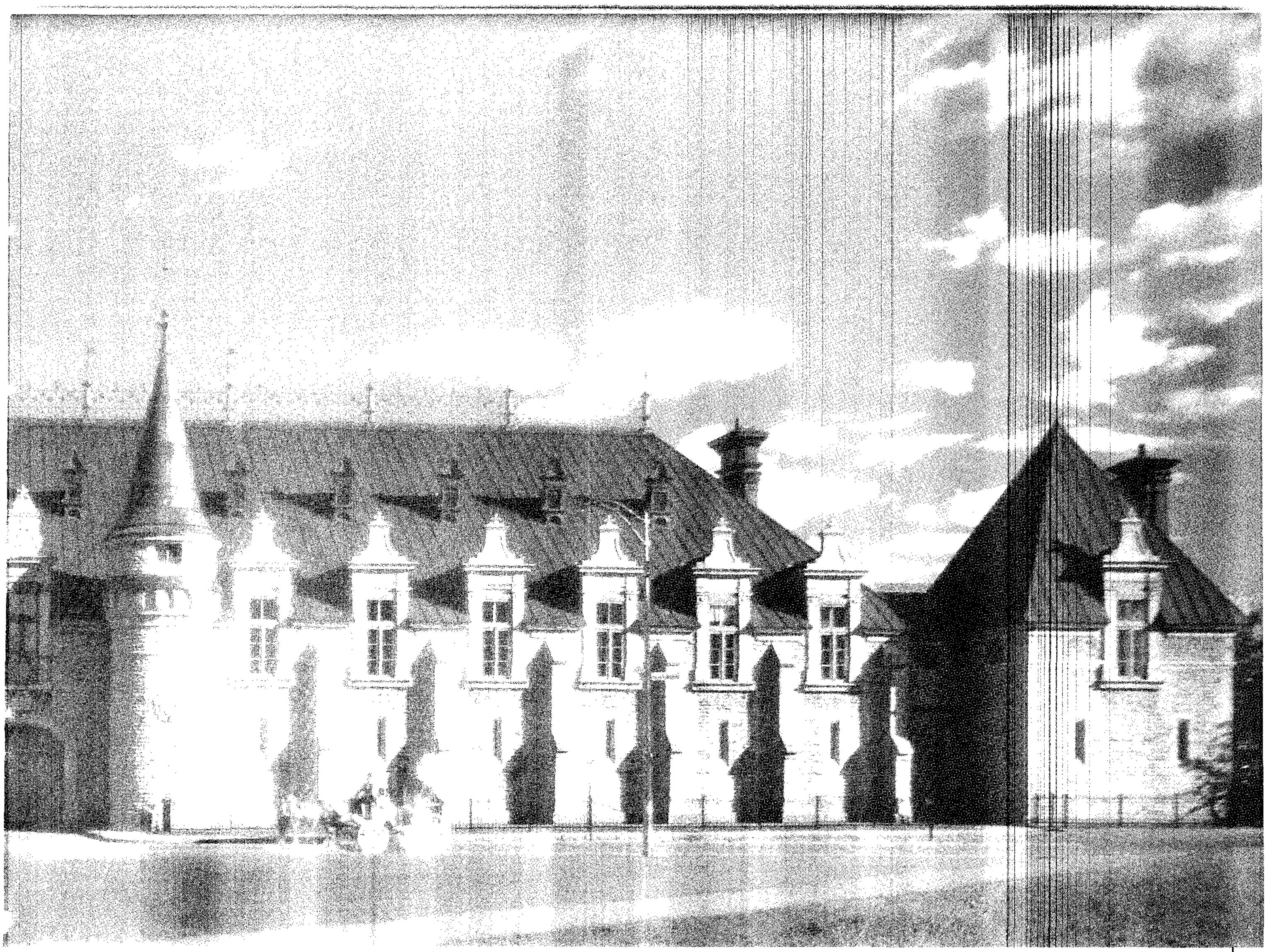

[illegible] only a 'second honeymoon' because for young and old alike, the city of Québec spells [illegible]

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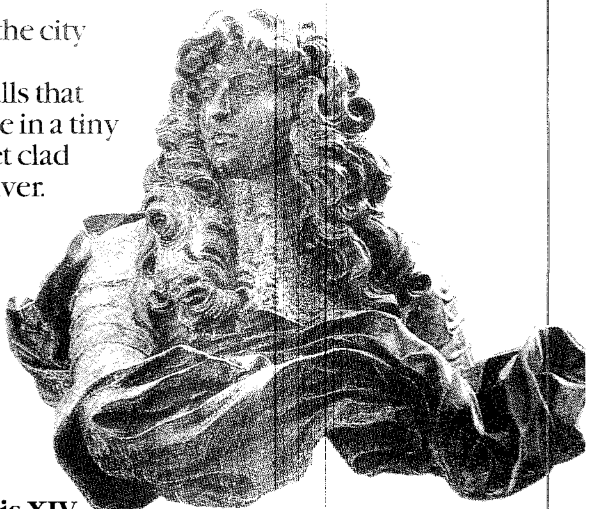
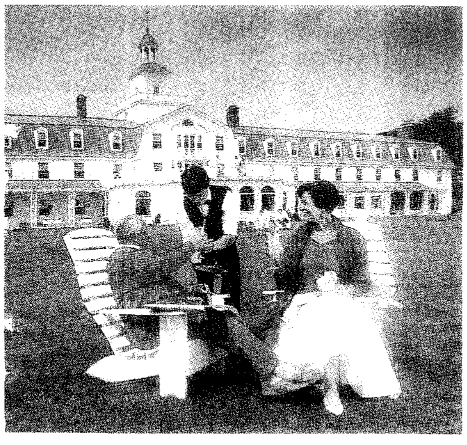


Louis XIV
The 17th Century's Sun King, still reigns in his new world outpost, lower town, Québec.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
(Separate admissions) "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gardens of Stone" (†).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 14: "Blind Date" (†).
From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 14: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).
May 15-21: "Tin Men" (†).
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John Cherry).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack. From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: Through May 19: "Platoon" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 14: "Project X" (†).
From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 14: "Blind Date" (†).
From May 15: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 14: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 14: "Project X" (†).
From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 14: "Platoon" (†).
From May 15: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).
Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 14: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
From May 15: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Gothic" (Ken Russell). From May 15: "Personal Services" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Stepfather" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Radio Days" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 14: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).
From May 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (†).

CINEMA
Pine Realty

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack. From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "The Secret of My Success" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 17: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
From May 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Hearst Metrotone Newsreel Show" (1987), newsreels from 1929 to 1940. From May 20: "Good Weather, but Stormy Late This Afternoon" (1986; directed by Gérard Frot-Coutaz; in French), with Micheline Presle.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton. From May 22: "Psychos in Love" (Gorham Bechard).
Theatre 2: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 14: "Forever, Lulu" (Amos Kollek), with Hanna Schygulla and Deborah Harry.
From May 15: "Monster in the Closet" (Bob Dahlin).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Radio Days" (†). From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch). From May 15: "Ishtar."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick). From May 15: "Padre Nuestro" (†).
Theatre 4: "Law of Desire" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Steele Justice" (Robert Boris). From May 15: "Meatballs III."
Theatre 2: "Making Mr. Right" (†).
Theatre 3: "Project X" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 21: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.
From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John Cherry).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 14: Theatre closed.
From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Room with a View" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 14: "Angel Heart" (†).
From May 15: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 19: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From May 20: "Radio Days" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Law of Desire" (†). From May 22: "Tampopo" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Padre Nuestro" (†). From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John Cherry).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 19: "Blind Date" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II."
Theatre 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lethal Weapon" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Platoon" (†). From May 22: "Padre Nuestro" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (directed by Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: Through May 14: "The All-nighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack. From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: Through May 14: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds. From May 15: To be announced.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 21: "American Ninja 2" (Sam Firstenberg). From May 22: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John Cherry).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: Through May 21: "Hot Pursuit"

(Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack. From May 22: "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through May 19: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From May 20: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Secret of My Success" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Steele Justice" (Robert Boris). From May 15: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Blind Date" (†). From May 15: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 14: "Macbeth" (1971; directed by Roman Polanski), with Jon Finch; and "Hamlet" (1969; Tony Richardson), with Nicol Williamson.
May 15-16: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson; and "Don Quixote" (1973), danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Robert Helpmann, and the Australian Ballet.
May 17: "Détective" (1985; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnny Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "First Name: Carmen" (†).
May 18-19: "Traffic" (†); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
May 20-21: "The Trial" (1962; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Castle" (1969; Rudolf Noelte), with Maximilian Schell.
May 22-23: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 13: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
May 14: "The Human Condition, Part 2: Road to Eternity" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
May 15-16: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato; and "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine.
May 17-18: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
May 19-20: "Tokyo Olympiad" (1965; Kon Ichikawa), a documentary on the 1964 Summer Olympic Games in Tokyo.
May 21: "The Human Condition, Part 3: A Soldier's Prayer" (1961; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
From May 22: "The Pornographers" (1966; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

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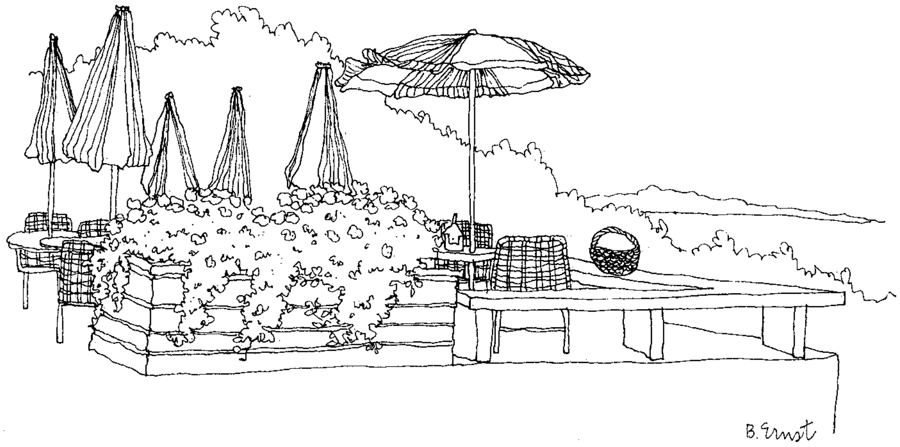
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 16: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
May 17-19: "The Glenn Miller Story" (†); and "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958; Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, and Ernie Kovacs.
May 20-23: "It's a Wonderful World" (†); and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 13: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell.
May 14: "The Good Humor Man" (1950; Lloyd Bacon), with Jack Carson and Lola Albright; and "The Geisha Boy" (1958; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis and Marie McDonald.
May 15-16: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.
May 17: "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo; and "The Medium" (1951; Gian Carlo Menotti), with Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, and Anna Maria Alberghetti.
May 18: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941; Sam Wood), with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings, and Edmund Gwenn.
May 19: "Written on the Wind" (†); and "Slightly French" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Dorothy Lamour and Don Ameche.
May 20: "Wild Is the Wind" (1957; George Cukor), with Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Franciosa; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
May 21: "The Lemon Drop Kid" (1951; Sidney Lanfield), with Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Bachelor Flat" (1962; Frank Tashlin), with Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld, and Richard Beymer.
May 22-23: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig.



Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 13: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.
May 14: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
May 15-16: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.
May 17: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.
May 18: "General della Rovere" (1959; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi.
May 19: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
May 20: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.
May 21: "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin; and "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, and Maggie McNamara.
May 22-23: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: May 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Under Capricorn" (1949; directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr, Montgomery Clift, and Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Rod Steiger, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford and John Derek. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. . . . ¶ May 17 at 5: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "From Here to Eternity." . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "On the Waterfront." . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, and Susannah York. . . . ¶ May 19 at 6: "It Happened One Night." . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "Rashomon" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley, Candice Bergen, and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: "All the King's Men." . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "The Bridge on the River Kwai." . . . ¶ May 23 at 2: "Gandhi."
Theatre 2: May 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Stephanie" (1987; Peggy Stern), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 15 at 3: "Memories of Under-

development" (1968; Tomás Guttiérez Alea; in Spanish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 15 at 6:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "Bronco Billy" (1980; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, and Scatman Crothers. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5:30: "Edvard Munch" (1974; Peter Watkins; in Norwegian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" (1976; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Chief Dan George, and Sondra Locke. . . . ¶ May 19 at 3: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Freddie Jones and Barbara Jefford. . . . ¶ May 19 at 6:30: "Identification Marks: None" (1964; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish, with no English subtitles), with Elzbieta Czyzewska and Skolimowski. . . . ¶ May 21 at 3 and 6:30: "Ganga Maya" (1984; Ludovic Segarra), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 22 at 3: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ May 22 at 6:30: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Money" (1984; Henry Hills), "The Braddock Food Bank" (1985; Tony Buba), "Clotheslines" (1981; Roberta Cantow), and "What Do Children Think of When They Think of the Bomb?" (1984; John Canemaker). . . . ¶ May 23 at 5:30: "Memories of Underdevelopment."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 15 at 7:30: "Floating Clouds" (1956; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ May 22 at 7:30: "Odd Obsession" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), and Machiko Kyo.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through May 14.)

Blind Date—In Blake Edwards' latest, Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (New Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and U. A. Twin; through May 14. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 19.)

Extreme Prejudice—This Tex-Mex border thriller, directed by Walter Hill, wants to be a lean, hard contemporary action picture, but the story (by John Milius and Fred Rexer) has too much fat on it. It's a jumble of genre conventions and macho codes, deployed with a recklessness that suggests desperation. There are scorpions, long swigs of tequila, and heavy eyeballing in smoky cantinas; a lawman (Nick Nolte) and a crook (Powers Boothe) competing for the loyalty of a good woman (Maria Conchita Alonso); and a handful of man's-man proverbs. Hill's sympathies seem to be with a gang of high-tech mercenaries who look coldly villainous at first and then, after they've been betrayed, turn into a modern Wild Bunch, brutal but honorable. The echoes of Peckinpah and of Hill's fine earlier work ("The Warriors," "The Long Riders," and "Southern Comfort") are saddening. Hill is trying to recapture the conviction and violent simplicity of the action genre with nothing but technique on his side, and he betrays himself helplessly. Also with Rip Torn, Michael Ironside, Clancy Brown, and William Forsythe. Screenplay by Deric Washburn and Harry Kleiner.—T.R. (Sutton, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin; through May 14. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza; through May 19.)

First Name: Carmen (1984)—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. He displaces the sensuality that people expect from a Carmen movie onto images that have no specific relation to her story—waves breaking against rocks, Paris traffic at dusk, views of a string quartet that is practicing and (sometimes) performing the Beethoven we hear on the soundtrack. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image, but the basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (Cinema Village; May 17.)

Gardens of Stone—With James Caan, Anjelica Huston, and James Earl Jones; directed by Francis Coppola. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Glenn Miller Story (1954)—Blandly dull big bio, with James Stewart as a pedantic Glenn Miller trying to discover "his own sound;" it's like a Hollywood version of the life of an inventor. June Allyson plays the all-American square Miller marries. Miller's famous numbers, such as "Tuxedo Junction" and "Little Brown Jug," have been re-created (Joe Yukl dubs Stewart on the trombone), and they don't quite swing. The director, Anthony Mann, seems out of his element. With Gene Krupa, Louis Armstrong, and Henry Morgan. (Regency; May 17-19.)

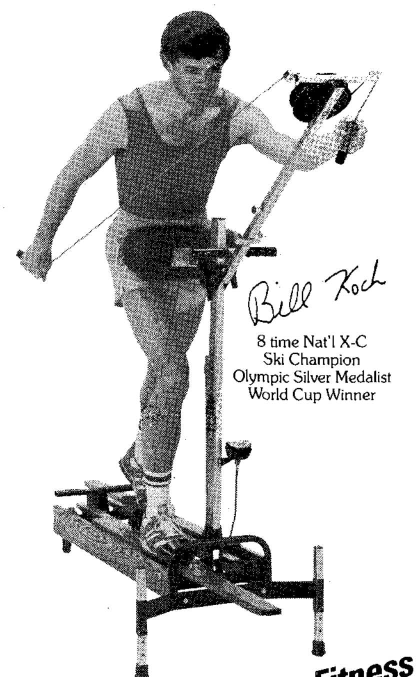
It's a Wonderful World (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Regency; May 20-23.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 21.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 14.)

Making Mr. Right—Playing a dual role, John Malkovich puts on a goofy grin as Ulysses, an android developed for a deep-space mission, and a nerd's stern gaze as Dr. Jeff Peters, the scientist who created him. In this mistaken-identity comedy, written by Floyd Byars and Laurie Frank, Peters and his automaton seem meant to represent two faces of male innocence: one peevish and self-centered, the other open and affectionate (in a dim-witted way). No one except Frankie (Ann Magnuson), a publicist who's the robot's bewildered love object, can tell the difference—at least until Ulysses' head falls off, as it tends to in moments of stress. There's a (very dubious) satiric point here, but the premise is sort of inane, and Susan Seidelman's direction has its own ambiguous innocence: is this movie's manic flatness a product of postmodern sophistication, or just incompetence? With Glenne Headly, Ben Masters, and Laurie Metcalf.—T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill: he survives all his dislocations and heartbreaks with resilient humor and a penchant for comparing himself, philosophically, with the victims of various disasters. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many



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of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages, such as the scenes with Ingemar's hearty and boyish Uncle Gunnar (Tomas von Brömssen), with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. Also with Anki Liden, Ing-mari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Coronet.)

PADRE NUESTRO—Director Francisco Regueiro has cast Buñuel veterans Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal in this movie about a dying Spanish cardinal (Rey) who returns home to put his house in order. His goals are to reconcile with his illegitimate daughter, a prostitute who dispenses her favors under the name of La Cardenala, and to arrange the disposition of his vineyards, which produce "the Blood of Christ"—communion wine. The movie if full of dry little jokes about red hats and red lights, and at one point the Cardinal gives his brother (Rabal), a doctor who's supposed to be a worldly atheist, some pointers, in Latin, on sexual technique. Regueiro's work is intelligent, but the film is finally disappointing; the strong wine of Buñuel's wit seems to have been adulterated with a smooth, tame kind of "wisdom." Though he doesn't do anything he hasn't done before, Rey gives a lovely, funny performance. With Victoria Abril as La Cardenala and Emma Penella as the Cardinal's mother, who's outraged that her son didn't make Pope. Screenplay by Angel Fernández Santos and the director. In Spanish.—T.R. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 15. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting May 22.)

PERSONAL SERVICES—With Julie Walters, directed by Terry Jones. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting May 15.)

PLATOON—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Plaza; through May 19. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through May 21.)

PRICK UP YOUR EARS—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, the relationship between the two hasn't been made convincing. What you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn as Lahr, Lindsay Duncan as Anthea Lahr, Margaret Tyzack as the elocution teacher, Janet Dale as Mrs. Sugden, and Julie Walters as Orton's mother. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

PROJECT X—For its first half, this juvenile adventure, about chimps subjected to Air Force experiments on the effects of radiation, is amiable, unpretentious fun. Director Jonathan Kaplan, a veteran of low-budget movies ("Over the Edge," "Heart Like a Wheel"), keeps the action focussed on the animals' behavior, and his brisk, uncoercive style leaves us free to enjoy it. When—inevitably—the plot machinery kicks in, the film becomes more predictable and manipulative. Still, Kaplan manages to get through the rousing, Spielbergy, oppressively scored chase sequences at the end fairly honorably. He generates some excitement without making the audience feel as if it had a squealing, overstimulated animal jumping up and down on its shoulders. Screenplay by Stanley Weiser, from a story by Weiser and Lawrence Lasker. With Matthew Broderick, Helen Hunt, and a charmer named Willie as the lead chimp.—T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Gotham Cinema; through May 14.)

RADIO DAYS—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through May 14. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through May 19. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting May 20.)

RAISING ARIZONA—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman).

With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Beekman, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. And she wants to do justice to the subtlety of her subject's political theories without getting didactic. She's caught, that is, between "Reds" and the hard place of middle-period Godard, and never works free. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival (the film world's equivalent of a party congress), is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Scene of the Crime—André Téchiné's moody provincial soap opera with thriller convolutions is largely an exercise in style—but it's a dazzling style, and there's real feeling in it. Catherine Deneuve, in perhaps her warmest and most skillful performance, plays a divorced country woman who falls in love with a young escaped convict (Wadeck Stanczak). Their affair is, of course, doomed—undone by fate, society, etc. The fatalistic mood is familiar, the plot is absurdly intricate, yet Téchiné's direction—mixing self-conscious homage to old movies with unself-conscious love of the landscape and the characters—gives the movie an unsettling and seductive pull, as if some strange new form of romanticism were struggling into being. With Danielle Darrieux, Nicolas Giraudi, and Claire Nebout. Screenplay by Téchiné, Pascal Bonitzer, and Olivier Assayas. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it's moderately enjoyable. It has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The script is credited to Jim Cash & Jack Epps, Jr., and A. J. Carothers, though the dialogue was reworked by others—principally by Peter Stone, and by Christopher Durang, who appears as the most petulant member of the corporate board. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum through May 19.)

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (Cinema II, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; May 15-21.)

Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. This Jacques Tati film is fuzzy and precious and only vaguely comic. (Cinema Village; May 18-19.)

Written on the Wind (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. With Robert Keith. The script by George Zuckerman is based on Robert Wilder's novel. (Thalia SoHo; May 19.)

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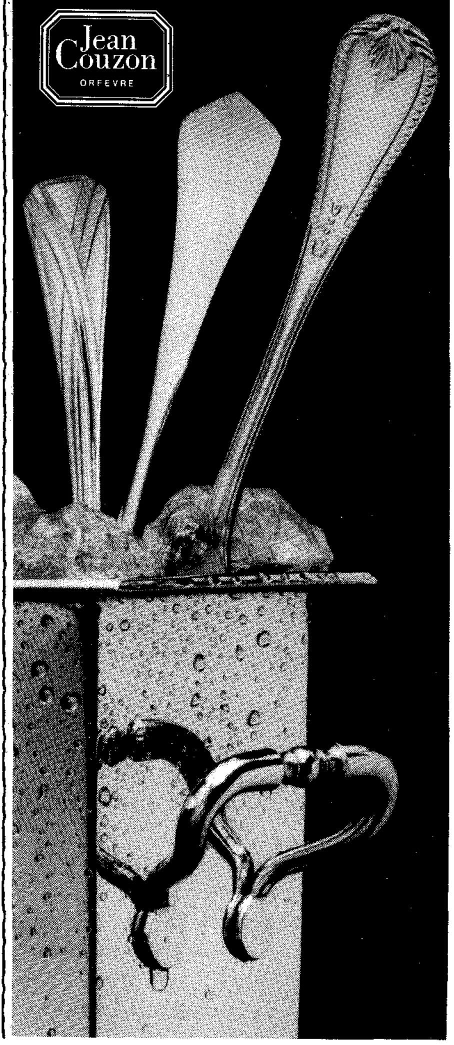

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"I WAS having a rather acid conversation with Mr. Ghorbanifar on the telephone," Major General Richard Secord told one of the first sessions of the House-Senate committee investigating the Iran-Contra scandal (Manucher Ghorbanifar is an expatriate Iranian arms merchant and middleman of some sort), "and I told him that I thought that he had behaved very poorly. That he was promising the moon always and never producing. And that I was going to recommend that he be terminated." There was a gasp in the hearing room. "Now, he'd misinterpreted that," General Secord said, and the previously sombre and intent audience erupted into laughter. General Secord himself smiled, and went on, "I don't mean that to be funny, but he took it the wrong way. And he told Mr. Nir"—Amiram Nir, an Israeli middleman of some other sort—"that I was trying to have him killed. I think I even said later it's not a bad idea, but it's not what I had in mind."

The moment *was* funny, and highly revealing as well. So much of the hearing up to that point (as in the days since) had been playing itself out in the language of commercial transactions ("a strictly commercial transaction . . . nothing spooky about it, just a normal brokering deal," "not just the pricing but the quality," "a personal profit residue," "an aggregate surplus of fourteen million dollars" which either was or was not "the enterprise's money," a role "laid out as that of the commercial cutout," the Israelis as "joint venture partners," "assets that you were developing," "a cover mechanism built into the accounts") that it was easy to forget that what was actually being transacted in these deals was death. There were weapons in the holds of those cargo planes, and whether or not the middlemen were going to terminate each other in some vague, metaphorical way—in response to a bounced check or a botched deal—there were people coming under the shadow of these transactions who were going to be terminated in the literal sense: Iranian and Iraqi soldiers, Nicaraguan peasants, and perhaps others. Middlemen exist in part to mediate by interposing themselves between the rest of us and such truths. And in the current hearings we further distance ourselves by imagining that the efforts of these particular middlemen came up short—that their transactions somehow collapsed this side of completion. But, in spite of all the supposed bungling, thousands of missiles and rifles and bullets did get through, and did get used.

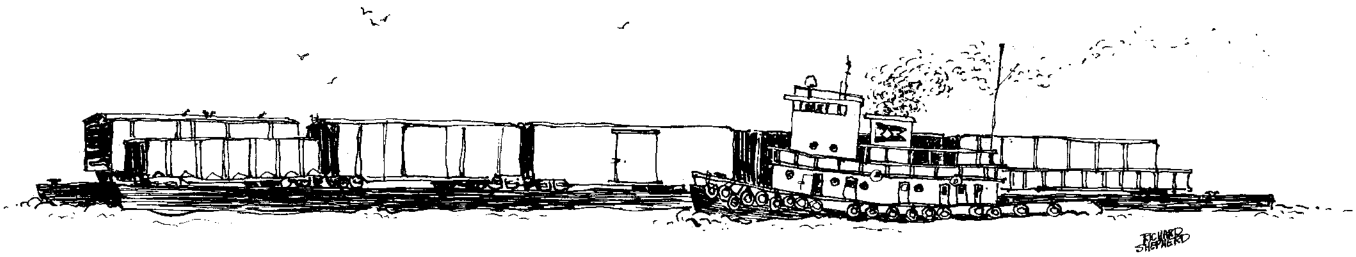
At another point early in the hearings, General Secord recounted a meeting with the late C.I.A. director William Casey. They'd been trading "estimates of the situation," and Secord thought they were talking about Nicaragua while Casey thought the subject was Iran. "We were talking about two different countries. I didn't realize it for five minutes," Secord recalled. "So we were hemispheres apart." In the weeks ahead, it would be wise for all of us to keep our hemispheres straight, and also our understanding of what the basic commodity in the Iran-Contra transactions really was.

• •

PAAF

POLITICS and theatre: are they converging? This issue—the issue of the President as actor, the Iran-Contra hearings as divertissement, the campaign trail as sex-farce avenue (limited runs only)—is being widely debated in terms of its implications for politics. But what about the implications for theatre? Last week, one of our staff members placed a long-distance telephone call to Miami Beach, Florida, to her brother Steve, an actor who has appeared on "Miami Vice." She asked him if he happened to know Donna Rice, the Miami actress who knows Gary Hart. Steve's answer may restore some balance to the debate:

"I can't believe you're asking me that. She's in my workshop. It's just amazing that you asked me that. I was just thinking about her on the way home. She's in a workshop with me. It's a PAAF workshop. PAAF is Professional Actors Association of Florida or something like that. It's one of those organizations that help protect the Florida actor and help encourage more business—you know, promoting producers of commercials to shoot



down here. Like for example they're talking about having a motion going down to rescind some proposed five-per-cent sales tax on productions in Florida, 'cause the reason people shoot so much here now is 'cause it's cheap. So anyway, PAAF does a lot of stuff like that—they're political, you know. This workshop used to be Equity, but I think there weren't enough Equity people in the workshop for Equity to keep sponsoring the workshop, so they took away their sponsorship and the workshop came under the umbrella of PAAF—their sponsorship. So this girl is a member of PAAF. You can become a member of PAAF only after you've done three principal characters a year in a SAG production or, I don't know, maybe AFTRA, too, which is American Federation of Television and Radio something or other, and so, you know, she does mostly commercials and stuff. And she was on my episode of 'Vice'! The one 'Forgive Us Our Debts.' But to tell you the truth, I don't remember her from 'Vice,' although she remembers me. She may have been an extra, I don't know. I'm going to go back and look at that episode again and see. And I saw her last Monday night. Now, let's see, not this last Monday night that just passed but the Monday before, O.K.? And this friend of mine, Antony, wanted to do a scene with her from a play called 'The Woolgatherer.' And to tell you the truth, this girl is sort of invisible in the workshop. I don't know, she's not made up or anything when she comes to the workshop. Everybody's just sort of there, and I never really took a whole lot of notice of her until Antony was telling me he wanted to do this scene with her from something called 'The Woolgatherer,' and it's a wonderful scene that he auditioned at the Actors Studio with and they liked. But anyway, nobody had any idea that she was politically motivated and interested in a candidate's campaign or whatever. And so *this* Monday night when we went to the workshop, it was like news to all of us—and it's funny, this woman Susan, who runs the workshop like a PTA meeting or something, started off with this long, gossipy tale about Oh, well, one of our members has really made it big, she's on national TV now. And everybody's saying, Who's she talking about? 'Cause at the time I don't think in the news it identified yet who this girl was who went to see Hart, you know. So everybody said, Oh, wow, somebody made it in a— At first I thought she was talking about my friend Richard, who just did a movie. Nobody knew who the hell she was talking about. So this woman went on about Donna being the one they're talking about in the news, and so finally everybody said O.K., enough already, you know, terrific, so the girl is getting fame, you know, fine, let's get on with the workshop, we've got scenes prepared, there's a showcase coming up. And Antony wanted to do this scene from 'The Woolgatherer' for this particular showcase. Now the girl isn't there this Monday night. So he comes in late and I'm filling him in on what happened to Donna. See, he'd lent me this scene from 'The Woolgatherer,' 'cause he thought I would be good, too, as this wise-guy sort of character, and anyway I'd lost the scene, I misplaced it somewhere, so Antony was telling me, 'See, Steve, if you'd brought that scene last week to the workshop, the girl would still be here.' Anyway, and I've seen her on several commercial auditions, like at Dee Miller's. Dee's a casting director. She's the one who casts for 'Vice.' But they also cast commercials and stuff, and movies. Dee's one of the biggest casting directors in the area. So that's about all I can think of."

IDTOWN HEALTH CLUB
Midtown Health Club
WEBER

There are no plans to cancel the PAAF showcase.

The Gunks

THE Shawangunk cliffs lie several deer crossings west of New Paltz, New York, on Route 44-55. From the center of town, they are visible in the distance as three plateaus of roughly equal size, with wooded tops and rocky faces. They are a light reddish brown, and one of them has a tower on its summit. In part because they are only about a two-and-a-half-hour drive from New York City, the Shawangunks are the most popular and most extensively climbed cliffs in the East. Rock-climbers call them the Gunks. The cliffs are divided into four areas—Sky Top (which has the tower), Millbrook, the Trapps, and the Near Trapps—among which are more than five hundred climbs, of a wide range of difficulty. It is sometimes possible to judge the rigor of a climb by its name. Easy Keyhole, Short Job, Squiggles, and Beginner's Delight are one kind of climb. Retribution, Apoplexy, Never Again, Scare-City, and Help! are another. Perversely, one of the scariest climbs is called Comedy in Three Acts.

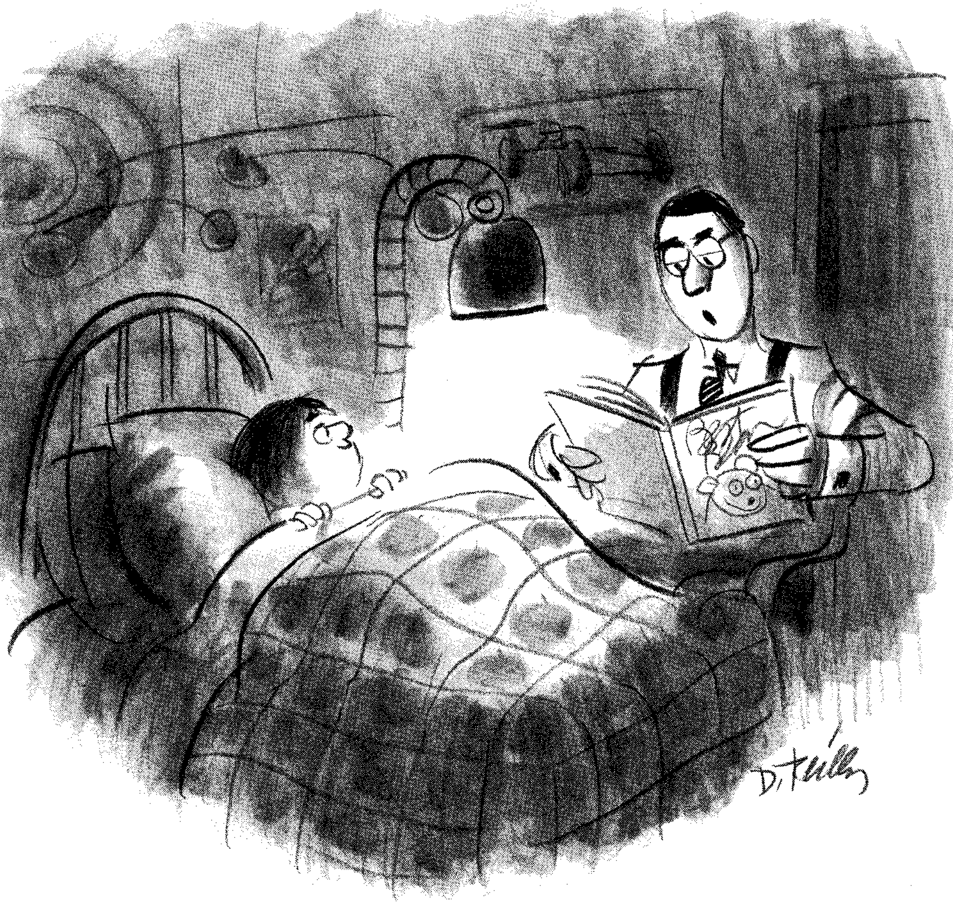
Last month, Will Colgan, a ginseng farmer from Vermont, managed enough time off during a trip to his in-laws' in New Jersey to pay his first visit to the Gunks. He spent it climbing at the Trapps. A few days later, he was sitting in a restaurant in New York City drawing on a piece of paper with a crayon and waiting for his order. Colgan is thirty-six years old, six feet tall, and as thin as a stick. "Rock-climbing frequently involves short climbs—a hundred, three hundred feet," he told us. "And the technique, especially as you get more advanced, has something in common with gymnastics. In mountaineering, which is what comes to most people's minds when you mention climbing, there are a lot of objective dangers that aren't present in rock-climbing—things fall on you, there's often ice, the weather turns bad—and your goal is to reach the summit. In rock-climbing, the summit isn't so important. The intent is to have a certain kind of physical encounter with the rock. Also, you generally do it in fair weather. Rain makes rock slippery, and snow and ice are very nasty—you climb with bare hands."

What happens, we asked, if you slip.

"What happens is you have a rope," Colgan said. "Generally, you climb in pairs, one person moving at a time. Each wears a seat harness that's secured to the rope and belayed either from below, for the leader, or from above, for the follower. As the leader climbs, he or she wedges metal nuts called chockstones into crevices—and attaches to each a nylon sling and a carabiner. Carabiners are metal clips that look something like large, wide safety pins—they act as runners for the rope. When the leader reaches a comfortable place—a ledge, say—he belays the follower, who takes out the chockstones as he passes them. How belaying works is you run the rope around your hips, one length in each hand. You have a braking hand and a feeling hand. Your braking hand prevents the fall. If the person you're belaying should slip, you pull your braking hand across your front, and that checks the rope. The rope is very strong and elastic—it absorbs a lot of the shock."

With his crayon, Colgan drew a hill with a gentle slope, then four more hills, each steeper than the last. "There are five classes of climbing, each divided into sections that are identified by a decimal system," he said. He drew a line to the top of each slope as he went on. "The first is essentially like walking on flat pavement; the second amounts to walking up steep grades; the third requires climbing rock and broken slopes; the fourth is relatively steep terrain where a rope is not necessary for protection; and the fifth is terrain where a rope is recommended. The sections in the fifth class run from one to fourteen. In the Gunks, so far as I know, the hardest climb is a 5.13. It's called Vandals, and it's not all that long, but it's forbidding. A person can handle 5.2s and most of what comes up in 5.3s on his first try. Climbs of that level generally have lots of handholds and footholds, and they tend to *be* handholds and footholds, and not fingerholds and toeholds. The first difficult thing to learn is to lean back. The impulse is to hug the rock. Leaning back improves your balance and allows you to see where your feet are. The second thing is to hold the rock lightly, to conserve your strength."

He put down his crayon, and said, "I've led 5.7s. I would *like* to be able to lead 5.8s. To do that comfortably is



"Once upon a time, allegedly . . ."

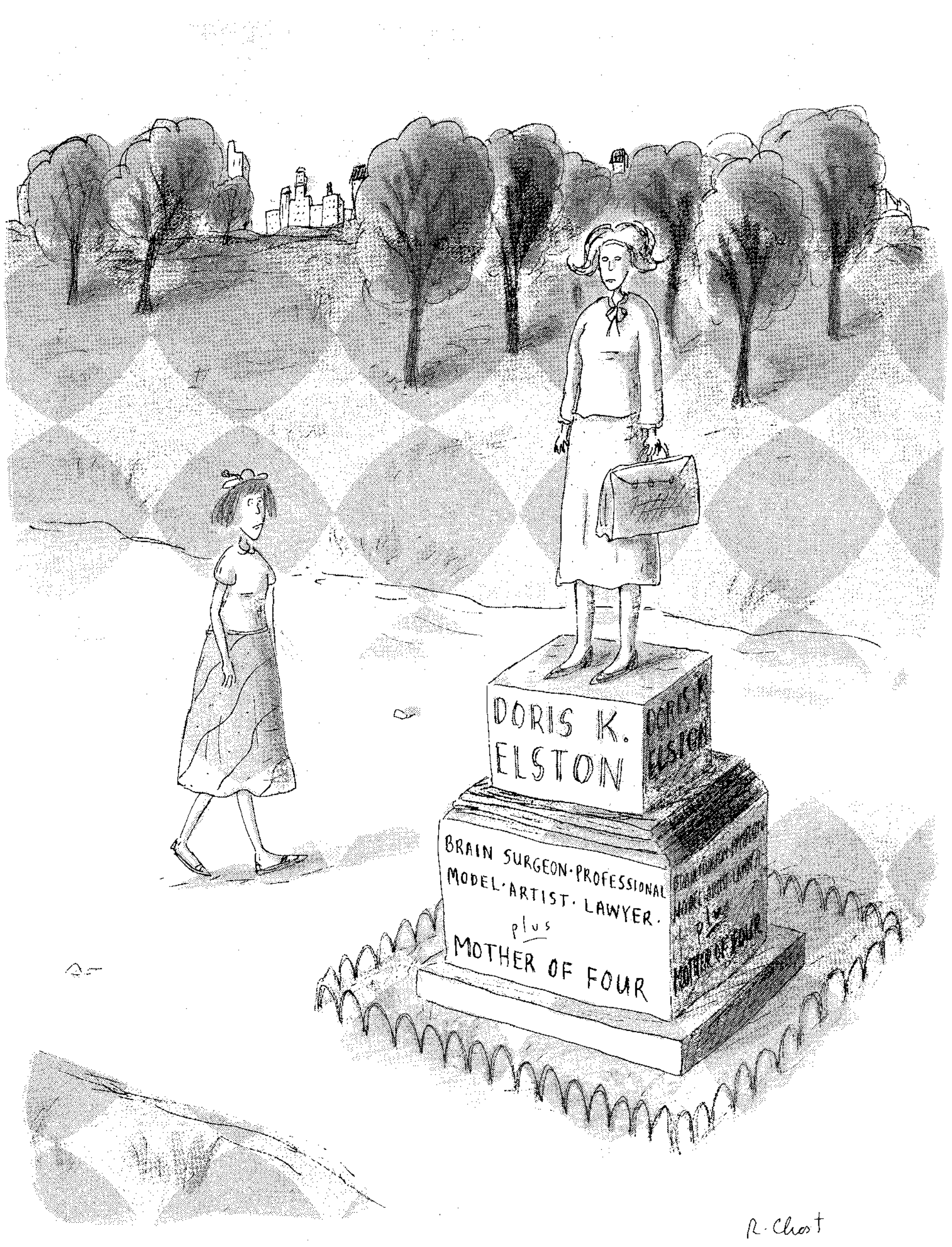
• •

my ambition. In order to manage any more than that, you have to stay in top shape and really climb every weekend, if not more. You have to be a fanatic, which I'm not, except sometimes. Also, I don't especially like to get scared. I like to get to the point where the problems of the climb are novel but not to where you're really really nervous. I really hate it when my hands start sweating and I'm trying to hold on to the rock. The interesting thing for me is that the climbs I lead remain crystal clear in my mind. You pay close attention because you're at risk."

Colgan had with him a first edition of "Shawangunk Rock Climbs," by Richard C. Williams, which is the standard guide to the area. He told us that one of the climbs he had made was a long one called Arrow, which was rated 5.7. We read the entry:

> Start: Same as for Easy Verschneidung.
>
> First Pitch: Climb straight up, past a bulge near the top of the pitch to a large ledge. (110 ft.)
>
> Second Pitch: Starting to the left, angle up right to a notch in the overhang. Go through this (one can belay just above the overhang) and continue straight up to a smooth, steep, white face with a bolt in it. Climb this to a second bolt, and then up to the top. (125 ft.)
>
> One of the real classics. Maybe done more often due to the security (?) of the bolts on the last pitch. The final move (crux) has been done many different ways, but most climbers will be glad to find one that works.

"I have a picture of that climb," Colgan said. He handed us a color photograph. It showed a cliff above an early-spring landscape of bare trees. The sky was white. Colgan was in the distance, the only climber in sight—a small, spidery figure about halfway to the top.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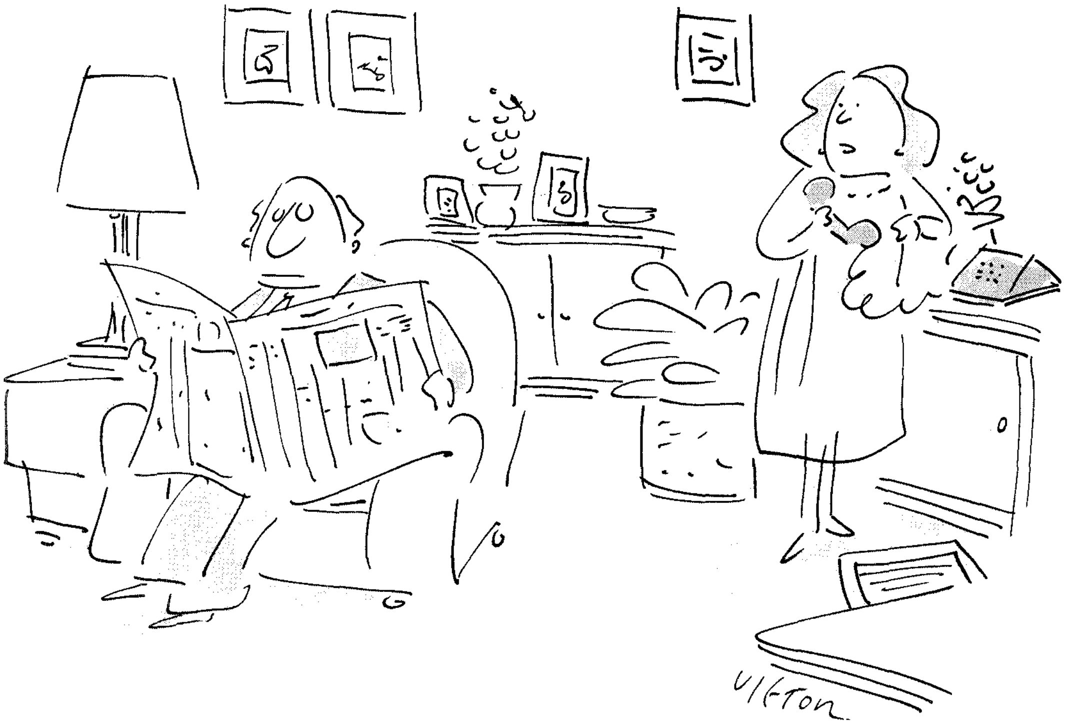
Crafts

"BROWN rice, brown pots, brown bedspreads—that was the crafts movement in the sixties," Carol Sedestrom, the president of American Craft Enterprises and a veteran organizer of exhibitions and fairs, told us one evening when we stopped by the Seventh Regiment Armory for a look at the American Craft at the Armory show. Miss Sedestrom, a tall woman with curly hair who was wearing a black ribboned dress, a long silver chain, and square silver earrings, was standing near an artifact that affirmed the show's stated commitment to all that is "unique" and "sophisticated" in the arts: some cow bones and scraps of cloth enshrined in a glass-and-wood case decorated with rows of mother-of-pearl buttons and lights with filaments in the shape of crucifixes. Near that was a tarnished birdcage enclosing a picture of Christ and a child framed by a gutted green hot plate. The cage had coils of bathroom chain wrapped around the base, and whenever somebody passed by or waved an arm in front of a photo sensor inside, it emitted synthesized whooping sounds.

"In Bennington, Vermont, where I began, crafts people would throw Indian bedspreads on the ground and sell mugs," Miss Sedestrom went on. "Both the makers and the buyers were part of the dropout culture. Today, they're very much part of the mainstream. A lot of the artists here today are from California, where they don't have as strong a marketing structure as we have in the East. We're responsible for their business know-how. We do things like telling them what kind of business cards they'll need. Each artist here submitted five pieces. To choose our ninety-odd artists, we looked at three hundred sets of five slides. Setting up the show ran pretty smoothly except last Friday, when enough carpeting to cover three-quarters of a city block was scheduled to be delivered and we arrived to find the National Guard marching and drilling right here."

As we glanced around, trying to imagine how this gallerylike space, now paved with silvery broadloom and divided up by gray panels, could have been transformed so cleverly from a



"It's Gorbachev. Can you chat?"

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vast drill hall, we noticed an angular, fair-haired young man passing his right hand in front of the photo sensor. He introduced himself as Bob Natalini, the creator of the whooping birdcage. "I love pieces that have many dimensions," he told us, his voice rising above the sounds coming from his handiwork. "A term that's being used more and more for what I do is audio art. It's a young genre. I've been doing these things since 1978. Each piece uses sound, which is, after all, electricity—emotional electricity."

Just then, a waiter came gliding by, carrying a black lacquer tray of smoked Nantucket bay scallops with snow peas and avocado dip over a bed of greens.

"What's that?" someone asked him.

"Oh, dead things," he answered.

"This one is an overflowing sink," a ceramist named Victor Spinski was explaining to a couple flipping through some photographs of constructions he had done.

"What about the water part?" the woman asked. "It drops on the floor?"

"It drops on the floor," Mr. Spinski told her. "The floor comes with it. The sink is filled up with coffee cups, and I can put in a few cigarette butts. I've sold a lot of these in New York."

Behind them was an actual Spinski construction. Five beer cartons were piled up at uneven angles on what appeared to be a bathroom floor. Large brown Budweiser bottles, some smashed, some whole, lay here and there. Water poured from a bottle resting sidewise on top of the cartons. "They're not real beer cartons," we overheard an admirer say. "It's all clay."

"Now, this," Mr. Spinski was telling a potential buyer, "is a full-size Volkswagen coming through an eight-by-twelve foot brick wall." He smiled, ran a hand through his flyaway hair, and went on. "People ask me for strange stuff all the time. One retired military guy wants a missile going through his wall. That's great. That's why I like to talk to a client. I say, 'Look, what is your thing?' When they get the piece, they think, This is part me and part somebody else. We get that mini-Renaissance thing happening."

Collectors were snapping up constructions made by Stephen Paulsen, an outgoing man wearing a tan hat, a leather jacket, and running shoes. "All the stuff that looks like stone is actually wood. It's burl," he said. One piece, called "Inner Meditation Chamber with Three Spirit Vessels," sold for three thousand two hundred dollars. The materials, listed on a card, included wenge, curly maple, myrtle burl, buckeye burl, manzanita burl, lilac burl, ebony, cocobolo, kingwood, brazilwood, spalted boxwood, ivory nut, and 23k. gold.

A few booths away, Debra Chase, an artist in a floral dress and pastel high heels, was reminiscing. "I was in a hardware store one day and I saw rolls of screening and I thought, Gosh, that's really beautiful stuff. What can I build with that?" Around her were sculptures in the shape of Manchu dragon robes, high-fashion gowns, and broad-brimmed fairy-tale hats, all decorated with cat's-eyes, ginkgo leaves, or tiny plastic teapots and cups. "I like using clothing as a metaphor for the self, and I'd rather make things that aren't functional, because they won't get ruined. Clothes die. I'm searching for immortality in the clothing business."

"There's a great area of dispute about crafts—is it art or not?" a collector was saying as his wife handed a sculptor a check.

"I don't really know what the word 'craft' means anymore," another collector said. "It used to mean little cornhusk dolls from West Virginia. Did you see the assemblage made from pheasant feathers? I think that's very directional."

We followed his gaze to a small area where several mixed-media pieces by Doug Stock hung on a wall or stood on white platforms. "They're all real Chinese-pheasant feathers," Mr. Stock told us. "In some parts of China, pheasants are raised like chickens. I make a grid of split bamboo and tie the feathers down individually with carpet thread. Sometimes there are three layers of feathers, and fifteen knots at each intersection." We studied a piece in which a large feather arch stood upon rows of white wooden sticks, its leaflike body shimmering under the light. "I had collected feathers forever, not knowing why," Mr. Stock said. "You know, there's all this trash in your life for a reason. I trust that."

THE NEW FIRST LADY

BEFORE the New First Lady's motorcade can enter the Bel Mar Galleria, her support crew must clear a path through the foam cups and burger boxes that surge and eddy across the parking lot. In places the drifts are eight feet high. Mall gangs—punks and stoners—have been overturning dumpsters again. "They get the idea from that song 'Trash Run Free, Why Can't Me,' " says the New First Lady. She wants it purged from the discount rack at Tower Records as part of her "Let 'Em Pay List Price" pro-family campaign. Six small electric snowplows, Hondas, trundle in formation through the lot, their drivers wearing the cheerful orange-and-green uniform of the Mall Police. The going is slow, especially where foam packing nodules have been sprayed with lighter fluid and set afire. The smoke cuts visibility; the gas masks are cumbersome. The New First Lady may be late for the opening ceremony, when kids come forward, turn in their parents for running sex cassettes on the VCR, and receive their Smut-Buster badge. The delay and the smoldering styrene fumes seeping into the car are making her jittery, but she does not falter in her determination to enter the mall. "No American must be denied that most reliable way to gain a sense of accomplishment—participating in the economy on the demand side," she says.

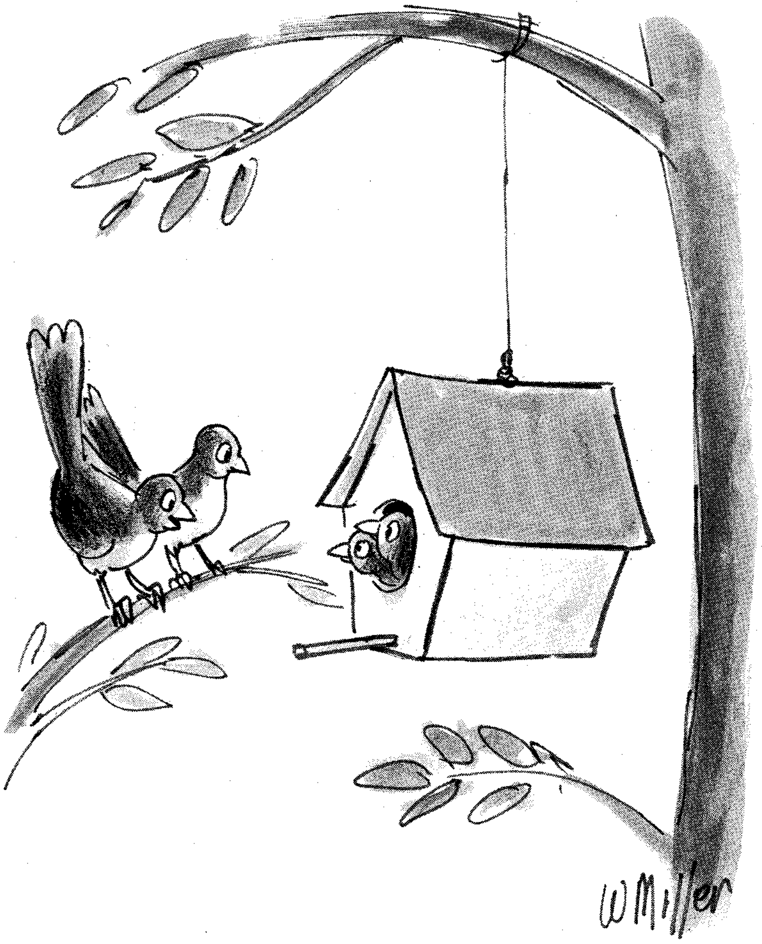
She is the guest of the William C. Westmoreland Retirement Center's amateur orchestra, the Jolly Pals. These jaunty graybeards play country favorites and commercial jingles on small off-brand electronic keyboards, instruments they grew to love once they overcame their fear of electric shock. Now the sprightly seniors savor their ability to sound like a banjo or a fiddle or a clog dancer on a tin roof. "Sure I'm chipper," admits Elsie Bauman. "Rage takes cash. My Social Security check barely covers crusty-but-lovable." Her hands are swathed in bandages where a carelessly wired C-sharp key gave her a bad electrical burn.

This afternoon the Jolly Pals will play "We Are All Old," an anthem of caring composed by top pop stars enlisted by the New First Lady; helping gerio-Americans is deeply important to her. She induced many big-time rockers to join hands for the video. Its proceeds will go toward making us feel good about loving some feelings of compassion for ourselves and others. "This isn't political," she insists. "It's just people getting together to do things for people." She mentions the charity ball and mink war that paid for resurfacing the off ramps of I-80. Of course one night of blood and dancing can't do everything. Additional funding came from the big singathon "We Are All Long-Haul Truckers." Such selflessness won't go unnoticed at the next Rock 'n' Roast Trophy Dinner, particularly when it's time to present the Merrill Lynch Humanitarian Award.

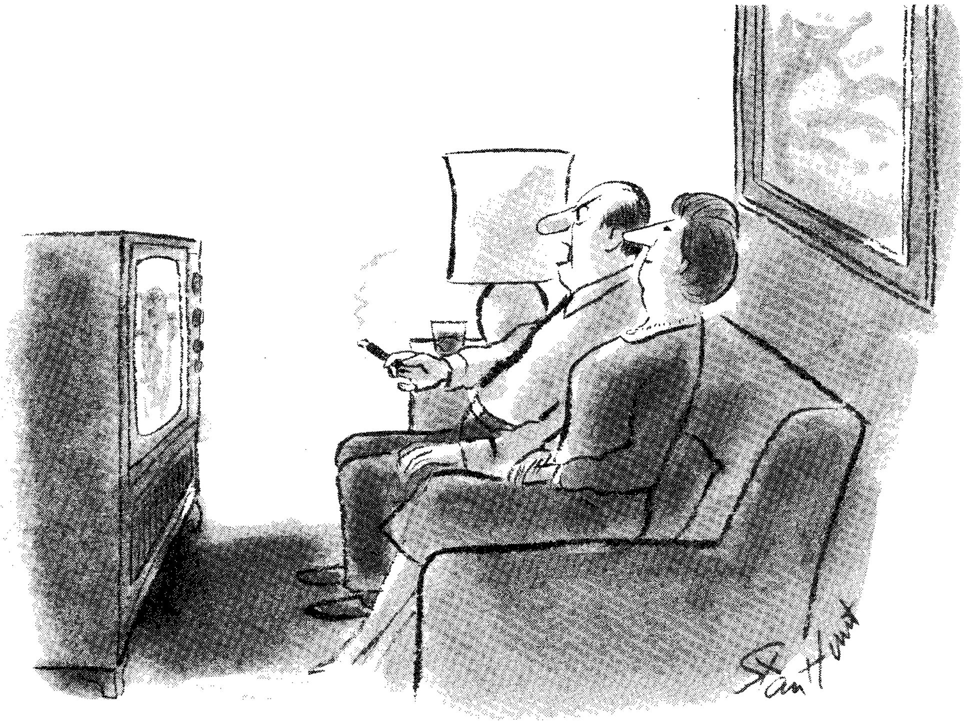
These nimble baldpates are only one concern of the New First Lady; she has dozens of others. Her initial issue, back when the Policy Team first began to reformulate her, was The Very Young, and she continues to demand aggressive action on missing children, although she sometimes muddles the particulars. Are there too many missing children or too few? Should government do more, or ought this be left to the private sector, where children could be lost (found?) more efficiently? Should their photographs appear on more packages, perhaps on huge wooden crates ambiguously stencilled "Machine Parts," destined for the Central American combat zones after a swoop through several Mideast nations? This worthwhile volunteer effort was financed by the danceable anthem "We Are All Missing."

Currently her Issues Analysis Team is urging her to emphasize a new caring area. She is to be passionately devoted, with an appropriate coefficient of modesty, to medical research, in particular the fight against infectious pseudomnesia. A progressive mental disorder, pseudomnesia is not the loss of recall but, rather, the accretion of false memories. Those afflicted have vivid recollections of things that never happened; true and false memories become indistinguishable. Patricia, a pseudomnesia sufferer, says she remembers Niagara Falls. Her doctor, a burly tough-love healer, dismisses this possibility. "She remembers a cornball romantic anecdote from a post-honeymoon cousin, or a photo in the World Book glimpsed during the fourth grade when she should have been doing math, or that Marilyn Monroe movie. Or maybe, just maybe," he says, "she has that rarest of conditions, a pure retrospective hallucination."

Cause? Unknown.



"Well, then, if and when you do consider moving, would you let us know?"



" 'Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' Now, what the hell is that supposed to mean?"

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Most research money goes to the virologists. They've got the most promising initial results, the most photogenic research scientists, the sleekest graphics on their multipage fund-raising mailer with many computer inserts of the recipient's name (Yes, Recipient, thanks to the efforts of people like you, Recipient, we can now do various important . . .). And they have the least likelihood of pinpointing a cause that will lead to product-liability suits, criminal indictments, loss of Senate seats. In other labs, impressive statistical data—albeit the kind that can be shrugged off as coincidence by well-coiffed corporate spokesmen—are being assembled by the Environmental Factors Team. They point to thousands of postwar tract houses, hastily erected for returning troops and fecund G.I. brides, on the sites of abandoned cigarette-filter factories or over shimmering pools of diet-soda prototypes, casually covered with sand and gravel. "But you can't be scientifically certain," says a man from the Tobacco Institute, lighting another low-tar. "Research must continue unfettered by government regulation, untainted by government funds." Money will come from that soul-stirring hymn of helping "We Are All Neurally Befuddled," now available on compact disk.

As long as its cause is unknown, pseudomnesia must be considered a communicable disease. The New First Lady fears contagion, but she appears at the galleria taking what preventive measures she can, her breathing tubes barely apparent beneath her flounces and shoulder pads. Certain parts of her body have been perma-dipped in latex. A padded titanium case in the trunk of her limo holds a thermos of her own blood plus smaller cannisters of six other bodily fluids. She does not lack courage. As a Senate wife, she continued to swaddle herself in fur throughout the "Days of Tooth and Claw"—violent outbursts by the Animal Liberation Army. Even in her former mode, while still in thrall to her Republican predecessors, her primary duty merely to display a flair for stylish acquisition, she was dauntless. Holding her Visa card aloft like a sword, she didn't panic but continued to try on Armani gowns amid the co-op riots, while all around her SWAT teams battled through Trumptown, a few dozen shanties protesters had built in Saks.

Today's galleria appearance is a triumph, luring many shoppers to linger for three or four minutes before drifting back to the Shirt Bunker, with its cheerful khaki-clad clerks and wacky anti-Basque novelty items. But midway through her speech, just before she is to review the Remorseful Teens and Their Children Drill Team, something happens. The New First Lady rambles on about Wrigley Field in 1968. "Student radicals had dug tunnels beneath the pitcher's mound," she recalls, "and packed them with explosives, set to detonate when Kate Smith hit that vexing high note in our national anthem. If Mayor Daley hadn't jumped into his Mole-Car and burrowed . . ." The crowd looks confused, the Jolly Pals are spooked. Curious consumers watch her spiral to the floor in a surprisingly graceful faint; in her pre-teens she studied ballet, and she still has the powerful thighs and visible ribs of a classical dancer. Uzis drawn, Secret Service agents rush her to the limousine as the Mall Police lob Tear Gas Plus into the crowd. The P.A. system commands, "Return to your purchasing. There is nothing for you here. Resume shopping immediately." To avoid pursuit, the limo driver flings handfuls of perfume-sample packets out of the sunroof, like chum to a school of bluefish.

For nearly a week no diagnosis comes from the White House, only bland denials that the New First Lady has contracted pseudomnesia. Eventually the official explanation of the episode—exhaustion—is announced on beautifully embossed ivory cards, postage paid by the New First Lady's booster group, participants in the Adopt a Quasi Government Official program.

To quiet the rumors, the New First Lady agrees to be interviewed on a Barbara Walters Special, along with a powerful intellectual, a potential saint, and a woman with fabulous cheekbones. "Where would you place yourself on this continuum?" Barbara asks.

"Well . . ." The New First Lady looks bemused.

"Suppose the worst happened and you lost your wonderful vibrancy, and —forgive me for asking anything upsetting—you found you had—God forbid!—pseudomnesia. Would you feel different about the Stop and Sample laws or the CheekScraper or the rest of your husband's Omnibus Wellness Program?"

"No. Not even if I were ordered to live in one of the Healthvilles in Nevada. My position would be unchanged."

It was a stirring assertion, and it sent Americans racing to stores for "We Are All the New First Lady." Its melody is haunting and familiar. The New First Lady suspects that she has heard it—somewhere—before.

—Randy Cohen

LET IT PASS

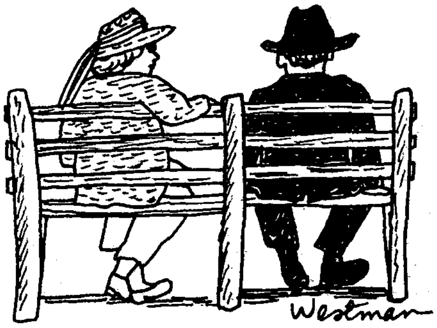
WELL into her nineties, my aunt continues to send me news of people in Montreal I've had no trouble forgetting. When I open a letter of hers, a shower of clippings falls out, along with her reminders: "Steve! Mrs. Christopher Shrew was Nancy Pervious. Was dying to marry you. Good thing you got away." Or "Peter Delorme. Nice boy until he got into politics. Leaves three fine sons."

At some point she must have mentioned Carlotta Peel, the daughter of my former wife, but I'd no idea what the girl looked like or even what age she might be until she turned up on my doorstep, uninvited, in the South of France. It was an August day, in a season of drought. A layer of dust like fine salt covered the fading gardens. Brittle plane leaves blew into the corners of the terrace. The hotter the day, the grayer the sea. The sun beat through a thin grayish layer of haze that resembled the tail of a dust storm. I was reading a new book, which I had taken to be the secret diaries of General Georges Boulanger. He was the French Minister of War who might have thrown over the Third Republic, if he'd put his mind to it, and finally dismayed his admirers by committing suicide on his mistress's grave. I had read steadily from the downfall of Louis Napoleon until about 1890, almost the end, surprised that someone I'd classed as a featherhead had shown so much wit and grace, when I looked again at the author's notes and realized I was reading a work of fiction. I dropped the book face down and began composing letters to the author and his publisher asking for the return of my hundred and sixty-nine francs. Someone called my name. By then I was asleep and dreaming. I was at a christening, and a stranger suddenly handed me about a dozen prayer books. The infant at the font began to wail, a sort of mewing. The clergyman rang a bell for silence. The child's mother said, "Steve! Steve Burnet!" I said, "For Christ's sake, I'm holding all these bloody books!"

I woke up and went round to the front of the house, and found a tall child (child to me; Carlotta considered herself a young woman) with sleepy dark eyes. She wore a kind of uniform of white cotton, with a long buttoned tunic, and with her narrow shoulders and cinnamon summer skin she could have been Indian. I remember that the first things she said were on a rising note: "Steve Burnet? You knew my mother?"—which meant nothing until she added, "My mother, Lily?" At that I saw a resemblance, though not to recollections of Lily; rather, to Carlotta's maternal grandmother, my late, crazy mother-in-law, anchored in memory as Old Lady Quale. Between Carlotta and me arose Mrs. Quale's owlish staring and head of sleek black hair. Lily's girl was a fragment of that ancient lump of righteousness—saner, probably; certainly prettier; perhaps more commonplace. As for Lily, I had not set eyes on her since she was twenty-three.

My life since that early capsizal had been sparsely and prudently occupied by married women in no hurry to leave their husbands. Indeed, the introduction of divorce into Italy had caused me to close down a six-year-old story. (It was managed without racking debate. A Canadian diplomat, even-handed by nature, one of the rare foreigners to whom the French have not taken immediate and weighty dislike, I was invited to observe voting practices in the Society Islands. I obtained a long leave of absence, rented my summer house in France to a Belgian opposite number, loitered in the South Pacific as long as my means allowed, and spent an undue amount of time drawing up my conclusions. When eventually one summer I returned to Europe, it was to find Sandra dismissing men as a form of *agitazione* and studying to become a breeder of white Pekinese.)

My aunt believed that a distaste for restless and unclaimed women had me moored in a careful system of ways and means, keeping a blameless married woman friend around to act as hostess and accompany me to concerts and funerals, and pursuing invisible affairs with other men's wives. In other words (this is still my aunt speaking), I was no different from any trifling, piffling male with a wife and girlfriends and a deck of ready stories. No woman was supposed to bring me more than she could pack and remove on short notice. It was my aunt's opinion that I had too much regard for what was likely to happen. I thought she was wrong, and that I expected nearly nothing.



No matter where I was posted, whether abroad or back in Ottawa, I usually managed to spend a brief summer vacation in France. There I dispensed with women altogether, caught up on my reading, and tried to write a book. I meant it to be a summary of recent times, with my experiences and judgment used tactfully, never intrusively, as a binding thread. I would have called it "My Century," but the title had already been employed by a celebrated Polish poet. Every year at high summer, I was driven to unpack my Hermes, set it on the marble table in the shadiest part of the terrace, roll in a sheet of Extra Strong, and type "Chapter 1." I could see a tamed and orderly design of streams and rivulets (early youth, intellectual awakening) feeding a tranquil river that debouched into a limpid sea. Unfortunately, it wanted only a few minutes for the sea to churn up and disgorge a ton of dead fish. Most people considered great were in reality only average; middling masters I held in contempt; as for amateurs in any field, I saw no reason why they should not be airlifted to Mongolia and left to forage. Obviously, this was of no interest to anyone except cranks; yet I felt no spite, no disappointment, no envy of younger men. I had done nearly everything I wanted, and had been as successful as my aunt had hoped.

After half an hour I would push the typewriter aside, open a thick notebook, uncap the gold Parker I was given years ago for having passed, unexpectedly well, an examination in political science, and write, "Chapter 1." Then I would cap the pen and stare at the Mediterranean, wondering if the wisp of darkness on the horizon could be a mirage projection of Corsica.

Apart from this activity I ate breakfast and lunch at home, went down for a swim early, when no one was around, played some tennis at a court up near the railway station, and dined with elderly neighbors. At the end of a few weeks I bolted the window shutters, disconnected and locked up the telephone (so that burglars would not be tempted to make long-distance calls), and returned to the wrack and low tide of my profession.

NOT long ago, I sold the house where Carlotta came to look for me. The wreckers may have saved some of the tiles from the terrace floor, with their worn pattern of olive leaves. It used to be reached by a downhill flight of steps from a noisy highway. The steps continued almost all the way to the sea and came to a stop at a hedge of scarred cactus, bounding a narrow and stony public beach. Prewar cottages and villas descended the slope, with the stairs as common thoroughfare. My terrace overlooked a particularly ugly and derelict cottage; for years I had tried to buy it from its greedy absentee owner, so that I might have it razed and a garden put there instead. Unfortunately, while I was lingering in the Tuamotu Archipelago, trying to give Sandra enough rope, my Belgian tenant had met the asking price, and now maintained the wreck as a picturesque eyesore. That summer, it was occupied by his niece, Irma Baes, an amateur artist of great stamina and enthusiasm.

There was a gate at the top of the steps, kept locked. The postman no longer included us in his rounds. This, and the shape and variety of aerials on every rooftop, and the installation of Irma Baes, were the most remarkable changes on my side of the gate. Beyond it nearly everything had altered.

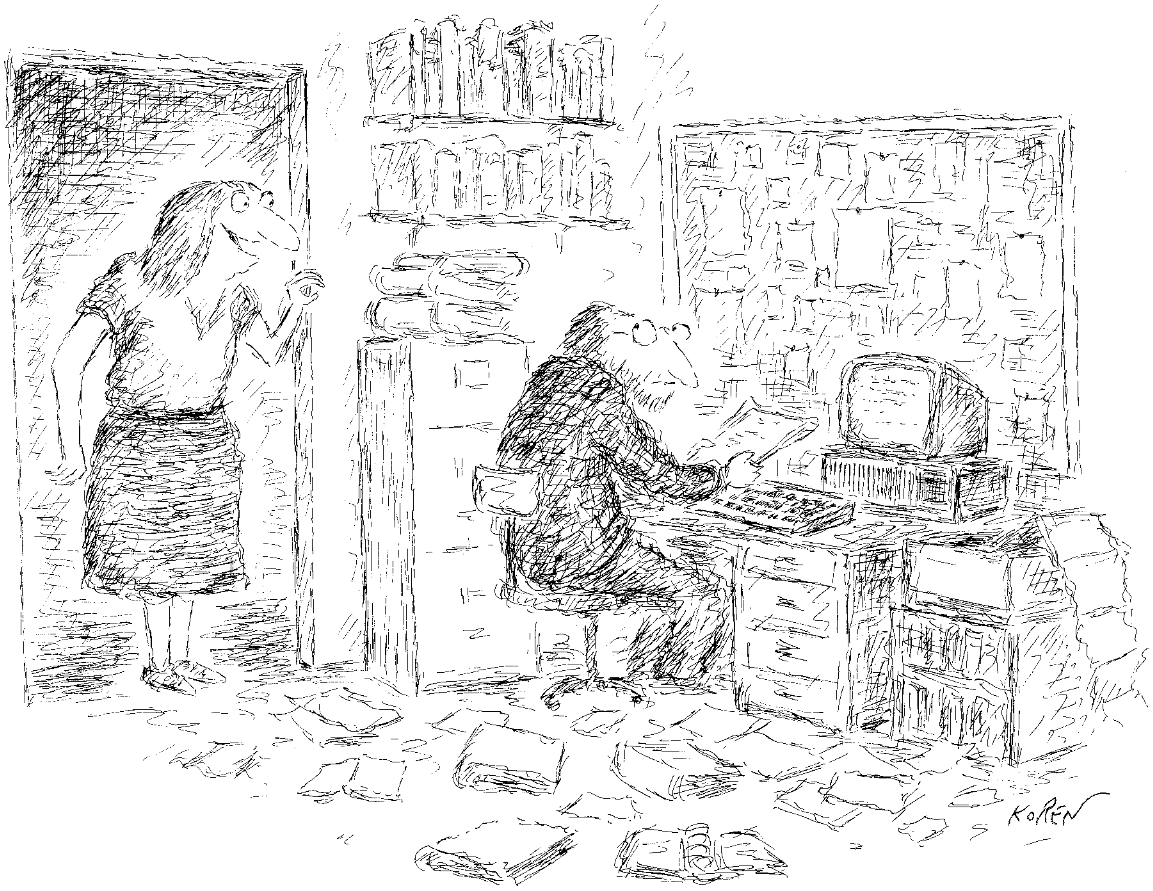
"I just jiggled the lock," said Carlotta, when I asked how she'd got inside. There was a taxi up on the road, with an eight-kilometre fare on its meter, which was still ticking over. She had no money, she said—no cash, that is; just a lot of traveller's checks. She talked in the accents of modern Montreal—accents that render the speaker unplaceable except within vast regional boundaries. One would have guessed she was not from Mississippi or California, not much else. Lily had had the old Quebec-Irish inflection.

I settled the cab, locked the iron gate, and fastened the chain bolt; it could be removed by reaching through iron bars, but no matter. Carlotta meantime had carried the telephone outside and lay prone on the warm terrace, talking to Lily, or perhaps to some transatlantic drifter she had picked up and turned into an intimate friend. I wondered if she knew enough French to deal with a local operator and to reverse charges. I am sure I was not niggardly, but I would be retiring before long on a tight pension; my personal capital, scrupulously amassed, judiciously invested, might need a long stretch. In my family, old people seemed to hang on forever, exacting and hale. My parents lasted nearly a century, offering to the brink of speechlessness their unsolicited advice.

Carlotta said, "Kiss, kiss," and "Bye," and "O.K., I'll tell him that." She smiled up at me and said, "It's all right for me to stay here, Steve. I mean, if it's all right with you. Just two days. I'm going to Paris, but my mother's friends can't take me right away. Their place is full up."

Only a few women still called me Steve. She was using inherited form. When I was much younger, around the time when Lily ran away with Mr. Chadwick's gardener, I changed my signature from "Steven B. Burnet" to "S. Blake Burnet" and became, I thought, a different person. Old school friends went on saying "Burney," but new acquaintances took it for granted my name must be Blake. I was just twenty-five, the age when new acquaintances gradually begin to fill one's life.

I was not accustomed to addressing recumbent adolescents. I wished Carlotta would stand or at least sit up. I said the first thing that came into my head: "Do you mean to say that your family let you come to France without making any arrangements for you?" I



"I need a hug."

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kept back a question just as insistent: how it was that Lily knew I still had this house. My aunt and her parents had once been settled in the same town, Châtelroux, just south of Montreal, but several significant streets apart. The Quales were rooted in Catholic, English-speaking, bungalow territory. Most Catholics were French Canadian. The Quales and their kind seemed wedged like a piece from the wrong puzzle between English Protestants and French Catholics, matching neither in coloration or design. (The Quales were probably capable of making great sacrifices, my aunt had once said. They had eked out a year of boarding school for their unaccountable daughter.)

"No," said Carlotta, trailing scorn for elderly hebetude. She had just spent a week with a couple in Monaco, people her stepfather knew. The lady was nice, but the man had tried.

"Tried what?"

"Just tried. I had to lock my bedroom door." She raised an arm, as though signalling, and imitated turning a key.

"Where do these people live?"

"I just told you. In Monaco. They've got a house, and a sort of dried-up garden. There was no water in the shower half the time."

"Where was his wife while you were locking your door?"

"In the Princess Grace Hospital," she said, without a dot of hesitation. "She got a bleeding ulcer from some stuff she drank."

"What kind of stuff?"

"Some sort of cleaning fluid."

"I must speak to your mother," I said. "Where is she? In Montreal?"

Carlotta got to her feet. I was confronted by myself in her opaque dark glasses. "Not in summer. In summer they're mostly in Vermont. Anyway, I've just talked to her."

"I've only your word for it."

A harsh thing to say to someone young, but she answered equably, "When I called them from Monaco, they said if I couldn't find you I was to fly home. So I said I'd found you. Anyway, my stepfather's going to call you. You never gave me a chance to say. He's waiting for midnight. He never calls before midnight, except on business."

"How did you get away from the house? Didn't that man try to stop you?"

"I stayed in my room till he went to the bank. Then the cleaning lady came. She helped me get a taxi."

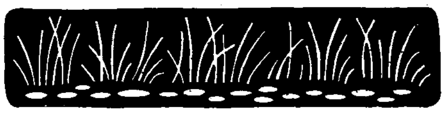
"Who told you he'd gone to the bank?"

"That's where he works."

"Get me the number in Vermont," I said.

"They'll only tell you what I've already told you," she said. "You'll see."

Her stepfather, Benjamin Harrower, answered. He had an agreeable voice, English sliding into American; a clergyman's voice. I had no idea what Harrower did. Someone had told my aunt he was an immigrant entrepreneur who ran a tourist bureau. "It's a terrible imposition," he said. "We're very grateful to you. You've heard the story. Carlotta sounded pretty upset."



THREE POEMS

SELF-PORTRAIT

In the raised head, a hint of wing.
But the coat is flapping.
In the closed eyes and peace
Of the arms: movement's untouched hiding-place.

Here is somebody who flies and sings
And the malleability of the word's flamings:
An awkwardness from birth overcome
By innate rhythm.

IMPRESSIONISM

The painter portrays
Lilac's deep swoon:
Sonorous steps of color
Scab his canvas.

He knew the density of oil,
Its pastry summer
Baked with violet marrow
Distended swelteringly.

Even more violet is that shadow there:
A violin-bow or whip, dying like a match,
So that you'd say: chefs in the kitchen
Are sizzling plump pigeons.

Veils merely sketched,
A guessed-at swing.
And now, in this sunny disorder,
A bee keeps house.

THE WAVE ADVANCES

The wave advances—one wave breaking another's backbone,
Flinging itself at the moon in slavish yearning.
And these young troughs, janissaries—
The tireless metropolis of breakers—
Rave, slant-eyed, and dig their ditch in sand.

But through the flaky gloom-laden air
An unbuilt wall's pale teeth loom up.
From foaming stairs the soldiers of suspicious sultans
Crash—smashed into spray.
Cold eunuchs bring the poison in.

—OSIP MANDELSTAM

(*Translated, from the Russian, by James Greene.*)

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CARS • CARS • CARS
1,200
725
975

Zorba the Used-Car Salesman

"I'm glad she had my address."

"Well, no, she didn't. Lily told her to find out if your number was listed, and to let us know. She told Carlotta not to call you, to let us handle it from here."

"She didn't call. She just drove straight over in a taxi. Eight kilometres."

"She's never been away, not without Lily and me. She thinks adults are always where they're supposed to be."

"How long is she going to be homeless?"

"Just three days." One more than Carlotta had said. "If it's a nuisance, would you just put her on a return flight? We don't want her to be on her own. She's still awfully young, though she doesn't believe it."

"We don't need to send her back. Not for the sake of three days. I'm leaving myself at the end of the week."

"She's a good kid." Harrower seemed to be waiting for me to confirm the opinion. "She should have called collect. I suppose it's too late to do anything about it now."

I TRIED to entertain Carlotta, although her youth bored me, and her belief that she was here to learn and that I could teach made me sententious and prosy. On her second day, we went to a Fellini festival in Nice, saw two movies, had lunch in a courtyard. Carlotta had promised her mother not to eat meat or fish in France. While I searched the menu, she glanced past me, over my shoulder.

Presently she said, "Steve, there's a really sick bird in a cage on the kitchen windowsill. It doesn't like the hot sun. I'll bet they haven't changed its water. The kitchen doesn't look too clean, either. Maybe somebody ought to report the restaurant." Then, "Look at the two gays over there, eating fish soup. My stepfather says they mean the end of civilization as we know it. He says they caused the fall of Rome. The gays."

Her maternal grandfather, Ernie Quale, quit the Montreal police force to become a private detective, making a special pursuit of divorce cases. He used to set up false evidence of adultery or stalk real lovers until he caught them in bed. Once he tried to blackmail a Quebec politician, and got the lobes of his ears slit. That was before Carlotta's time; almost before mine.

In the evening, I took her along to a dinner party. Carlotta excepted, the youngest person at the table was sixty-one. The oldest ninety-four. A few of them had known Lily. There was Victor de Stentor, who had kept his hair and teeth and eyesight but lost his eyebrows; Watt Chadwick, a novelist Carlotta had not heard of but whose work she now gallantly proposed to read in its entirety; a couple of antique dealers, husband and wife, who traded in the furniture heirs try to sell off in a hurry. Across from Carlotta sat a retired American naval officer who had lost an arm and had to have his meat cut. Americans seldom washed up along this fragment of coast. His neighbors referred to him as "the Admiral," and had never bothered to decide if he was Bessel, Biesel, or Beisel, while the antique dealers called him Ivor instead of Ira. Next to him, attentive to his requirements, was the former wife of a French minister of state. More as chatter than conversation, she announced to the table that her ex-husband was threatening to bring legal action against her for continuing to use his name.

Carlotta, whose French was better than fair, said she should never have given up her own name. Taking another name was like signing a brief for slavery. Carlotta had been in France nine days now—long enough to know the whole male-female business was due for an overhauling.

Ira Biesel looked at me and said, "Lily's daughter?," as if he could hardly believe it.

"Lily is my mother," said Carlotta, "but Steve isn't my father. At least, I don't think so." She seemed so startled, hurt almost, when we laughed that I wondered what nonsense was taking its slow course through the child's head. To Victor de Stentor, sitting beside her, she said, "I'm a committed vegetarian," and, holding a slice of roast beef between knife and fork, deftly removed it to his plate. I wanted to ask why she had helped herself to something she had no intention of eating, but remembered with some thankfulness that she was not mine, and that she was probably too old to be checked in public.

Later, as we left the party and climbed a number of steps to my house, she said, "I enjoyed that. I really did. You can learn a lot from older people. In Monaco, we just watched TV."

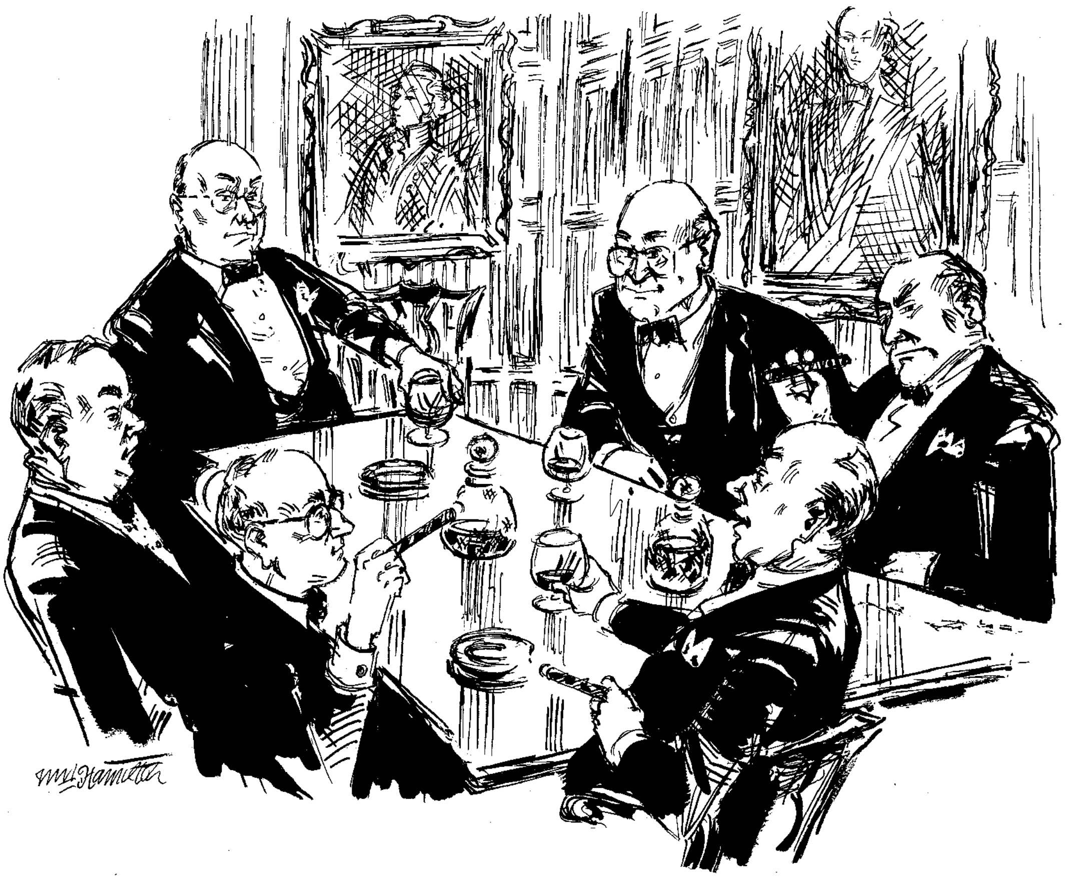
We brought books to breakfast, as if we had been living together for a long time.

"Why do you call this a terrace?" Carlotta said.

"What would you call it?"

"More like a deck, but not exactly. I like to get things right."

Irma Baes, already at grips with creation, waved from her garden. In only five weeks, progressing well beyond the symbolic hurdle of my "Chapter 1," she had completed the freestanding structures Quaternion I, II, and III, and was pasting sequins one by one on the naked framework of IV. Irma belonged to the subversive, incompetent forces whose mission it is to make art useless. Her work, which I believe she unloaded on loyal friends, could not be got inside any normal dwelling except by dint of pulling down a wall and part of the roof. Cultural authorities the world over were prepared to encourage her by means of grants; indulgent relations were disposed to gamble on her future. I suppose it was a sign that I had lived a long time and seen a great deal that everything meant to reflect the era seemed out of date. Try to tell them it's already been done, I thought. (I had told her; her eyes filled with tears.) I had reached the step of the staircase from which one cannot estimate age; I could only look down and think, Young. I'd have put Irma at thirty-odd. When her present grant, or her uncle's patience, ran out, and she had to go back to the hardboiled and standpat world of filling out new application forms ("Age? Shows? Group? Single? Sponsors?"), something would need to be done with her summer's work. There was no possible way the structures could be carried up to the road without smashing some of my windows. No van, no hired truck, no container could hold the complete Quaternion. Perhaps it could be conveyed the other way, beyond the cactus hedge, and burned on the beach.



"Money used to mean something. Now it's all just money for money's sake."

"I like her hair," said Carlotta, waving back. "That's its natural color. I asked her. It's a natural streak effect." Carlotta dropped her voice. "You know? She had this racing-car driver who loved her? He went into a canal in Belgium and drowned. He could drive, but he couldn't swim."

"I've heard the story."

"So now she just has her art."

"Loved her" was surely fictitious, like her bogus façade of art. I thought she invented both to explain her solitude. Her tragedy, if she had one, was her own unwieldy enthusiasm. She was like a puppy bounding against one's legs. One wanted to throw a stick far out in the water; anything to keep her away. I did not say so; in any case, Carlotta had gone back to her book.

"There was a French queen who threw her lovers out of a tower," she said presently. "The tower's been wrecked, so I won't be able to see it when I go to Paris."

Any likeness of purpose between Queen Jeanne and Lily must have escaped her, and I certainly did not try to sow one in her mind. From hints and attitudes, I had already discovered that she looked upon her mother as a classic case of pre-liberation womanhood, stumbling from man to man in search of the love and support no man can give, except when it suits him. In a way, it was true. In another, a man repeatedly flung out of a tower may lie for a long time *hors de combat*, of no help to anyone.

Carlotta did not expect conversation, except in the form of informative remarks or answers to questions. It made her a comfortable companion. She said, "What's your book about?"

"It's a guide to local landmarks." I proposed to drive that morning to a Saracen fortress, restored a great number of times and now refurbished more or less as it may have looked in the seventeenth century. I asked Carlotta if she'd like that.

"Are there people living there?"

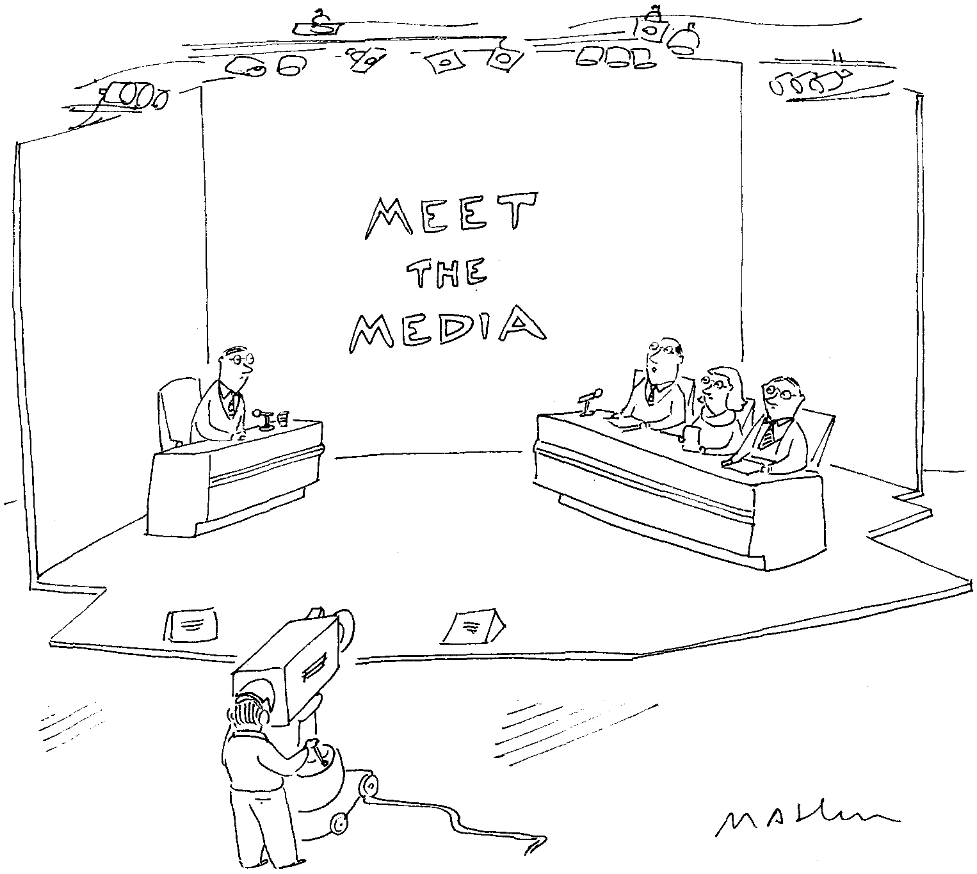
"I don't think so. Not now."

"Could we take Irma? She never goes anywhere."

"Miss Baes has her art."

She carried our breakfast dishes to the kitchen, rinsed them, helped me fasten the shutters—we were going to be out for much of the day—and found a hiding place for the telephone so ingenious that, later, she could not remember where it was. (Wrapped in a pajama top, under a pillow.)

WE drove inland, on winding mountain roads. She may have felt homesick, for she began to talk about her mother and stepfather—what they liked and approved of, how they lived, where they went for holidays. I did not respond, not directly; there was no question of my discussing Lily with her child. However, by the time we reached the castle, some two hours later, I decided I could not go on behaving as though I had scarcely known her at all.



"The pleasantries having been dispensed with, we now go right for the jugular."

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"The first time I ever came up here was with your mother," I said. "We hadn't been married long. Five weeks, I think."

There was a parking lot for tourists, now. We left my rented Peugeot and started up an unpaved avenue, between lines of yellowing shade trees, chestnut and oak.

"She never mentioned any castles," said Carlotta. "She just remembers a kind of shack, and a beach with a lot of seaweed."

"The shack, as you call it, is my present house. The terrace used to be the kitchen floor."

"Did you buy it because it reminded you of somebody? I mean, you wanted . . ." She paused. "Like, if you kept the house, this person might come back to it?"

"I bought it because it was unbelievably cheap. The only deal I've ever made in my life."

She looked up, first at me, then at the faded leaves. "What's wrong with the trees? It can't be pollution. We're practically on top of a mountain."

"The European tree disease—virus and mystery." Actually, it was as much as anyone knew.

"Who do they belong to?"

"The trees? I've never thought about it. The state, I suppose."

"Which state?"

"France. You're still in France."

"I know *that*. Only France isn't a state. It's a country. Vermont is a state. Florida's a state. They ought to be fined for not looking after their trees. The French, I mean."

The castle, which we could now see clearly, had died long before, gutted by neglect. Then, restored, its spirit had been gutted, this time by the presence of tourists. Every stone in the tower and battlements had been quarried early in this century, when an American couple had bestowed imagination and money on a ruin. I wondered if I had a duty to inform Carlotta, for whom the whole of past time could be contained in a doll house, immeasurable periods crammed under a small roof. "It hasn't the charm of the lovely places along the Loire," I began, as though Carlotta might care; as if she knew where the Loire was. I was leading round to the tricky question of fakery; tricky because Carlotta was young. I wondered if, in dealing with the young, illusion wasn't safer ground. "Here in the South, castles were really fortresses. When there was no more need for a fortress, it was allowed to crumble. Villagers hauled the stones away and stabled their goats in whatever remained."

She took off her sunglasses, perhaps to make sure I was telling the truth. I had treated her to a two-hour drive over terrible roads, with the Mediterranean revealed in greens and grays rather than shades of sapphire as we climbed. She could have been at the beach, learning from Irma. She said, "Who built this one?"

I gave up on restorations and said, "The Saracens."

"They should have paved their driveway. You could twist an ankle."

"Your mother liked the view." What else? "We came up by bus, I recall. We were too broke to rent a car." I said this, I hope, not sentimentally. By no means did I ever wish to visit anything with Lily again.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrower: I still owned books with "Lily Burnet" on the flyleaf. Once, some twenty years ago, I had received a Christmas card signed "Ken and Lily Peel." Peel was second consort, companion to Lily's middle reign. He must have taken over some of the Christmas grind that year, using an old address book of Lily's, so dazed and uninterested he no longer recognized "Steve Burnet" as a chapter heading in Lily's life. I had examined his handwriting, which I was seeing for the first time. It was stingy and defensive, nothing like his face.

My mind, as a rule shut against Lily's fortunes, let in remembered chitchat about the way Peel was supposed to have died. They say he got up on a dark winter morning, still drunk from the night before, stumbled, hit his head on a rocking chair, died at once. It is hard to die by falling on a chair. He must have died on his feet and keeled over. Harrower was edging his way out of Lily's kingdom, too, if one could trust Carlotta's register of events.

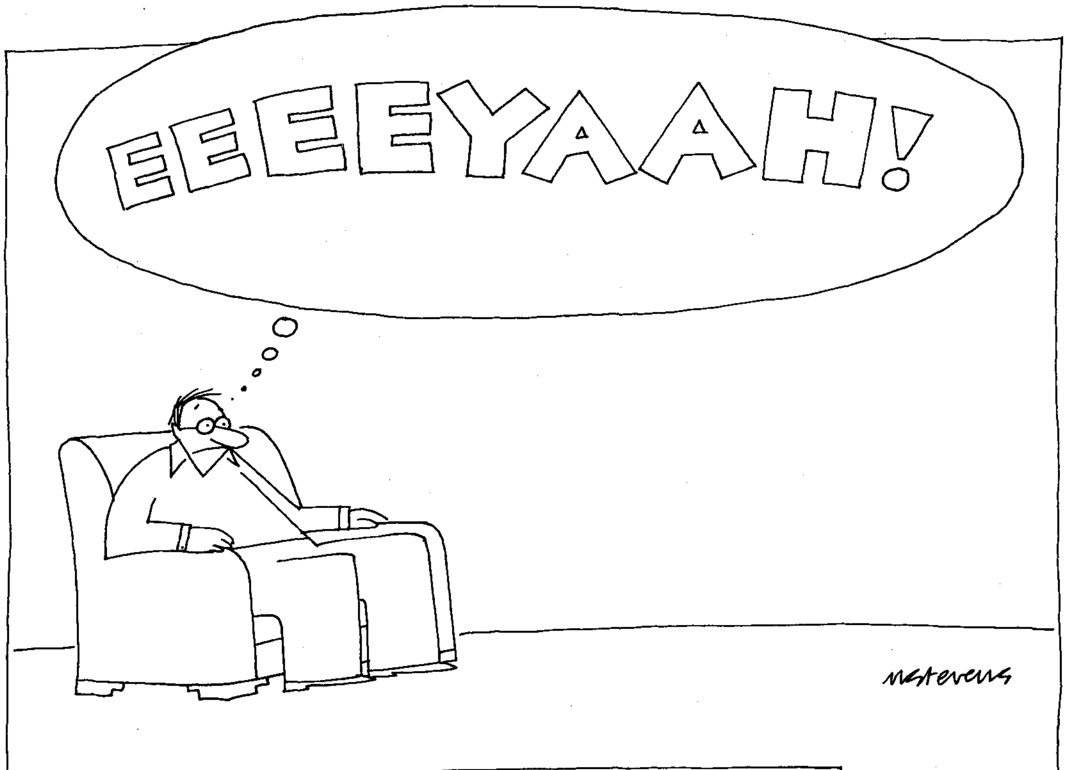
"Ben's got this nonfunctioning spleen," she had told me during the drive. "He's a very sick man. His father made a lot of money, in scales, but Ben knew the whole personal-enterprise thing was over, so he didn't carry on the business." I supposed I was hearing a new jargon, with "in scales" replacing "in spades." Was that it? "No, Steve," said Carlotta, giving me a firm, governessy look. "Scales. What you weigh yourself on. Anyway, he made a good banker. But his spleen was overmedicated, and it just ran down."

"The man in Monaco," I said, "the one who works in a bank. Is he an associate of Ben's?"

"He reports to Ben," she said, using the diffident tone reserved for a royal connection. I was surprised at how quickly she'd picked up a European mannerism. "It's not really a bank, more an investment thing. Ben took early retirement so he could write a book about his experiences. Like, how he was born in the middle class and just stayed there. It's a question of your own individual will power. I can't explain it like he does. He's very, very convincing. But now he'll never write that book. He depends on my mother for everything. She has to keep track of what he eats and drinks—how many Martinis, at what time of day. He drinks Martinis. He's that generation."

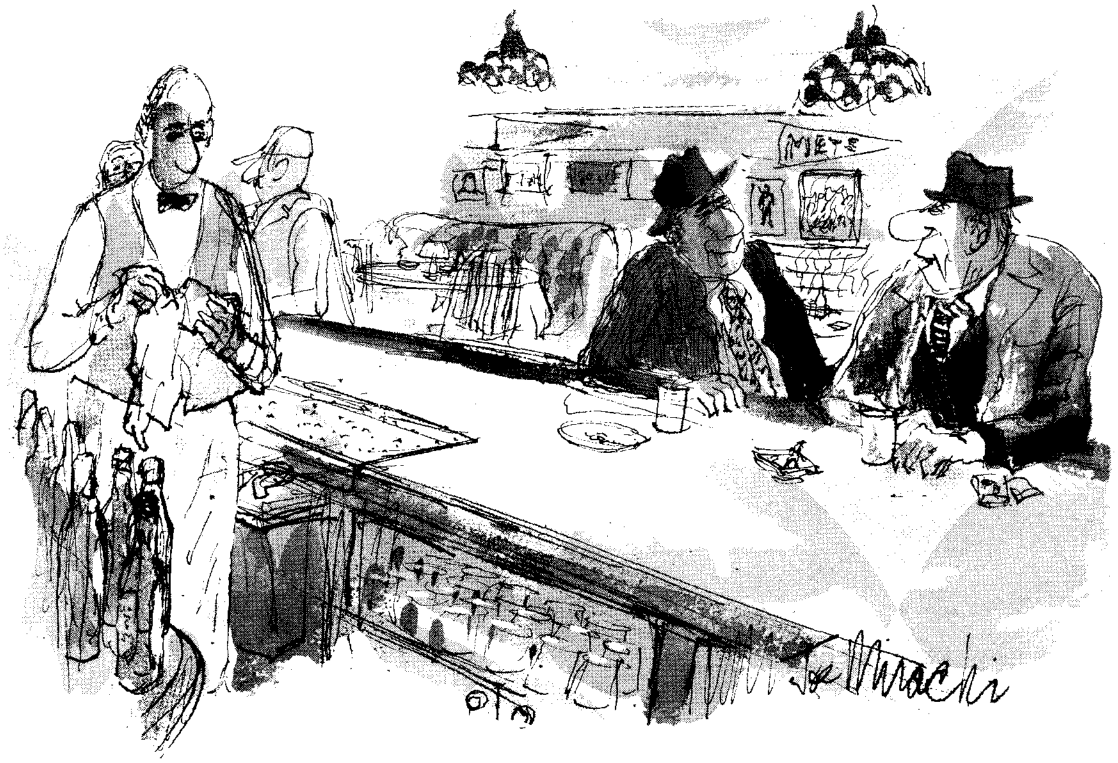
So was I, but I did not want to engage a topic as intimate as age. Carlotta was fifteen, the product of some mindless flurry on the part of Lily before entering the peace of the menopause. During her Burnet epoch, she had avoided even conversation about having children. She was afraid any child of hers might take after her own parents, the one slit-eared, the other a destroy-the-heretics-and-let-God-sort-it-out Inquisitor.

Ben Harrower, his father in scales. From his tone of voice, I'd guessed a liberal clergyman with a working fireplace in his study. He'd bought the house in Vermont after Canada adopted the metric system, Carlotta said. He believed metric was an invention of the K.G.B. The minds of Russians could not adapt to miles, pounds, Fahrenheit temperature; for that reason, the Soviet Union was unlikely to invade the



BASED ON A TRUE STORY

United States. "He could hardly believe it when China went metric," said Carlotta. "Last winter he and Mummy went to England and the BBC was giving the temperature in Celsius. He was born over there, so you can imagine how he felt." She was utterly free from malice or mockery, saying this; at such a remove from the Quales, even from me, that the distance could not be measured under any system.



"When we were first married, I drank to her only with mine eyes. That was twenty-three years ago."

"Who does this whole place actually belong to?" said Carlotta. We stood in the last thin patch of shade at the end of the road. Before us, in white sunlight, a drawbridge stretched over the dry bed of a moat. "Does it belong to France? I mean, the state?" She edged a dented Pepsi can aside with her shoe, and shifted her light weight to the other foot—Lily's old sign of concentration.

"Some part of the state," I said. "Some ministry or other. It used to be owned by a family who had a sardine-canning monopoly." I was not making fun of her; it was so.

She took this for a fair answer, remarking only that her mother would not let them eat tinned fish.

"So you do eat some fish at home? Meat, too?"

"Ben got poisoning in Hong Kong," she said. "So now we're careful."

Refuse littered the ditch: crumpled bags, bent straws, stubs of entry tickets. There was a child's toy monkey and a toothbrush. I wondered if the sardine connection had anything to do with a large fish someone had drawn on the planks of the bridge. Perhaps there was a more subtle reason for it, a revival of early Christian symbolism, a devious way of saying, "Pagans, go home." But as we drew nearer I saw that it was the approximate representation of a phallus. In the north of Europe, a graffito of that sort would indicate defiance and unrest; in the south, it probably signified the hope of a steady birth rate. Or just somebody boasting, I decided, noticing a chalked telephone number.

"They ought to arrest all those people," said Carlotta, looking where I looked.

"The sardine canners bought the castle from the de Stentor family," I said, glad to have a ready topic. "Victor is a connection of theirs, much removed. A junior branch. I've often wondered if he has any real claim on the name. You met him at dinner last night."

"He's fat," said Carlotta. "Victor. He wanted to take me to a casino, but you have to be eighteen to get in. They ask to see your passport. I wouldn't have gone with him anyway. He's a very old man. He shouldn't be running round to casinos. He might have a stroke, or something."

"He had no business inviting you anywhere."

"I know. I was still tired after the movies in Nice, and then Irma gave me an art lesson." I was silent. "So?" she said. "Victor lived up here?"

"Some of his relatives. Before them, there was a Cuban. He gave extravagant masked balls and parties. There are people still living down here who can remember the music, the dancers, the thousands of candles."

"Where does a Cuban get that kind of money?" She answered her own question: "Vice."

I started to say, "Long, long before Fidel Castro," but to Carlotta no such time existed. The repeated collapse and inflation of events continued to perplex me, even though I had once written a thesis on Talleyrand and published a number of afterthoughts. Since the arrival of Carlotta, the flattened present, the engorged past had scarcely quit my mind. They were like a cartoon drawing of a snake that has swallowed history whole. I said, "Before the Cuban, an American couple named Primage paid for extensive repairs. They didn't own the place and never lived here. One wonders how they got up the hill. Mules and a guide, I suppose."

"Why did they bother?" said Carlotta. "It came off their taxes?"

"Income tax barely existed. Americans were like that. They loved France and wanted the French to love them. They hadn't yet worked out that France and the French are entirely different."

"The state wouldn't get a cent out

of me," said Carlotta. "You saw those trees?"

THE cost of admittance was seven times greater than in Lily's day. "You could get in cheaper," said Carlotta. "Have you got a senior card?"

"I am not sixty-five."

"I'm sorry. I thought Mummy said you'd retired."

I wondered where Lily picked up her information. For years I had been turning my back on anyone likely to say, "I've met your ex-wife." Sometimes I still came across a couple by the name of Lapwing, Harry and Edith, who had been young and hard up in France with Lily and me. Edie and Lily had gone to the same Catholic school; that was the connection. It was a wives' story, with the women ("the girls," we had said then) whispering and laughing and trading stories about the men. The Lapwings now lived out West and were entirely taken up by their own affairs—university machinations, mostly.

Carlotta stopped to consider four rusted cannons in the flagged courtyard. She said, "They ought to be boiled down, or whatever it is you do with weapons. My mother's a committed pacifist. She won't even let Ben keep a gun in the house."

"They were brought here during the French Revolution," I said. "Never used. They can't hurt anyone." She still seemed troubled. Revolution? Soviet walkabout? Will miles, gallons, Fahrenheit temperature hold the line? "Long before that time," I said—thinking, The vaguer the better; less alarming for the child—"the castle belonged to the tax collector for a powerful local count. There was an ancient line of counts in the region, older than the French royal family. They spoke a dialect you can still hear in one or two villages."

"I guess it's a pretty old place," said Carlotta neutrally.

Guides and touring groups packed the stone entrance hall, which was brighter and cleaner than I remembered. The guides wore badges—"English," "Français," "Deutsch," "Italiano"—and looked, to me, too young to know about anything. As for the visitors, they resembled nothing so much as migrant labor waiting to board one of those long trains with dirty windows. Like migrants, they hung on to radios, cameras, extra clothes for a change of weather, plastic bags of fruit and chocolate, newspapers. Most of these articles had to be left at a cloakroom, after fierce argument. A "No Tipping" sign stood propped behind a saucer set out for tips. Tourists responded by unloading small change from foreign countries. Carlotta's shoulder-strap bag held only Kleenex and her passport. During the drive, she had got out her passport and examined it, frowning over the facts of her birth date and height. She was dressed in white shorts, a blue shirt, running shoes, and wore around her neck a gold heart on a chain.

In Lily's day, women tourists had dressed in flowered nylon blouses, pleated white skirts, white nylon cardigans with pearl buttons. I recalled a man in a gleaming white shirt, sleeves rolled to reveal a tattoo of peacock blue—a long number, like the number of a freight car. Outside, he and his wife took pictures of each other, then asked me to take pictures of them. They sat down on the dry grass, after searching in vain for a sign saying they mustn't. They put their heads close together and smiled up at me. The moat was fed by a shallow stream. Some people sat along the edge, which was high and straight, like the bank of a canal, and let their legs dangle. The legs and thighs even of young people looked veined and pale. Everyone over here had seemed like that, to me—bruised, pallid, glancing around to look for rules and prohibitions.

Carlotta said, "Let's stay with the French group. We'll learn more." I wondered if it would be interesting or instructive to describe my tour with Lily, and the man in the white shirt, and how it had been thought bad taste to flaunt that kind of tattoo. The sight affected people; some young men and women had had their tattoo effaced by means of plastic surgery, out of regard for the feelings of strangers.

"Steve," said Carlotta. "I want to ask you something. Why wasn't Irma at that dinner last night?"

"Miss Baes doesn't know many people. This is her first summer down here."

"All the more reason to ask her. She's nice. We talked a long time. She showed me her work."

"You could hardly fail to see it."

"She's got some little stuff inside. She makes things out of paper."

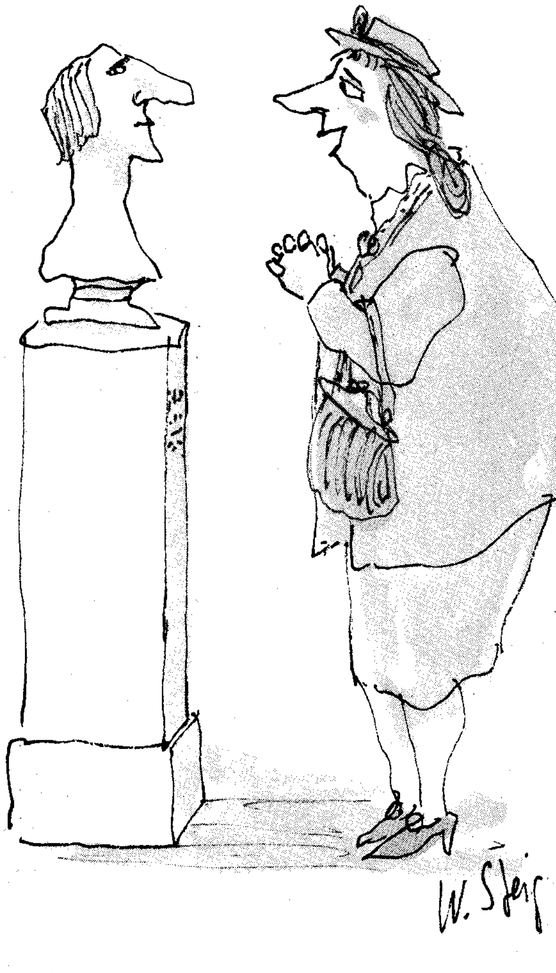
"We don't seem to know many artists."

"You could know her."

"We are probably too old to interest Miss Baes. You made the remark that Victor was an old man."

"You're around the same age as Ben and Mummy," said Carlotta. She may have thought I was feeling hurt over the business of the senior card.

LILY had wanted to know if the fee went to the sardine canners. She had soft fair hair, pale skin; was allergic to sunlight; wore a limp straw hat tied on with a colored scarf. She had on that day new rope-soled shoes, bought at a local market.



"I just love your poetry!"

Half the fee went to the canners, half to the state, said the guide. He was a veteran of the First World War, wore all his ribbons. Lily said that seemed reasonable. Some tourists nodded, agreeing. Sharing was a popular concept. A woman with a Central European accent said, quite loudly, that the whole thing should go to the state, thus to the people. The man with the tattoo whispered something to his wife. They seemed troubled. They had known at least one state that deserved absolutely nothing.

WHILE YOU WERE AWAY:
Nothing!
ZIEGLER

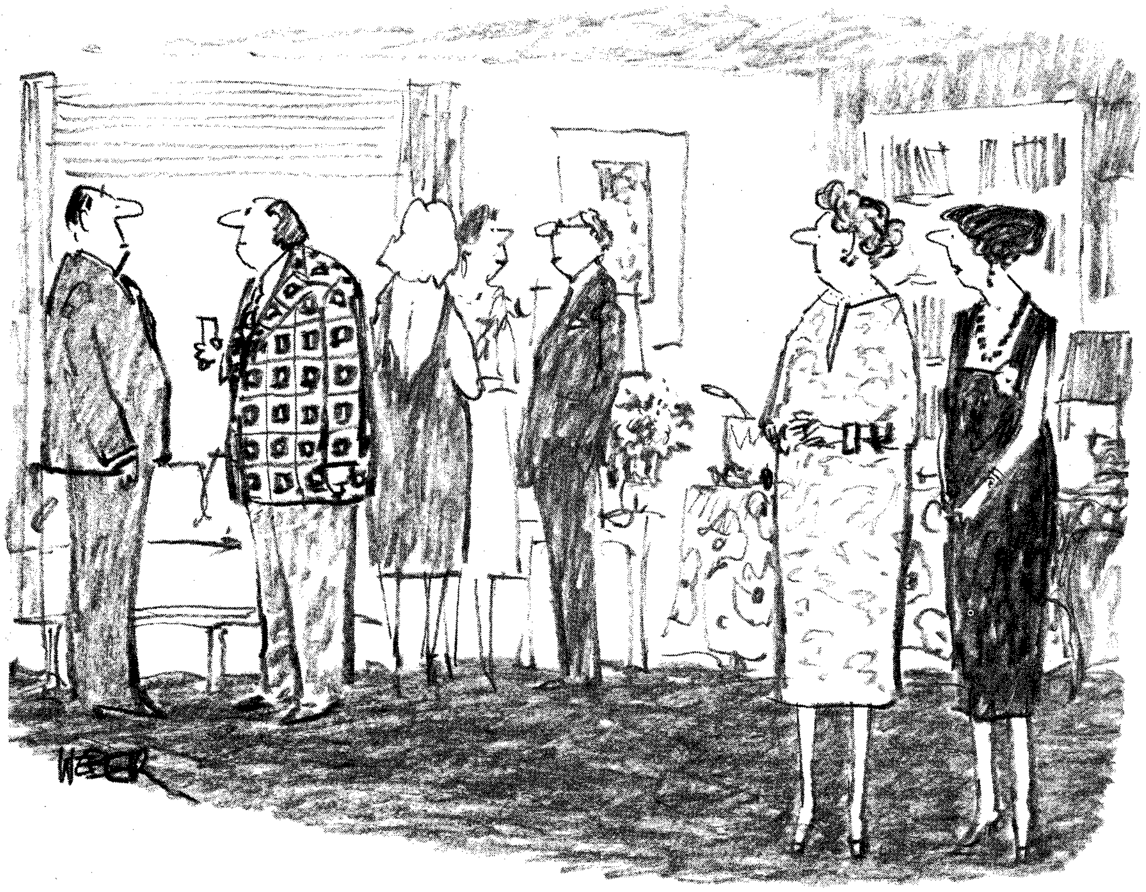
Swallows darted round the tower at the time of Lily. The moat, brown and still, reflected long flanks of stone, threw sparks of reflected sunlight on dark portraits and tapestries. The canning family kept a suite of private rooms, one or two of which could be inspected from the doorway. Chain ropes prevented visitors from wandering inside. Lily slipped to the front line of tourists, without actually pushing, as artlessly as a child. She saw a television set and one book, a paperback about flying saucers. It was quite tattered, as if every fish canner in the world had read it in turn. This was a rich period for space apparitions. There was an uneasy feeling—not quite a fear; something more prickly and insistent—that superior creatures were on their way to judge us and might go back with a poor report.

I peered in over heads and shoulders. The visitors were looking hard at the television set; there were only a few around. This one was fitted into a walnut cabinet, both doors of which stood wide. Upon the glassy screen shone a square of yellow light, the reflection of the west window. I had not made up my mind about television. Lily knew that, and wondered what she should think. Was it a legitimate household object? Should it be left naked, or concealed in some other piece of furniture, brought out when there was ballet dancing to watch? As there was a ballet program on television about once a year, and a short one at that, perhaps to have a set of one's own was a selfish extravagance—especially now, when there was so much talk about sharing.

Lily made her way back to me, stretched to her top height—in new shoes, making an allowance for rope soles, five feet three—and pointed out that these people had not only a fish-canning monopoly and a suite of rooms in a rebuilt Saracen fortress but the walnut cabinet and all it contained. A reproach? I was a graduate student living on a grant and an allowance my Aunt Elspeth gave me. I should not have been married at all. My parents were Anglican medical missionaries in China. They were elderly and poor, had married at an age when they expected to be spared God's gift of offspring. My mother, delivered of me (God's last word on the subject), had gone straight back to Shanghai. The first face I remember is my aunt's.

"This is the long gallery, where the conspirators were hanged." Our guide spoke to no one but Lily. Her eyes were hazel with golden flecks. The sun shining in at the west window made them look transparent, pale gold. She did not ask about the conspiracy: her whole outlook was naturally conniving. Plots and quiet skirmishes had led to her present state of development. The guide continued to stare at her, helplessly, caught on the rapt, sunstruck way she looked back. The interlaced initials over the fireplace were the count's tax collector's, he told her. When the count confiscated the castle, out of greed and envy, he had the tax collector hanged in this room, facing north, so that his cipher, now ruined root and branch, was the last thing he saw before his blood turned dark. "As dark as the blood of a bedbug," said the guide, as though he had been hanged and revived any number of times.

CARLOTTA said she could not understand one word our guide was saying. She knew French; she'd had straight A's in French. But her French was an international, no-accent linguistic utensil. This fellow had an accent. To prove her point, she told me in no-accent French what she



"Sidney bought that jacket when it was morning in America."

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thought of four tapestries depicting Wisdom, Virtue, Sobriety, and King Solomon greeting the Queen of Sheba: the colors were like mud, and the whole thing needed to be dry-cleaned.

An English group now crowded into the room, jostling the French and bringing all movement to a stop. We heard, in a tinny kind of English, "The graffiti scraped into the walls are not for the eyes of every member of the family." Carlotta giggled and covered her mouth with both hands. "However," the voice went on, exceedingly careful, "the curtain can be drawn aside for a small extra fee." Through spread fingers Carlotta said to me, "That thing on the bridge? They can see it for nothing." For some reason the French guide thought that Carlotta was laughing at him. He held himself as straight as if he were on review, and spoke coldly: "In the bedroom of the countess, draperies and bed hangings are covered with plastic. Some visitors, in the past, came here with scissors and tried to cut off pieces of silk, for souvenirs." Carlotta thought she had been criticized, and would not look. "Scissors," she repeated, just to herself.

LILY had been fast to see that the arms embroidered on the valance belonged to the count's mistress. "Showing what men can get away with," she had said. She had marched over to a portrait of the mistress as Artemis, with a breast showing, then examined the countess looking like her everyday self—crabbed, deceived, forty. There should have been a mirror so that Lily could compare her face with the faces of those other two. Instead there was a glass case holding the count's plans for rebuilding what he was soon, recklessly, to tear down. Unfortunately, he ran out of funds—hadn't stopped to think that only his dead collector had known how to raise money.

"Who wants to know about these people?" Lily had said. She meant that my subject, history, was just the record of simple-minded careers. Her life, necessarily remote from public interest, would nonetheless be clear, rapid, strong.

Our tickets had allowed a climb to the top of the tower. From a windblown height we looked at a new village built out of the dark stone quarried in the region. The main street was as wide as a square, to allow for tourist cars and buses. Lily struggled to ask me something: The houses were all copies of old houses, weren't they? Could people live good lives in a false setting?

I watched a truck carrying blocks of stone as it tried to back and turn on a dirt road. "I think most people are pleased just to have four walls and a roof."

"I know that."

I tried again. Did she mean that the bareness and coldness of a dead past had no power to comfort the present? This time, I had overshot. Still, I was paying attention, and she leaned against my arm, gratefully—a light, slight pressure. Then she turned and ran down the winding staircase with one motion, like a dancer.

At the bottom of the steps was a black-painted door. She waited for me to catch up before touching the handle. Behind us, a guide called that we were looking at the tomb of a local poet, not yet part of the tour. On the grave, a rose bloomed and shed. Askew on a heap of masonry—the rubble of a chapel—a sign read "Please do not stand on the main altar when taking photographs." Roses and honeysuckle clung to the sign. Around this oasis a gardener moved, clipping box hedge. A lavender-edged walk led nowhere. A sprinkler turned lopsidedly on a blanket-size lawn.

"Do you remember 'The Secret Garden'?" Lily said.

"My aunt tried to read it to me."

"Could we have something like this? I don't mean a whole castle. Just a garden."

"It's not for sale."

"The whole of Europe is for sale."

I wondered where she was getting

this. Lapwing's wife had gone sour on France. She was sick of cooking on a coal-and-wood stove and hauling ashes.

I didn't want to own anything. It was my Aunt Elspeth who advanced the money for the house where I spent my honeymoon—the whole of my marriage, really. At first I went on renting it for holidays. The rent gradually rose from eight to twenty-four dollars a month. The owner decided to sell because he thought our part of the coast would never be developed, and my aunt came over to see what it was worth. There was no trace of Lily by then, apart from some damp, spotted books she had drawn from English libraries and blithely inscribed with her own name. I had kept meaning to take them back, but I was not often there. As the British colonies dwindled, the libraries closed. The libraries were often run by parish committees attached to churches in the diocese of Gibraltar. For some of my neighbors, the whole of the western Mediterranean was just a bishop's district.

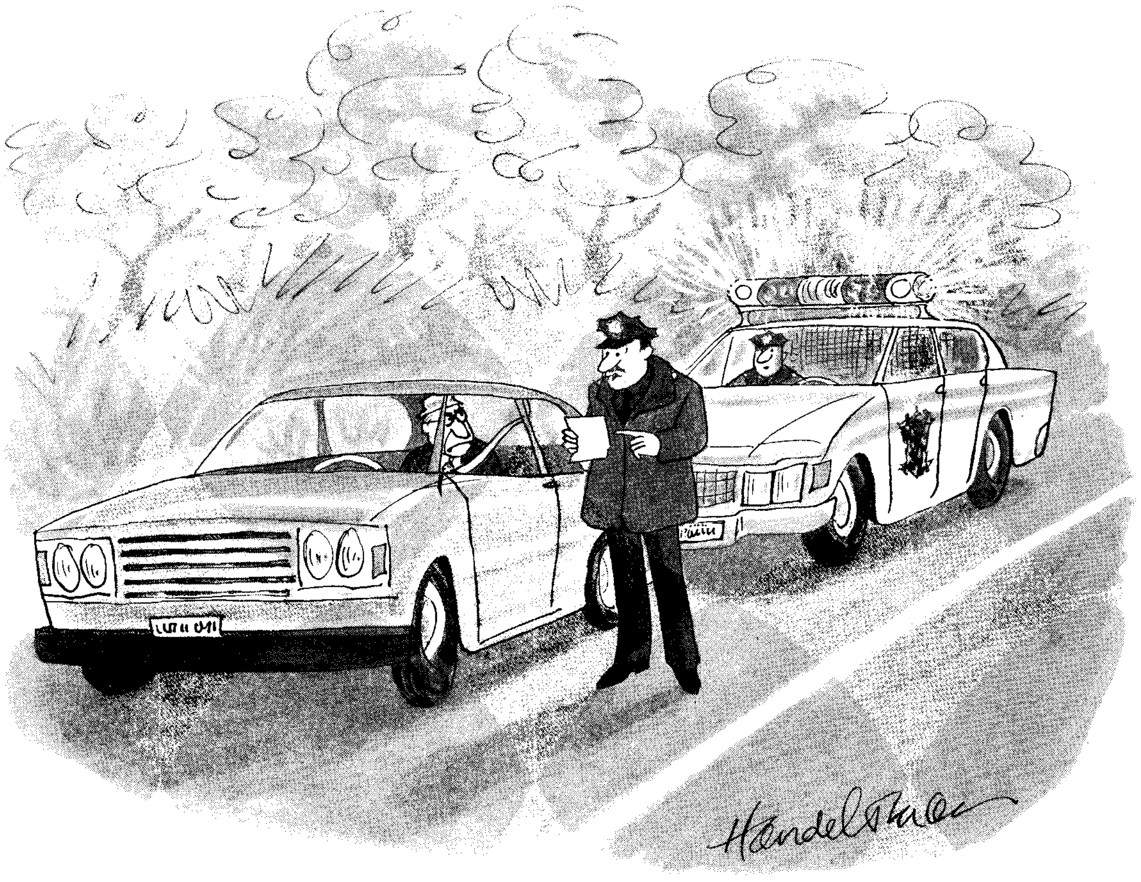
Five thousand dollars: not much of a buy—a seaside wreck with a view over another damaged roof. All the same, said my aunt, her hand shading her eyes, there was the sea. "When you start to earn money, Steve, you should buy that other place and tear it down." She wanted me to have something. If it could not be Lily, let it be a tumbledown house.

Lily never needed to own an inch of Europe. She could make it up. She began to invent her own Europe from the time she learned to read. There were no mermaids in Canadian waters; no one rode to Canterbury. She had to invent something or perish from disappointment. She imagined a place where trees were enchanted, stones turned into frogs, frogs into princes. Later, she seemed to be inventing Bach and Mozart, then a host of people who lived with Bach and Mozart easily, so that she could keep good company in her mind. Sometimes I hear a dash of Lily's music over a radio and I wish I were still young—twenty-four would do—and could find Lily's inventions, and watch her trying to live in them again.

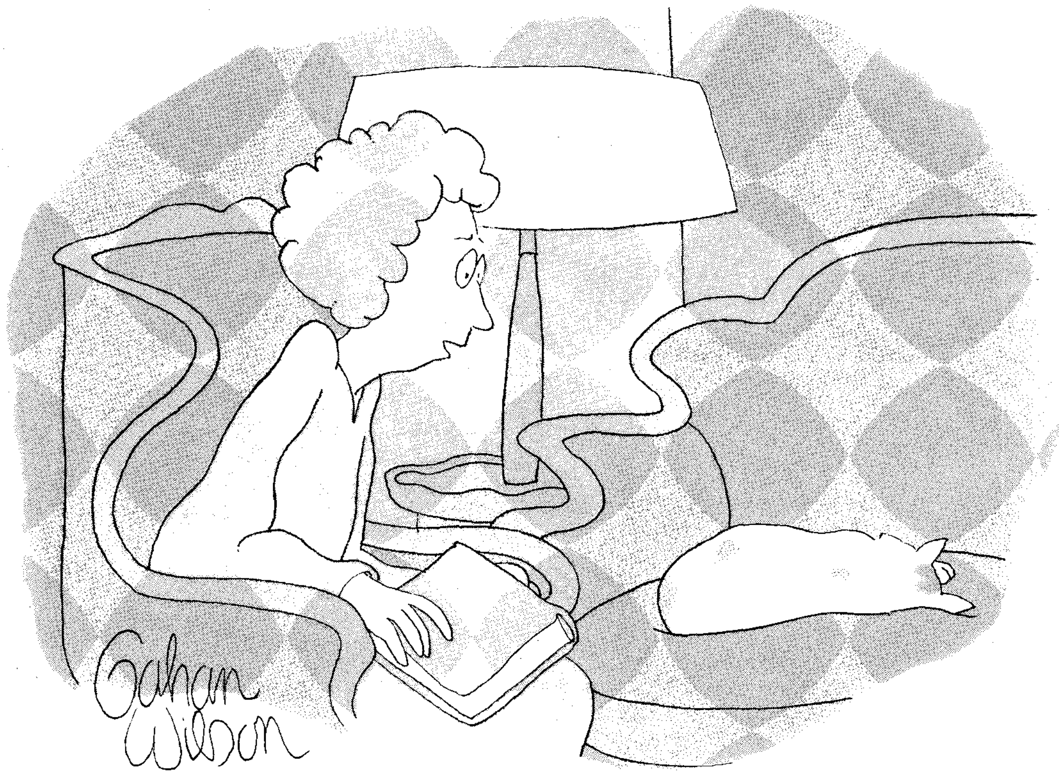
I would like to provide the justice lacking in her biography. I would like to say that she married an Italian composer-conductor. A German novelist-essayist-political thinker. An Argentinian playwright-designer-poet-revolutionary: nothing harebrained—a fellow respected, consulted by chancellors and presidents. Better still, the billionaire grandson of some Methodist grocer, generous toward the arts and all his wives. But she married me, young and broke and hardworking (Lily's transcription: immature and tightfisted); left me for a nineteen-year-old English vagabond employed to work in the garden of an ambiguous bachelor neighbor; surfaced in Montreal as Mrs. Ken Peel; lived in a series of tidy and overheated apartments; had Carlotta and sent her to one of the Catholic schools she had once professed to despise. After the rocking-chair disaster she married Harrower, got the income, the travel, the friends in Paris and Monaco, with or without magic. (According to Carlotta, Lily's chronicler, Harrower had been in the background for some time, "chasing after Mummy.")

When she finally deserted me, in the southern house, the elements of my work in plastic bags to protect them from the seeping rain, I thought she might have waited, might have found the place more to her liking with the roof tiled. She had nothing against Talleyrand, even took a bus to Nice to look things up in the municipal library, so that she and I could talk as equals. Came back with the news that Talleyrand was the father of Eugène Delacroix.

I had to tell her that history is contrary in position to gossip. What offended her? That I wouldn't play games with my work? I think it must have been then she decided I might not turn into an ambassador (she was miles ahead of me) but a teacher of history at some boggy university. She



"You don't seem to match the photograph on this license. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to smile."



"Are you all right?"

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saw herself driving children to basketball practice. Saw a row of tiny shoes, cleaned with liquid whitener, on a kitchen windowsill, drying in the sun. Saw icicles dripping and snowy back yards.

I was ready for university at fifteen, won a gold medal for history two years later. My photograph was in the Montreal *Star*. When an interviewer on CJAD said I looked like F. Scott Fitzgerald, everyone my Aunt Elspeth knew tried to find Fitzgerald's books. Most of the work was out of print, and French translations were banned in Quebec. (Not that anyone in my aunt's circle could have read them.) My aunt owned two novels and a collection of short stories which she would not lend: she had the habit of underlining, and she did not want outsiders to know her private thoughts and feelings. Besides, the books were hallowed now, in some way connected to my prospects.

At twenty-four, the best the prodigy had to say was that history isn't gossip. Was that my whole mind? When Lily asked me that, I saw I had hurt her feelings. I apologized. She said, "It doesn't matter what you're sorry about. You're still the same man." I thought she was being unreasonable because she was a woman. We were sitting half turned away from each other on the stony beach. We had expected the French South to be something like Florida, but the sky was wet flannel and we wore sweaters over sweaters.

My aunt never liked my engagement to Lily: she saw Catholic entrapment, a soul floundering in the Vatican net. She still spent most of the year in Châtelroux. Some of the furniture in her house was supposed to have been brought north by ancestors who'd refused the American Revolution. Family legends had them walking all the way from Virginia, carrying chairs on their heads.

Engaged to Lily, I sat in my aunt's green-and-white kitchen, at a table drawn up to the window. There was a crust of spring snow on the sill, melting in the sun. I had a room in Montreal, near the university. I came down on weekends whenever I could, whenever Lily was not available. She had a job in Montreal, secretary to a dentist in the Medical Arts Building. Quale relatives in one of the suburbs—Verdun, I think—kept an eye on her. She must have been twenty-two, but her family pretended she was fourteen and still a virgin.

My aunt was making pancakes. She walked back and forth between stove and table; I'd never known her as restless. She said that if I really meant to marry the Quale girl the marriage had to work. Catholics won't divorce. (It couldn't fail, I knew—buttering pancakes, smiling.) Let me tell you what women won't stand for, she said. They don't want to be deprived of sex or money. One or the other, if it can't be helped, but never both. Well, sometimes even both, so long as there is no public humiliation. "Such as the husband's spending a lot of money on another woman," she said.

She had mentioned two subjects, sex and money, that until now she had pretended did not exist. I had just been made an honorary member of a closed society—the association of women who stop talking when a man (or child) comes into the room.

About money: I had none—not yet—but Lily knew. Later, I tried to remember if I had ever neglected her or tried to make a fool of her. The public teasing to which Harry Lapwing subjected his wife disgusted me. No; what went wrong had nothing to do with either of the things my aunt had mentioned. Lily must have seen me—my mind, my life, my future, my Europe—as a swindle. She began to enjoy long conversations with Watt Chadwick's gardener. He had thin yellow hair, was drifting, desperate, homesick. Told her he was a music student, that gardening was destroying his hands. Talked about the glories of England: he must have glossed over Oliver Cromwell. One day the two blond truants plodded up the hill to the railway station. "Leaving everything," said Mr. Chadwick, when he came over to cry about it. (Such tears! No woman could have inspired them.) In fact, they had left nothing but two men who could not even comfort each other.

CARLOTTA looked with strengthened disgust at her surroundings—the flagged courtyard and rusted cannons. The tour was over. "We

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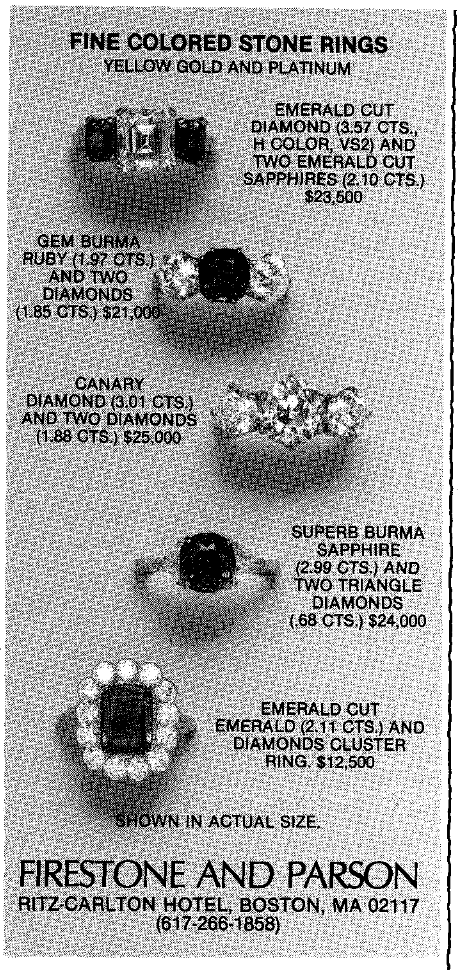

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were ripped off," she said. "We never got up the tower, and the German guide told his group a lot more."

"It's just the language," I said. "It sounds like more."

"I've never been anywhere important. I need to know the right things." So that was the trouble. I made her tell me some of the places she had been to—New York, Boston, Jamaica, Bermuda—and tried to explain why they mattered. Her parents had never taken her really away, she said, shaking her head. Ben and Lily went to England, or Japan, or those other, great destinations, during the school term, when there were out-of-season rates.

She seemed dejected beyond any cause I could think of. Perhaps she was hungry. "We'll stop somewhere for lunch on the way back," I said, remembering all the places Lily and I could never afford. We were half across the bridge (the graffito by now trodden to a blur) when I saw Victor de Stentor and Irma Baes get to their feet out of some dry stubble behind the trees and start down the avenue, hand in hand.

My first reaction was to draw Carlotta's attention away from the pair. Her remarks in the restaurant in Nice had shown her to be a dangerous girl, inquisitive and censorious. She carried, intact, deeply buried, a moral legacy from the Quales. There was also her terrible, shadeless social goodness. She would be capable of telling Irma, "You shouldn't be holding hands with that old Victor. You could do a lot better. Why, he even tried to take *me* out. He'd try anything."

It was I who was thinking this, not Carlotta. On second thought, I was not sure Irma could do better, or that she could do anything at all. A long line of good-looking women came before her in Victor's life. She had nothing to show but a bogus affair with a dead driver. Had she been to Victor's house? Did he invite her to dinner parties without the rest of us? He still had the same drab yellow villa on Cap Martin where Lily had dined, believing herself in Riviera society. The gravel lawn was the same, except that occasionally a truckload of fresh stones was raked over the old. By way of a garden he had two stubby palm trees, like leafy cigars. He still kept as servants clandestine foreigners, who led a stealthy, watchful, and perhaps half-starved existence. (For as long as I'd known him, Victor offered his guests the same dinner of roast chicken with saffron rice, which he ate contentedly, often explaining that saffron contained every wholesome element required for the nutrition of rich and poor.) In the old days, they had been Italians and Yugoslavs; now they were likely to be Tamil or Pakistani.

The house had seemed strange to Lily and me. It was furnished with Edwardian oddments, bought on the cheap just after the war, when a number of villas and their contents were sold up. Some of the owners were too old to pick up a way of life so changed; some could not afford to. Foamy, gauzy curtains used to blow in and out the dining-room windows, which simply means there were no screens. Mosquito bites on Lily's thin skin swelled like hives. She mentioned screens once, at one of his dinner parties, and everyone laughed. People laughed at screens in all those civilized places that abounded in flying, stinging, poisonous insects.

Victor made his servants spray the dining room with a substance now banned in the industrial world, although stocks of it remain on other continents, left behind by industrial developers. The servants used large cans with pump handles. They bumped into one another, not looking where they were going. Lily and I inhaled the stuff, ate it and drank it (it fell in droplets over the saffron rice and into our wine); Lily rubbed it over her arms and neck.

I'm reminded of Lily whenever I read about DDT and how our generation stocked it in our bodies. Nobody knows the specific harm it may have caused; it is just there, in me and in Lily—all we have left that is still alike. In powdered form it was a palliative against fleas and lice. (Nothing killed the French strains.) Fleas and lice were the mid-century European plague, Divine castigation for sex among strangers. It was Lily who first noticed that when European men had nothing in particular to do, were just standing idle, they scratched themselves, in a dreamy, somnolent way. At first, she supposed their clothes were too tight. She wanted my opinion: I was supposed to know about Europe, because my Aunt Elspeth had taken me to England when I was a child. But the Burnets and Copes (my aunt was a widowed Mrs. Cope) did not consider England to be a part of Europe. I could not tell Lily a thing about the clothes of European men. She had to find out for herself.

What she found out kept her faithful, at least for a time. Lapwing's wife, of wide and casual experience, told her that the men were more entertaining than North Americans, but conceited, grudge-bearing, and dirty. Edie Lapwing used to go down to the harbor at night and make close investigations in the shelter of beached fishing boats.

"So long as her hobby lets Lapwing get on with his work," I said, when Lily told me, though it was not the way I felt about men and women and marriage. I wished Lily could find a line of interest apart from Edie and Edie's men, but I wasn't sure if I should say it. I did not want her to turn from DDT to Talleyrand. Her interests might be trivial, but they were not inconvenient. "I don't think you've picked a very pleasant subject," I said. It was the way I'd been brought up to show disapproval—qualifying, modifying. She laughed, and said her research was as valuable as mine. She knew as much about the acquired resistance of French fleas as I did about French history. Of course, there was less to learn, and her only source of inquiry was Edie.

Victor was never attracted by Lily's frail beauty. Her absolute personal poverty (he had antennae for that) cancelled any sexual pull. He believed, and told me, that she would fade out before thirty. He was separated from a wife of his own, Angelica, who lived down in Genoa. You have to be grim and rich to put up with that climate, and, in fact, all the Genoese I got to know (I had a stretch of career in Italy) were grim and rich. The rich, engaged in the struggles of richness, always choose a gray and flinty climate to do their struggling in: Hamburg, Milan, Lyons. The laws of Italy still forbade divorce. Victor could easily have convinced a French court that Angelica had deserted him, but it suited his hugger-mugger business arrangements to have an extra, legal domicile in another country. A separation agreement did not prevent him from giving Angelica's address as his own. The agreement itself caused nothing more disruptive than fitful grappling over household goods. Once, Angelica came over while Victor was giving a dinner party and took the dining-room furnishings away. His guests were still at their drinks, in the stiff, ugly salon across the hall. They pretended not to see (he favored the British colony)—all but Lily, who held her glass of Campari in both

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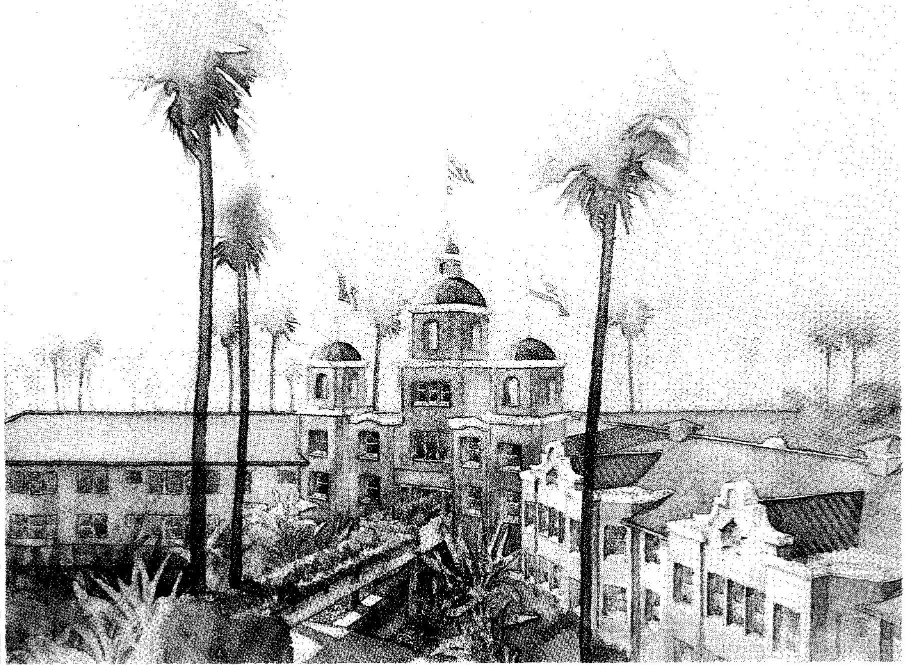

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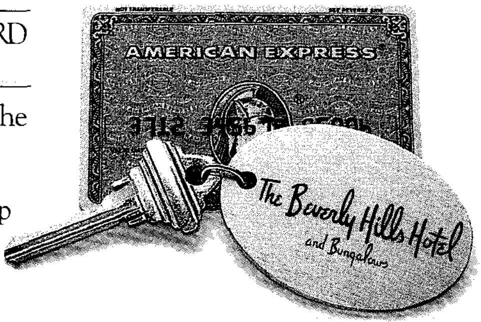

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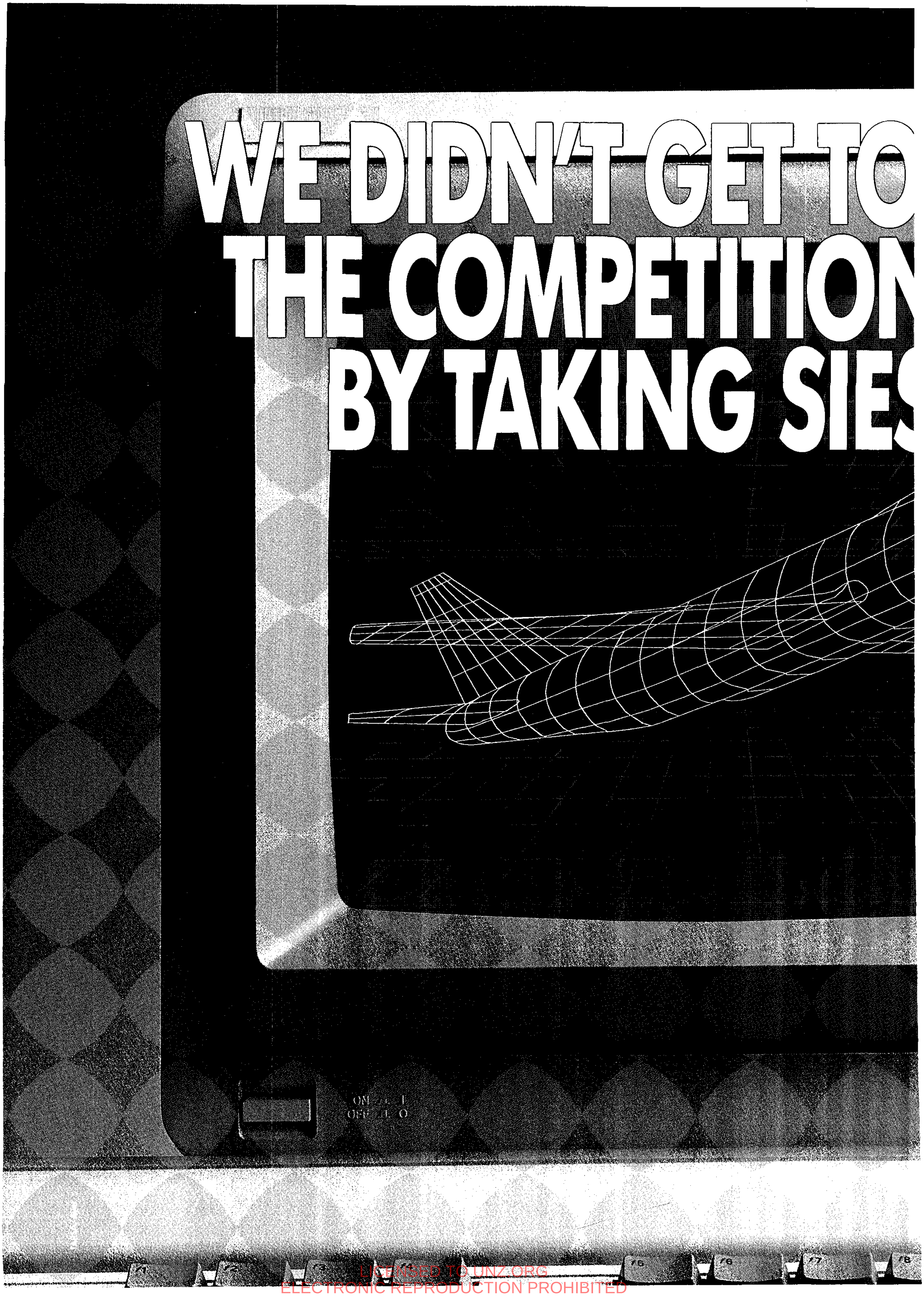
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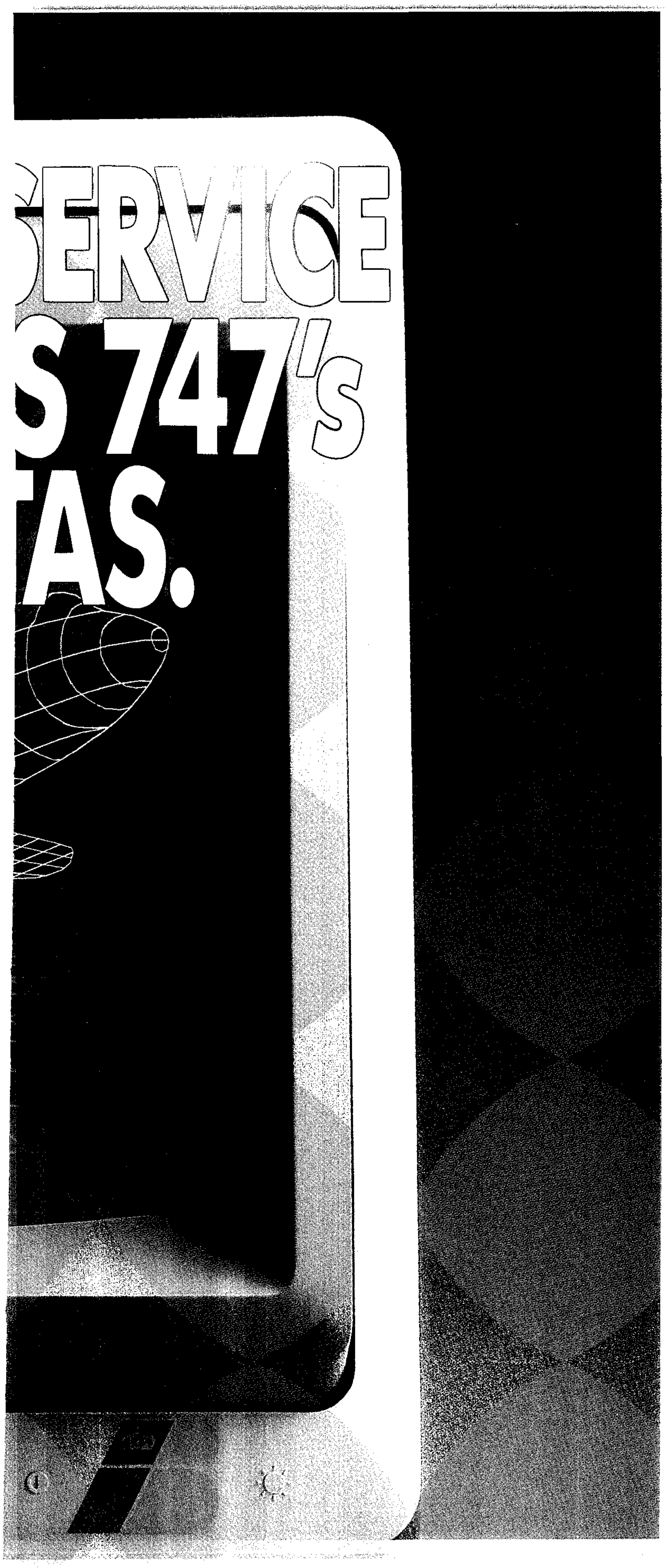

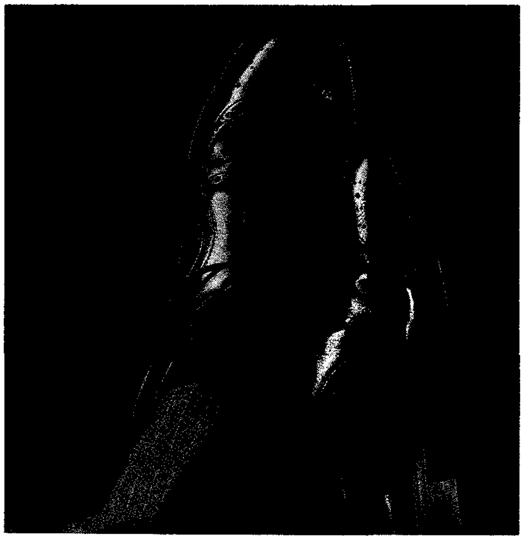

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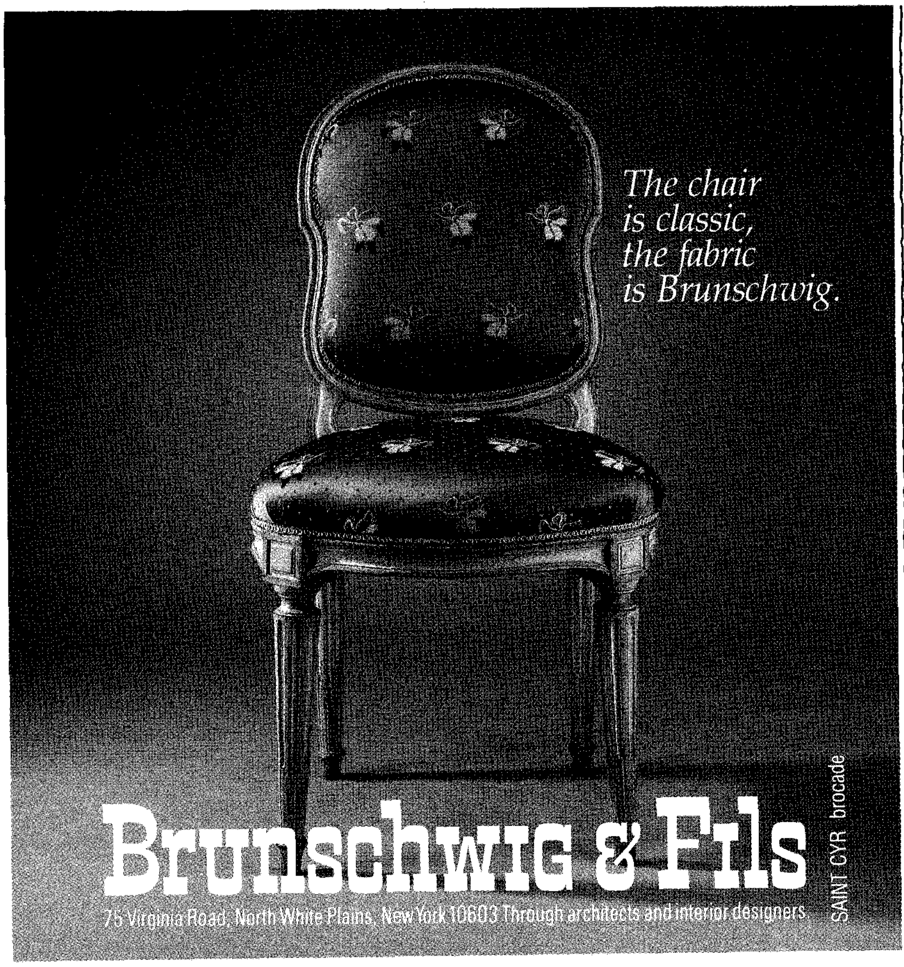
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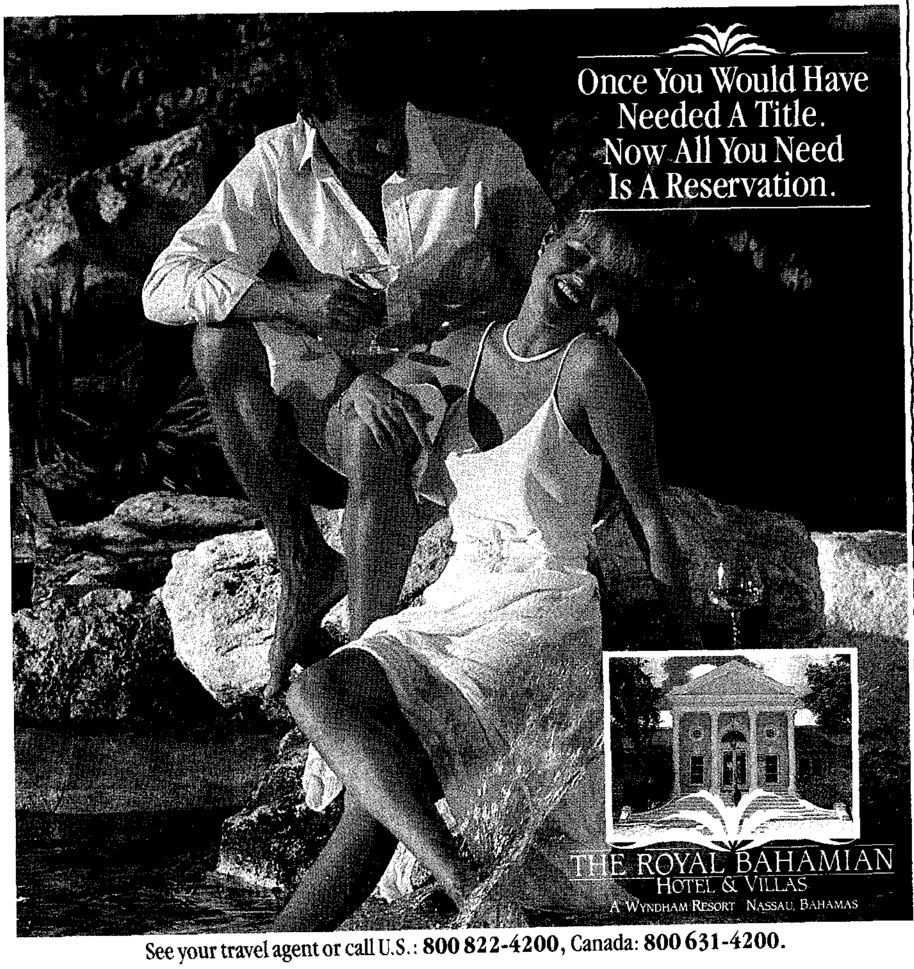
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hands and stood in the doorway and stared.

It was our first sight of Angelica. She carried in a crocodile attaché case an Italian court order, signed by a relative of hers, and six copies of a permit to carry the stuff over the frontier, duty-free. She came in a van, which she made the driver park straight across the front door, as in a police raid. Lily took an inventory of her red dress, tightly belted, her hat of glossy red straw, the nail polish that was the exact color of the hat. Her hair, the yellow of nasturtiums, was longer than Lily's. She dragged a stepladder out of the kitchen, kicked off her thin red sandals, climbed in bare feet. (The table had already been removed, the carpet rolled up and hoisted aboard the van.)

Angelica examined the chandelier, seeing if it could be taken down, while Victor, at the foot of the ladder, observed with unabashed displeasure his wife's naked legs. "Angelica, this is undignified," he said. She said the equivalent of "What is dignity?," but in language more violent and personal, and started to unscrew the light bulbs. (Lily reminded me later that Victor never stopped scratching the back of his neck.) He finally gave up, left her there, and took his party of seven to a restaurant, where he paid with a check that may have been dud: he made a great show of waving his signature dry and advised the headwaiter to have it framed.

Angelica still lives in Genoa; Victor will never retire. He continues to deal in crumbling property—villas with their shutters askew, their gardens crowded with those wild shrubs that bear clusters of spines. Two dead villas, side by side, razed to make way for an apartment block, or a small shopping center and parking space. Most clearances were completed about fifteen years ago. Victor's operations consist of mopping up. For a long time he looked at our enclave of shabby villas and saw them reduced to a framed photograph of southern decay hanging on the wall of the "Old Riviera" room at some local museum. In place of houses he envisioned three or four different things, all tall and white, inspired by the look of Beirut when it was still a good place for real estate.

Now here was Victor, with no eyebrows left, forever married to Angelica, venturing to replace the dead racing-car driver who haunted poor Irma's imagination. He was proposing a neck that, so far, no one had broken. He may even have promised never to die, thinking it would please her—although, I suspect now, it is not at all what women want.

Watching the two make their way hand in hand down the road, I experienced love's opposite, which is resentment. Neither of them possessed the least qualification for being loved. Irma had never been able to stir up friendship. Some people had imitated her Belgian accent; the Admiral swore she had tried to entangle him in a conversation about art (he was too smart to be caught), and that when she mentioned the Bauhaus he had understood "the bowwows." I was not so unjust as to think she and Victor deserved each other. He was still the man at the foot of the ladder, scratching his neck and pleading for dignity. Irma was no more a pirate than most of the rest of us; she would have clutched the chandelier and said, "Help me! I'm falling!" She was a sad little amateur, failed before she was launched. Nevertheless, love's opposite reflected Irma's vision of Victor. She turned to him there in the road, and it was like watching a tree burst into wild blossom because a saint had touched it. Now my mind changed in a second. She was too good for Victor de Stentor. I believed the story of the lover drowned in the canal: brave, disinterested, superior to Victor. For the sake of his memory, I would have seen Victor dead, bloated, devoured by crabs.

"Let me show you where the Cuban used to hold concerts of chamber music for his guests," I said, guiding Carlotta a few steps toward a bleak terrace surrounded by a broken balustrade patched with concrete.

"Is this old?"

"Some of it. Try and imagine the music, the moonlight, the stiff wind that rises at about ten o'clock, the audience quietly freezing on their gilt chairs. Vladimir de Pachmann played here. He was a great favorite at that time."

"What did he play?"

"He played Chopin on a grand piano, and every so often he stopped playing and cried."

"We listen to a lot of music at home. My mother likes it."

"I know. It used to be music with meals. I can never see a lamb chop without hearing Mozart."

"You shouldn't get into those habits—looking at a chop and thinking about Mozart. It comes from living

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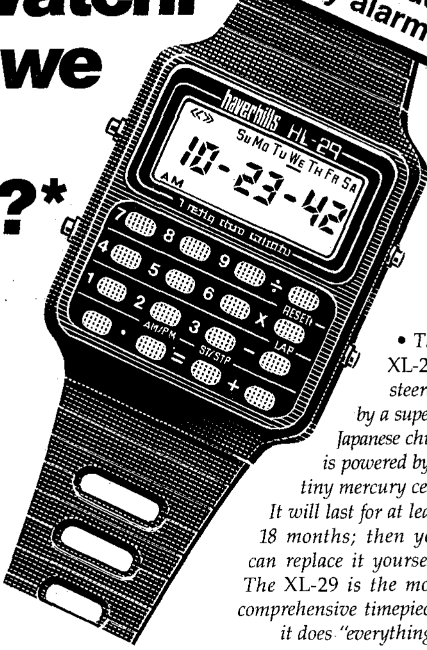

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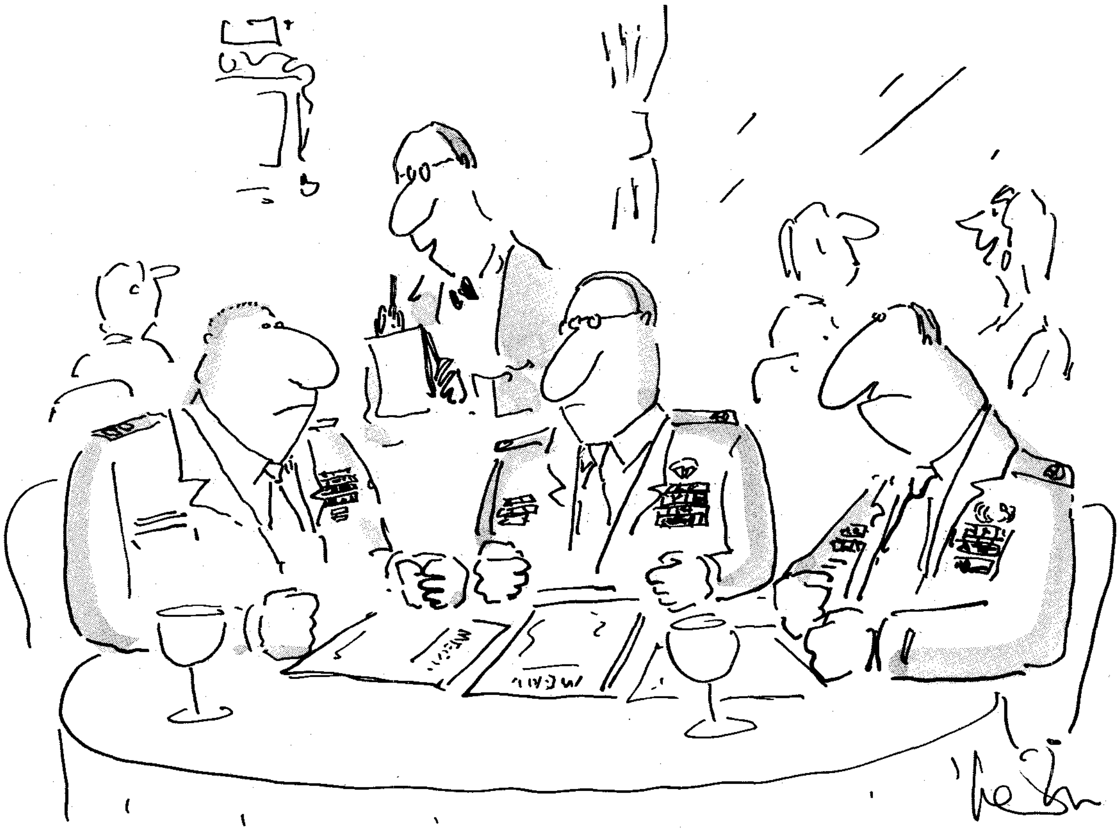

"Everything, I take it, will be al dente."

alone." Strangers had joined us, believing the terrace must be part of a tour. "Steve," said Carlotta. "Let's go. The sun's very hot. You ought to have a hat on."

On the road she made me walk in shade. The other pair had disappeared. Victor was probably making his pitch about turning our small community into a contemporary instrument for living, once we'd accepted generous compensation. At least the two were safe from prying, if not from each other. Seeing the worst ahead for them did not make me feel on high ground. I held Carlotta's arm for a second. She said, "Why don't you buy a car and just leave it here? It would be cheaper than renting one."

"I'm here only a few weeks a year."

"Like, how many?"

"Three, four. Sometimes six. It depends. I'm wondering where to take you to lunch."

"It's really nice of you," she said.

"To think about lunch?"

"Yes, and to show me all these different things, and take the time to explain. A lot of men wouldn't be bothered."

"I'm sure most of them would," I said, to round off the subject.

"Mmm. Ya. Men." From Lily's daughter, three profound philosophical statements; but she was Ken Peel's child, too.

THE last time I ever saw Ken Peel was on a June afternoon, just before Lily and I got married and sailed to France. He stood on the threshold of his sporting-goods store, hands in his pockets, rocking slightly in his white-and-tan shoes, sniffing the air of downtown Montreal. I was walking west along St. Catherine Street, on my way to see an Italian movie the Church was trying to have banned in Quebec. I could make out the hand-lettered sign Peel hung on the door when he had better things to do than sell gym kits: "Bach in 20 Min." (Either that sign announced a perpetually postponed concert, my aunt once said, or it showed Mr. Peel was careless about everything.)

I supposed he must have been seeing off one of his married women friends: such was his reputation. At that moment the wife of a titled Austrian exile, or a jailed union leader, or a night-club waiter (there was no bias to his adventures) might be combing her hair in a taxi, trying to pull together a credible story about the way she'd spent the afternoon. Perhaps she was one of the stiff, tough, powdered Anglo-Montreal women I encountered at cocktail parties when I was roped in as escort for my aunt. I could see her, Peel's *petite dame*, surveying the room with slightly pouched eyes, hand clamped on a gin-and-tonic, thin line of scarlet lipstick, one of the famous Montreal hats sitting square, no one at the party even close to guessing she had recently been treated with some insolence on Peel's storage-room couch.

Peel, face tilted, smiling at the sky, might have recognized me as an occasional customer. I had never paid by check, so he had no reason to remember my name. I have probably altered my recollection of that moment, changed its shape, refined it, as I still sometimes will tinker with shreds of a dream. It seems to me that I drew level with the store window, then turned and bolted across the street. I think that I saw, or was given to see, with a dream's narrowed focus, a black-and-white postcard image of Lily on the edge of Peel's couch, drawing on a stocking. For the first time I noticed how much she resembled the young Marlene, the Weimar Dietrich: the same half-shut eyes, the same dreamy and invulnerable gaze. She slid into the stocking, one perfect leg outstretched, the other bent and bare.

Actually, Lily was already dressed, waiting in the shadow of the store for Peel to give her the all-clear. She moved nearer the hot, bright street, and must have observed me, dodging behind a streetcar. I think I glanced back; either that or a whole city block swung round. Lily, wearing a hat of white straw and a white dress amazingly uncrumpled, slid past Peel and ran straight into traffic, calling, "Steve! Steve!" Peel took his hands out of his pockets; perhaps his way of showing surprise. I think now (I have been thinking it over for years) that she saw me turn round, and knew I knew. So, better to brazen it out.

I slowed down, stopped, examined a

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display of garden furniture in a store window. She ran on tiptoe, shuffling, the way women used to run in spike heels; caught up; grabbed me by the sleeve. Part of my mind had fallen into darkness. I could not recall having ever loved her. The Dietrich-like image dissolved, was replaced by one of Ken Peel, in heightened tones, wearing the trusting smile of the natural con artist. That face was the stamp of his Montreal generation, distributed unevenly among all ranks and classes of English-speaking males, as luck is thinly or thickly spread.

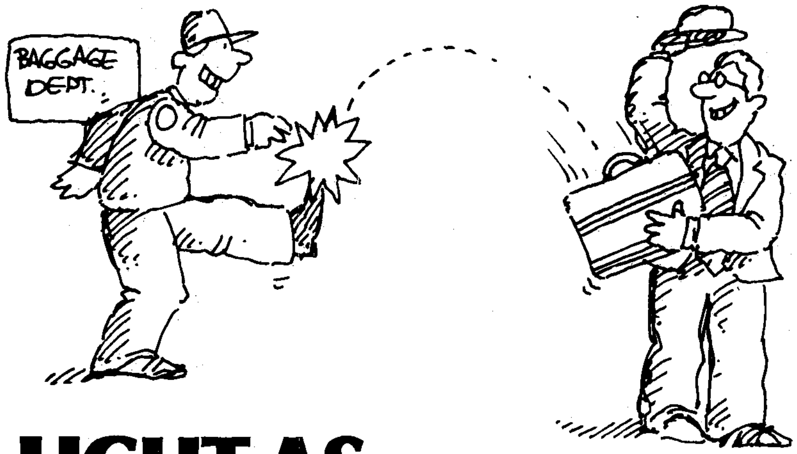
My next immediate feeling was snobbish relief that Peel was nobody's friend, and the incident could be contained. But then it occurred to me that the people I knew had already come to some conclusion about Lily. A girl who could glide out of the late-afternoon shadows of Peel's place had the habit of dark doorways.

Her hand rested lightly on my arm. She explained what she was doing on St. Catherine Street—buying a birthday present. (I was about to be twenty-four.) "A new tennis racquet," she said—the last thing in the world I needed just then.

We went to the movie, and I appraised the nervous, then confident way she held my hand. She must have been saying to herself, "I was wrong. He doesn't know." Until today we had read each other's thoughts. Telepathic marvels, unmatched coincidences fed our conversation. Now the flow of one mind into another seemed to me unhealthy, unwise. I prayed never to stand revealed to anyone again. The film was about a pregnant woman in an Italian village who believes she has been seduced by a messenger from Heaven. Lily had a lapsed Catholic's glibness on such matters, and did not bother to lower her voice. The cinema was nearly empty, so that her remarks carried. First a woman said, "Would you mind?," then a man called, "Ah, shut your face!"

We left and walked along to a German restaurant called The Old Mill, and had beer and Wiener schnitzels. The film had reminded Lily of the boarding school, accursed and despised, to which Old Lady Quale had consigned her when she was trying to get Lily away from boys; specifically, from me. I knew most of the stories, but I let her talk. She looked past me, with the soft bright stare that took in everything.

Why didn't I challenge her? Because she might have lied, accused me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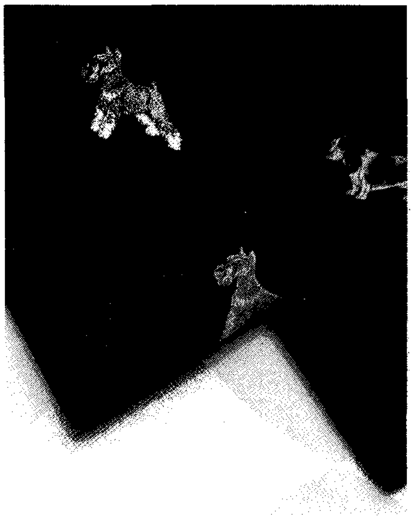

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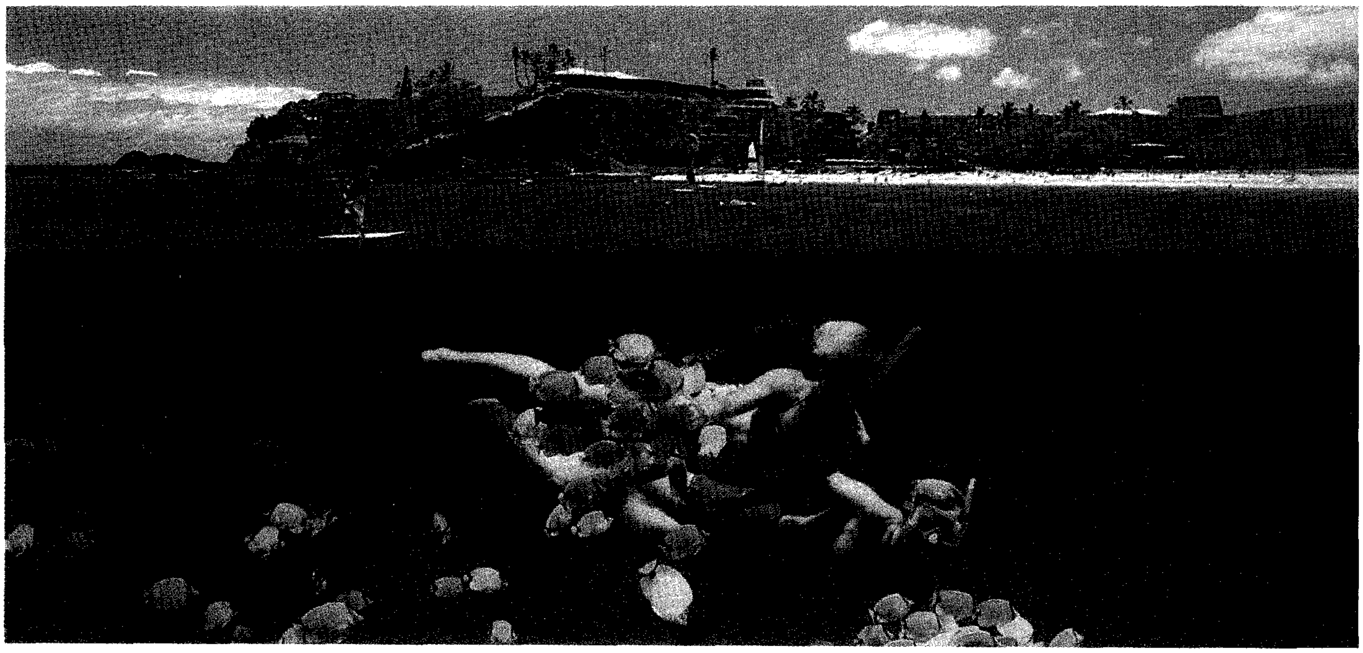
of being jealous, of following her all round the city, always trying to catch her out. She might swear she had never been inside Peel's store; rather, only once, to inquire about racquets. I had no method, no system, for coming to terms with Lily. My aunt never lied—she had never been frightened—and my parents lived in a barren climate of the truth at any cost. Lily occupied a terrain more lush and changeable, but she had been brought up by dangerous people.

I began to wonder if I could be sure. Perhaps she had been walking by, had happened to glance in the shopwindow, seen the very thing, stepped inside to have a word with Mr. Peel. She was nothing to Peel except Miss L. Quale, secretary to a dentist in the Medical Arts Building. I had to ask myself if I wanted to live with Lily or without her: I had always been with Lily. When I was much younger, had won prizes, had my looks compared to F. Scott Fitzgerald's, I had studied my face, without vanity, wondering if my overpraised and temperate character held some other essence—more charming, more devious, even weak. In my aunt's copy of "All the Sad Young Men" I had found an underscored passage about the end of love, the end of April; never the same love twice; "let it pass." My aunt must have recognized her own stoic yearning for my late uncle, young Lieut. Cope. I knew nothing about him, except for a sepia studio portrait in First World War uniform.

Lily ate three bites of schnitzel. We traded plates, and I finished it off. She drank a sip of beer, pushed the glass across, took my empty one. I was coming out of darkness, ready to listen to her again. She said how much she owed me, how much she had learned from me. Without me, she would never have known about European movies, Anna Magnani, Vittorio De Sica. She might have been like her own mother—ignorant, bigoted, probably mad. I didn't answer. I think she believed it: I know at the time I thought it was true.

WE were married in Christ Church Cathedral, east of where the European cinema and the German restaurant and Peel's old store used to be. All effaced; never replaced. The Quales would not attend the wedding, because it was in an Anglican church. My parents sent a letter from China and managed to congratulate me without mentioning Lily. (The Maoists were about to send them packing.) My aunt was there, wearing a great many layers of clothing for the tropical day. All that linen and silk must have been a kind of armor. I had wanted Lily to be given a token of family jewelry. It wasn't exactly the czarist imperial treasure, but a pin or a ring might have made Lily feel welcome and secure. My aunt did not think such a gesture was required or even sensible; she did not expect the marriage to last. For the same reason, she would have preferred a civil ceremony to all these reckless promises to God, but in Quebec only religious rites were allowed. She kissed Lily on the cheek, then suddenly relented, removed the seed-pearl brooch fastened to her jacket, and pinned it on Lily's dress.

Lily and I sailed to France on a Polish freighter. The Lapwings were already installed in a Mediterranean hovel, on the most decrepit street of an ancient quarter. An open sewer ran under their windows. Lapwing never noticed; he sat indoors, working out a community of purpose between William Morris and St. Paul that so far



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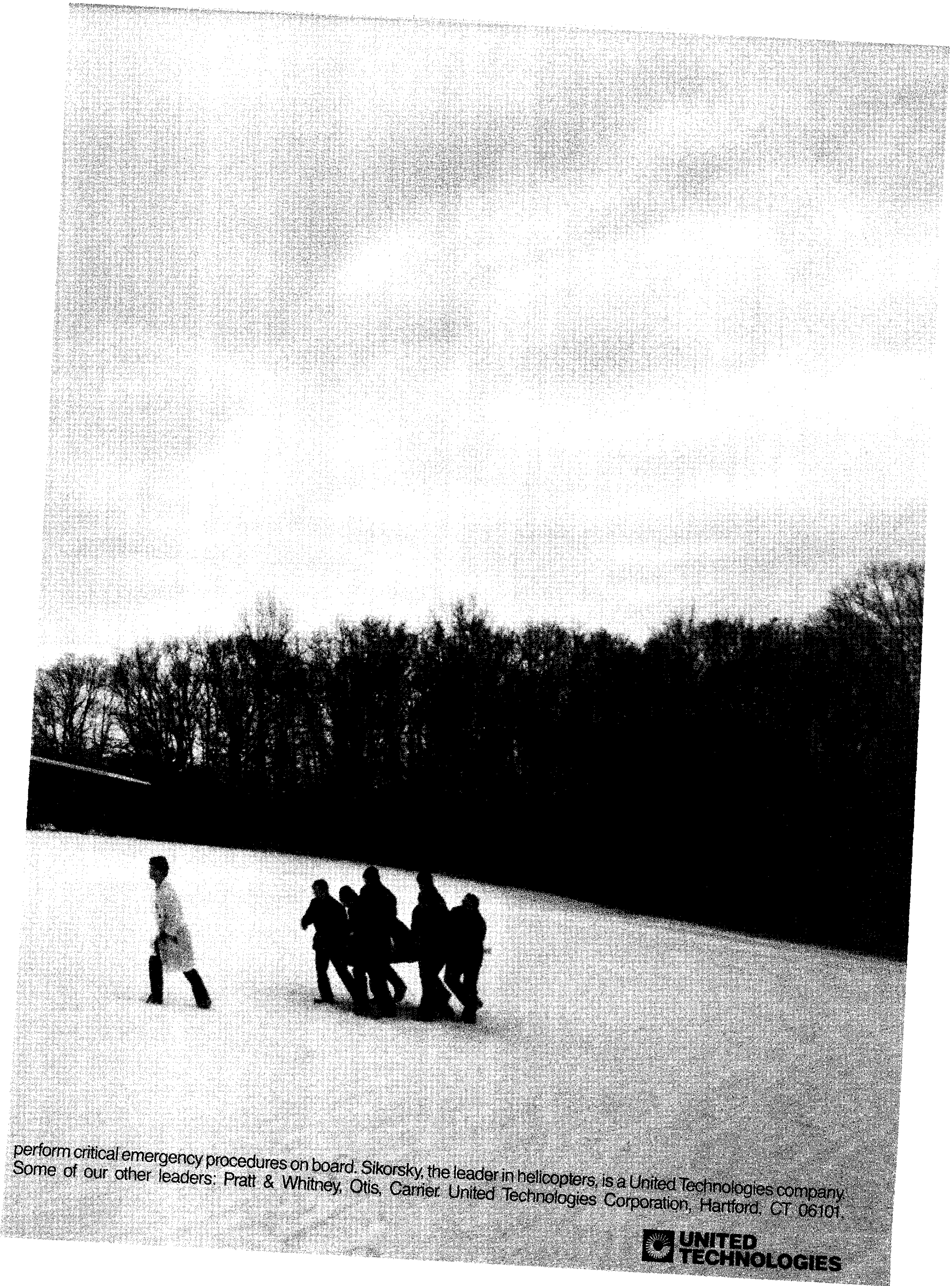

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UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES

had escaped academic notice. In a letter to Lily, Edie had described how their neighbors threw garbage out their windows and stoned stray cats and dogs. She was not complaining but felt relieved to be at last confronted with the real world. The Lapwings did not think we were ready for the kind of life that underlies appearances, and so they had leased for us a more conventional dwelling, close to bus routes. There was a view over the sea. It would cost us eight dollars a month. (The Lapwings were paying six.)

On the second day out Lily curled up and was deathly seasick. Then she seemed to be bleeding to death. The ship's doctor took me aside and said, "We can call it an accident. Don't worry. You are young, you can have other children."

I said, "It's a mistake." Lily could not have been pregnant: I had taken the greatest care. I never wanted my aunt to be able to say Lily had trapped me by being cunning and Catholic and fertile. I was not the son of missionaries for nothing: I saw the incident as a clean sweep, the falsehood washed away, the pagan wrenched from old customs, blood sacrifice of the convert —Lily converted to me, entirely.

Though slight of figure, she was very strong. Her health improved quickly. She told me over and again about the life we would have together, and the happiness that would carry us. But I imagined she was thinking, He doesn't know, and I said to myself, Well, let it pass. In the shack above the sea I heard, "He doesn't know," more and more faintly, and Lily must have heard a dying, a fading, a whispering "Let it pass." She had more sense than any man, so she cut the sound. —Mavis Gallant

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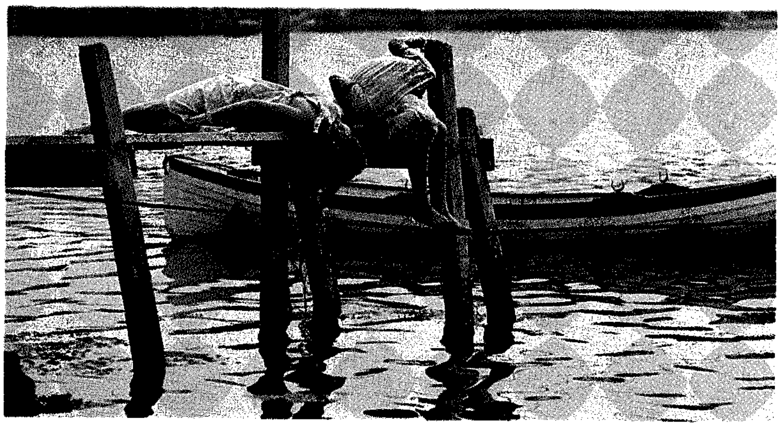
Lawrence said Democrats have "checked the laws to see what will happen in the event that something does happen. We're just waiting to see what happens."—*Columbia* (*S.C.*) *State.*

Got it.

Reflections on the good life.



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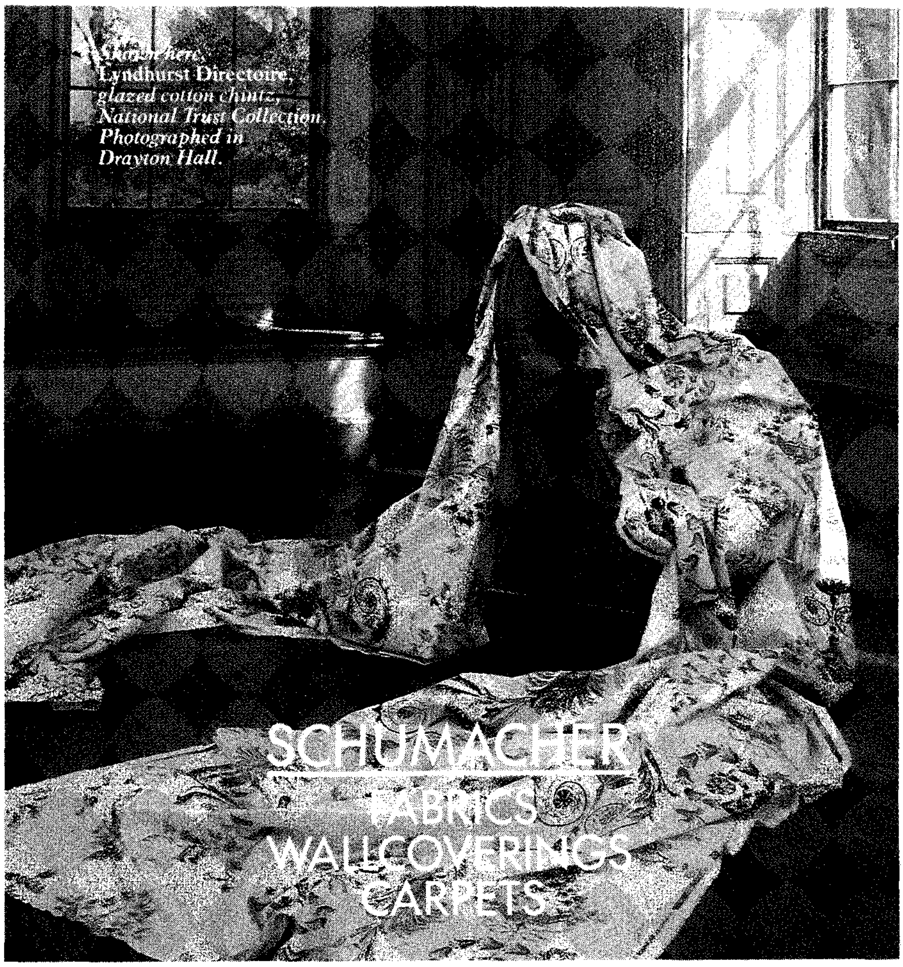
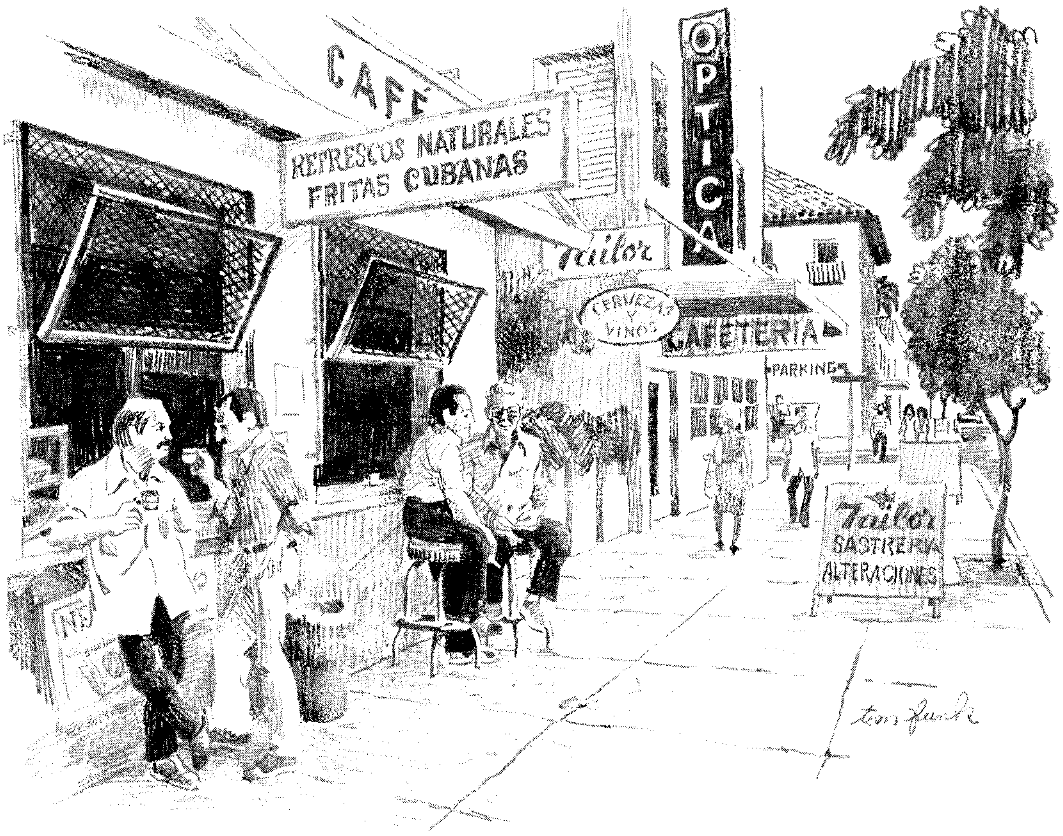


A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SECOND HAVANA



IN Miami, Cuba is with you everywhere. Its presence can be felt immediately by the traveller arriving at Miami International Airport. The predominant language of passersby there is Spanish. Over the public-address system, many flight announcements are routinely given in both Spanish and English—far more often, in fact, than in the airports of a city as international as New York or as Hispanic as Los Angeles. And in Miami the Spanish that one hears is neither schooled Castilian nor the leisurely accents of Mexico but, rather, that fast, jolting Cuban variant of the language which was once described to me by a Cuban-American friend as "Spanish jazzed up on amphetamine—Spanish in overdrive." In the crowded terminal are a number of small stands whose signs say simply "Café Cubano." There Cuban-American airport workers banter comfortably in Spanish with the women serving the coffee while befuddled tourists worry about what the coffee will cost (it is in fact absurdly cheap: thirty-five cents for a tiny cup called a *chiquito*, and ninety-five cents for what in a restaurant would be called a triple *espresso*), and even about whether an order given in English will be understood or heeded. Indeed, many tourists seem to act as if they had landed not in a provincial American resort city but in the capital of a foreign country.

From the highways or even from the main avenues of the downtown business district, however, Miami does not look very different from a number of other Sun Belt cities in the midst of a building spree. The Houston that prospered and grew during the oil boom of the nineteen-seventies has nothing on the Miami of today. The pace of construction is tremendous, and the skyline seems to change from month to month. The Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, for example—thirty years ago, the tallest building in the area—is now all but wedged between the gray concrete of the Omni hotel-and-mall complex and the white towers of the Venetia condominium and marina. In the last ten years, Miami has added some imposing skyscrapers and a spotless, state-of-the-art elevated railway, called Metrorail, which was meant to transport people from their suburban homes to their downtown offices but instead moves noiselessly, empty of passengers, from one plaza to the next. At night, many of the Miami skyscrapers are beautifully and imaginatively lit. One stretch of Metrorail is illuminated by a neon rainbow, while nearby, in sandy pits, heavy construction machines sleep like dinosaurs.

Perhaps the most noticeable difference in appearance between the new Miami and a city like Houston lies in the originality of Miami's architecture. The Houston skyline was mainly the work of architects imported from the outside—of I. M. Pei, Philip Johnson, and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. Miami, though it can boast its own buildings by Johnson and by Pei, has been transformed largely by homegrown talent. The most celebrated of the local firms is Arquitectonica. Its style is playful, even jokey, and makes abundant use of the pastel shades of South Florida. The most startling of the Arquitectonica buildings is probably the Atlantis, an apartment tower on Brickell Avenue, quite near the downtown business district. Between the tenth and the fourteenth floors is a thirty-seven-foot-square hole—an empty space, like an enormous window, in which there is nothing except, at the bottom, a lone palm tree. The Arquitectonica buildings (and those of the firm's many imitators) have provided much of the visual inspiration and many of the backdrops not only for the television show "Miami Vice" but also for the city's own advertising brochures. The new high rises contribute substantially to the image Miami has of itself as a city of the future, in which the Caribbean and the North American are being synthesized into something new. "New York was the capital of the twentieth century," a Miami businessman told me. "Miami will be the capital of the twenty-first."

The famous credit sequence of "Miami Vice"—a montage of white beaches, swaying palms, swaying female behinds, boats racing in the bay, Art Deco houses, skyscrapers surrounded by glorious tropical vegetation, and beautiful birds swooping across the sky—is not pure fantasy, whatever the show itself is. Miami's natural setting is stunningly beautiful. There is very little pollution, and even downtown it is possible to swim in a hotel's outdoor pool without being particularly aware of either the noise or the smell of automobiles. The views of Biscayne Bay from the downtown shoreline—or, for that matter, from the highways—are breathtaking, and as a result almost any Miami building that is at all pleasant to look at (even one as ponderously whimsical as the Atlantis) seems handsomer than it might elsewhere.

All this recent building serves to obscure the degree to which Miami has become a Cuban city, but there are signs of the Cuban presence wherever you look. On the sides of warehouses near the Miami River, local artists have left huge renderings of the island itself. Parks and memorials dedicated to the heroes of the Cuban War of Independence against Spain abound. And again and again one comes upon images of Cuba's national hero José Martí. (Martí is perhaps the only great revolutionary figure claimed by both the Communists and their opponents.) Cubans in Miami sometimes behave as if they had never left their island. It is one of the odder aspects of the Cuban exile, for instance, that parks and monuments in Miami often bear the same names as similar parks and monuments in Havana or Santiago de Cuba.

When Metrorail was built, vast sums were spent to adorn each stop with a work of "public" art. The effort was met at best with indifference, and more often with indignation over the cost of the project. But if you drive around Miami it is hard not to feel that the whole debate was beside the point. The real public art in the city is the images of Martí and the maps of Cuba that, whether formed of steel at the entrance to a park or daubed on the wall of a playground or sold for proud display in offices and homes, seem to announce to the visitor, "Miami is a Cuban town. Don't let the rest fool you."

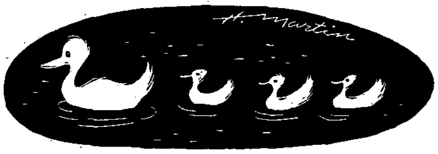
AS you pull onto Eighth Street in Southwest Miami, a sign proclaims:

Welcome to Calle Ocho
Kiwanis of Little Havana

The Calle Ocho, as it is called by Cuban and Anglo alike, is the central business street of Little Havana—the first neighborhood the Cuban refugees settled in when they began leaving the island, in 1959. Today, even though Cuban-Americans live almost everywhere in Miami, and throughout Dade County, Calle Ocho remains the hub. It is where the favored restaurants are; and the Cuban radio stations, with their intense blend of Latin music and ferociously right-wing politics; and the businessmen's clubs; and many of the professional offices. Fidel Castro's sister Juanita owns a pharmacy in Little Havana. Many of the men there, wearing guayabera shirts and sipping endless cups of Cuban coffee, look just as they would on the Prado in downtown Havana.

More often than not, the talk seems to be about business. Most successful immigrant groups in the United States have begun their rise by doing business among themselves. The Cubans are no exception. In the beginning, at least, their success was almost entirely separate from that of the larger community. The first wave of immigrants, consisting mostly of political refugees who came to Miami shortly after the Cuban revolution, founded the businesses that employed the second wave, consisting of those who arrived between the mid-sixties and the mid-seventies, and today both groups employ people from the third wave, consisting of those who came in the Mariel boat lift of 1980; however, since many of the *marielitos* are black, the last step in this process has been working less smoothly. (Race is a loaded question within the Cuban community. A Cuban friend of mine once remarked, "We had invented a Cuba in which everyone was white. When the *marielitos* came, we were forcibly reminded that Cuba is not a white island but largely a black one.")

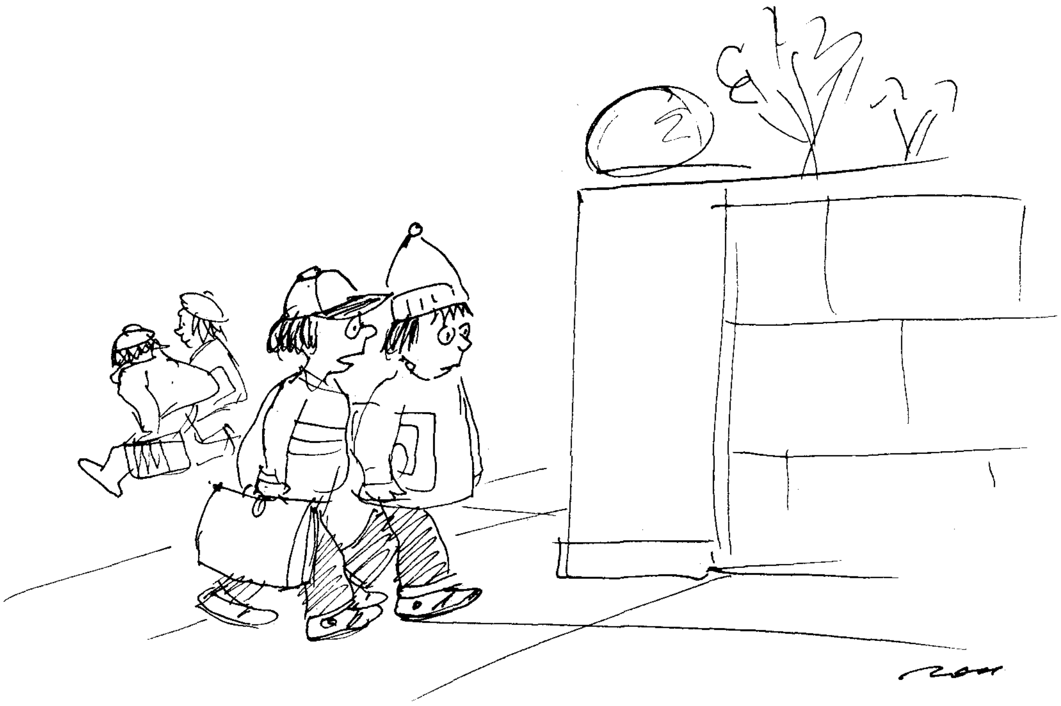
The Cubans are known for being clannish, and also for being strivers, but these traits in themselves cannot account for their success in America, and especially in Miami. The Cubans of Union City, New Jersey, are not particularly well off; the main streets of that town resemble the Puerto Rican sections of New York's Spanish Harlem more than they do those of Little Havana. The real key to the Cuban success in Miami and, insofar as the two are separable, to the success of the city as a whole is that in Miami not only is Cuba with you wherever you turn but so is Latin America. Cuban-Americans in Miami quickly spotted the increasing American trade with Latin America—part of a fundamental economic shift in the nineteen-sixties by which the United States became far more closely connected with Latin America than it had ever been before—and presented themselves as middlemen. They spoke Spanish—this was the only time, perhaps, in the history of Hispanic immigration to the United States when that was an advantage—and they had experience in doing business with Latin Americans, while bankers in New York and Washington tended to be not only remote but ignorant.



In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, most of the money in Miami came from the so-called snowbirds—prosperous Northerners who wintered in Florida, and, particularly, Jews who had retired to Miami Beach. In the nineteen-seventies, with Miami becoming more and more a Hispanic city, it was vacationers from Latin America who supplied much of the capital. This was the era of the oil boom in Venezuela, and the tourists came up from Caracas in convoys, aching to spend their riotously overvalued bolivars. These Venezuelan tourists became stock figures, in fact, comparable to the Arab sheikhs loose in the West End of London. Miami merchants dubbed them "*Dame dos*" ("Give me two"), and, indeed, they spent like crazy, buying up not only consumer goods but also condominiums. In Venezuela, a successful film, "Adiós Miami," was made about them. The plot concerns a prosperous young builder who, to impress his girlfriend, takes her to Florida. They do the town until, one morning, a telegram arrives from Caracas informing the hero that his partner has absconded with the company funds and he's broke. The girl abandons him, he's kicked out of his hotel, and the rest of the picture shows him trying to work his way back. (He can't find a job, because, according to the film, Cubans will hire only other Cubans.) As far as the movie is concerned, Miami is simply another Latin-American capital.

Miami could not retain its Latin-American tourists, however, because their currencies sank in value. When the bottom fell out of the bolivar, in the early eighties, the city found itself in need of a new set of free spenders. Unfortunately, a series of tourist-repellent events had started up in Dade County. Drug murders and the Mariel boat lift got most of the headlines. But more subtly aversive, perhaps because it was less threatening than pathetic, was the advent of the Haitian boat people, who began to arrive in ever-increasing numbers.

Haiti is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. For thirty years, it was the unhappy fiefdom of the Duvalier family (though theirs was such an impoverished tyranny that after Papa Doc Duvalier proclaimed himself President for Life he continued to use his old stationery, adding neatly, in his own handwriting, "*à vie*" after the title "*President*"). A hundred thousand Haitians braved the seas between Hispaniola and Florida between 1965 and 1980. They claimed to be fleeing political oppression, and though many were, of course, still more were doubtless doing what immigrants have always done—going where there is work. Miami became to Haitians what Los Angeles has become to the rural poor of Mexico: Oz.


"One plus one equals two. Two plus two equals four. Three plus three equals six, and so on and so forth. Well, that's life."

• •

When the Haitians began arriving, almost no one in Miami seemed to have a decent word for them. Miami Cubans were, if anything, more vitriolic than the Anglos. In 1981, at the insistence of Florida's governor, Bob Graham, a Coast Guard cutter was ordered into the Florida Strait to intercept the Haitian illegals. The year before, the Immigration and Naturalization Service had constructed at the edge of the Everglades the huge Krome Detention Center, which became the destination for those Haitians who hadn't managed to make it to Miami's Little Haiti or to smaller communities throughout Dade and Broward Counties. Krome is an ulcer in Miami; it is never mentioned except by a few civil-liberties activists and Haitian community leaders. There are now detainees from at least thirty-five countries in the center. Cubans remain the most numerous, followed by Haitians, Colombians, and Dominicans. But recently immigration police have been catching more and more Southeast Asian immigrants. They use the same route as immigrants from the Caribbean, setting forth across the Strait from the Bahamas. There are captains in Grand Cayman and Nassau, hard-eyed men, who know a smattering of every language the poor speak. In Miami, English may be under siege, but in Krome the place of Spanish, too, is hardly as secure as one might assume.

In principle, Anglo Miami, despite an abiding, hardy strain of sympathy for the refugees, would rather the Colombians and Haitians and so on just stopped showing up. In practice, though, few middle-class Miamians could get by today without the illegal workers, who take care of every dirty job that technology has not done away with. Sometimes the newer immigrants—Haitians, Salvadorans, Jamaicans, Dominicans—seem to be regarded as labor-saving devices and little else. More frequently, their employers simply take them for granted, much the way they take for granted the fact that coffeemakers in Miami hotels carry instructions in Spanish or that it often says "*Basura*," not "Trash," on the dumpsters outside office buildings. A few years ago, two cleaning women were denied jobs in a Miami office tower because they did not speak Spanish—only English. They sued, and won. But who had ever heard of cleaning women in Miami who didn't speak Spanish? A whole industry has developed to help English-speaking employers communicate with their Spanish-speaking workers. For example, there is a restaurant in South Miami that has Anglo waitresses—mostly college girls working part time—and a kitchen staff composed entirely of illegal immigrants. The owners have installed a computer: the waitresses punch in the customer's order in English, and the computer translates it into Spanish for the cooks.

Different kinds of refugees—a polite way of saying refugees with differing amounts of cash and property—are, of course, afforded varying degrees of welcome. Miamians may feel threatened by the tens of thousands of hardworking, largely lower-middle-class immigrants from Latin America who have installed themselves in a vast sprawl of tract housing on the western and southern edges of Dade County, but they respect them as well. For one thing, the new arrivals have caused a tremendous construction boom, and Miami is simply not programmed to think unkindly of economic growth.

At first, these immigrants lived in Miami proper, in sections of Little Havana that had been vacated by prosperous Cuban-Americans. (A Colombian bar, La Tranquera, in the heart of Little Havana, occupies a site that used to be occupied by a Cuban restaurant.) But Cuban-Americans remained attached to Little Havana, at least as a business center, and the numbers of Latin-American immigrants soon became too great to allow them to be crammed into the progressively shabbier apartment complexes around the Orange Bowl. These, in any case, were becoming the territory of those Cubans without money, the *marielitos*—a group that everyone found threatening. Thus, to the already nearly indecipherable confusion of Dade County (it has twenty-seven distinct municipalities) was added a chaotic addendum of unincorporated housing tracts.

By 1980, the Cubans, then almost half the county's population (there were seven hundred and fifty thousand of them), were moving to the suburbs. And they were taking over politically. By the end of 1985, Hialeah, no longer simply a sprinkling of houses around the celebrated racetrack, had become overwhelmingly a blue-collar Cuban city, and its mayor, Raul Martinez, was in his third term; the county manager's job went to a Cuban, Sergio Pereira, and another Cuban, Xavier Suarez, became the mayor of Miami.

But the political success of the Cubans tended to mask the movement of other Latin-American groups in Miami. For example, the city of Sweetwater, just west of Miami, has in the course of the last five years become partly a Nicaraguan enclave. What appears at first to be an undifferentiated Hispanic mass turns out on closer inspection to be an anthology of Spanish America. I have spent a number of evenings in restaurants watching Cuban friends ogle the waitresses and listening to them argue whether one is Honduran or Costa Rican or Colombian or Mexican. They don't always guess right.

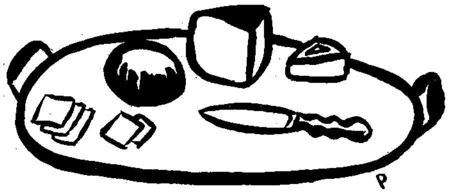
ON a recent flight from New York to Miami, I found myself seated next to a man whose concentration on a legal brief he had been examining did not survive the spell of turbulence we encountered over Chesapeake Bay. Unable to procure himself a drink (it was only nine-thirty in the morning, and even Eastern Airlines has its limits), the man decided to make do with my company. Half turning toward me in his seat, he started to tell me the story of why he was going to Miami, beginning in the middle.

"My client—I can't tell you his name, that's privileged—had a wiretap put on him by some clowns in the U.S. Attorney's Office," the man said. "He's a lawyer—not that he defends dopers. He's not one of those gold-Rolex lawyers—strictly corporate. But the Feds were convinced he was dirty, and they thought they could nail him by bugging his office. Those jerks actually wound up taping a confidential conversation with a client. Can you believe it—a privileged conversation? Anyway, I've got them cold. The only trouble is that all this means I have to spend more time in Miami."

"You don't like Miami?" I said.

"Like it!" he sputtered. "I just despise the town. It's become a foreign city—nothing to do with America anymore. They should just deed it over to those Cubans."

Such withering dislike for Miami—based on the conviction that at some point in the last twenty years it has stopped being an American city—is in my experience the rule rather than the exception not only among visitors to the city but also among its Anglo residents. The distance between Cuban and Anglo Miami is not principally a matter of appearances, racial or other, the way it is in some heavily Hispanic cities of the Southwest. Indeed, outside the ever-quainter-seeming purlieus of Little Havana (more and more transformed, in the nineteen-eighties, into a kind of theme park of the Cuban diaspora, an Exileland), middle-class Cubans and Anglos are hard to tell apart. They tend to drive the same makes of cars and live in similarly constructed subdivisions, and have even come to look alike. But the sense of alienation between the groups persists, and is, if anything, bitterer than ever. Sometimes as I shuttle between the Anglo and the Cuban Miamis, I have the impression that only an outsider could comfortably have friends in both worlds. It is as if the laws of physics had somehow been altered to make the shared physical space of Miami into two superimposed territories. Though they pine for the homeland, the Cubans radiate a sense of well-being, a sense of place. The Anglos, in contrast, seem more and more to feel that their city is in constant danger of being devoured by the Cubans they share it with. Their alarm is not wholly unjustified.



Anglo Miami is somewhat past its prime as a resort town but is now well on its way to becoming an important American provincial capital. Old-time Miamians, though they bemoan the passing of the resort, are more and more dependent economically on the business center. In the course of the last two or three decades, the focus of economic power has moved from Miami Beach and the adjacent resort areas, such as Key Biscayne, to the City of Miami; to Coral Gables, where many of the international banks are quartered; and to the Port of Miami, which—if one combines the tonnage figures for cargo and passenger shipping—is now the largest port in the United States. Twenty years ago, when a Miamian talked about Miami he might have been referring to any place from North Miami Beach to Coral Gables. Outsiders, of course, almost invariably meant Miami Beach. Today, the city itself is a place to be reckoned with. The job of mayor of Miami—in contrast to the jobs of the county and city managers, which are worth about a hundred thousand dollars each—still pays a paltry six thousand dollars a year, a throwback to the days when the office was a not very onerous part-time task, but the City Commission often talks about allocating funds for a proper salary. (A Cuban friend, when I raised the point with him, pretended to misunderstand me, and said, "Only six thousand? Why I know lots of guys who would pay at least a quarter of a million for the job.")

Many of the changes in Miami, of course, have to do with the general transformation of the American economy from heavy industry to service jobs, and from East-West trade to North-South trade, and to some extent this transformation would have affected South Florida whether Fidel Castro had come down from the Sierra Maestra or not. However, as some Cubans are fond of saying, it is hard to imagine that without Cuban moxie Miami would have become anything like the boomtown it is today. There is a Cuban politico in Miami who likes to go on television and—in Spanish (he is always refusing to speak English, because of some imagined slight or other)—taunt Anglo Miamians by asserting that before the Cubans arrived the city was of no significance. Even mainstream financial types like to make that point. When the major Cuban businessmen left Havana, they took with them about twenty million dollars in capital. "It doesn't sound like very much now," one of these men remarked to the Cuban-American social scientist José Llanes, "but in 1959 twenty million dollars could buy you downtown Miami if you wanted it—which no one did back then." In private, younger Cuban-Americans are dismissive of Anglo Miami. If they want Anglo, they go to New York. And Anglo Miamians know that they have these odious Cubans to thank for much of their prosperity. So the city stews in its own resentment.

The economic outlook for Miami is a good deal brighter than it is for cities in many other parts of the country. It is unlikely, for example, that Miami will be susceptible to dislocations of the kind suffered by such energy-producing states as Texas and Louisiana; its economy is too diversified for that. On the cultural side, there is also cause for optimism. The Miami Opera has become quite good, as has a fledgling ballet company started by Edward Villella, one of the greatest of George Balanchine's dancers at New York City Ballet. The Coconut Grove Playhouse, where "Waiting for Godot" had its American première, is thriving under its new director, Arnold Mittelman. While there is at present no real art museum (Miami museums are for the most part either tiny collections or exhibition spaces that mount shows touring throughout the country), there are more than enough important collectors in Dade County to make it a safe bet that sooner or later—probably later—a good museum building will be commissioned and a proper collection given a permanent home. There are several orchestral groups, and a really first-rate concert series organized almost single-handed by a woman named Judy Drucker.

But all this is to say nothing more than that if everybody really puts his back into the effort, the city of Miami will wind up being economically on the level of, say, San Diego, and comparable culturally to Cleveland or Detroit. The talented young Anglo artists—the dancers, choreographers, painters, photographers, poets—will continue to live in Miami with one eye cocked toward New York or Los Angeles, and with their bags packed. For all the talk circulating in South Florida about how Miami will soon be the

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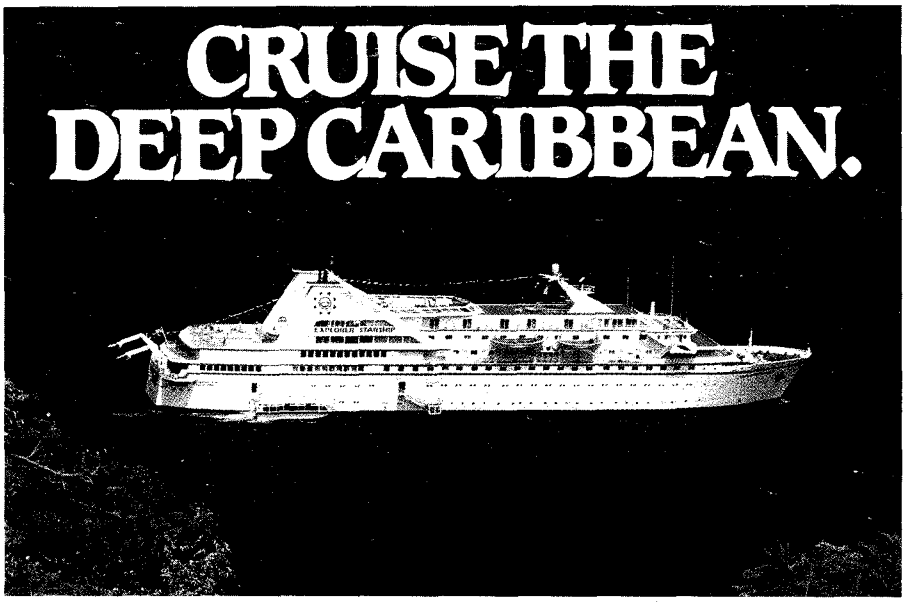

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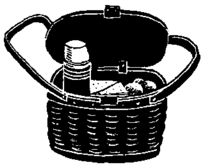
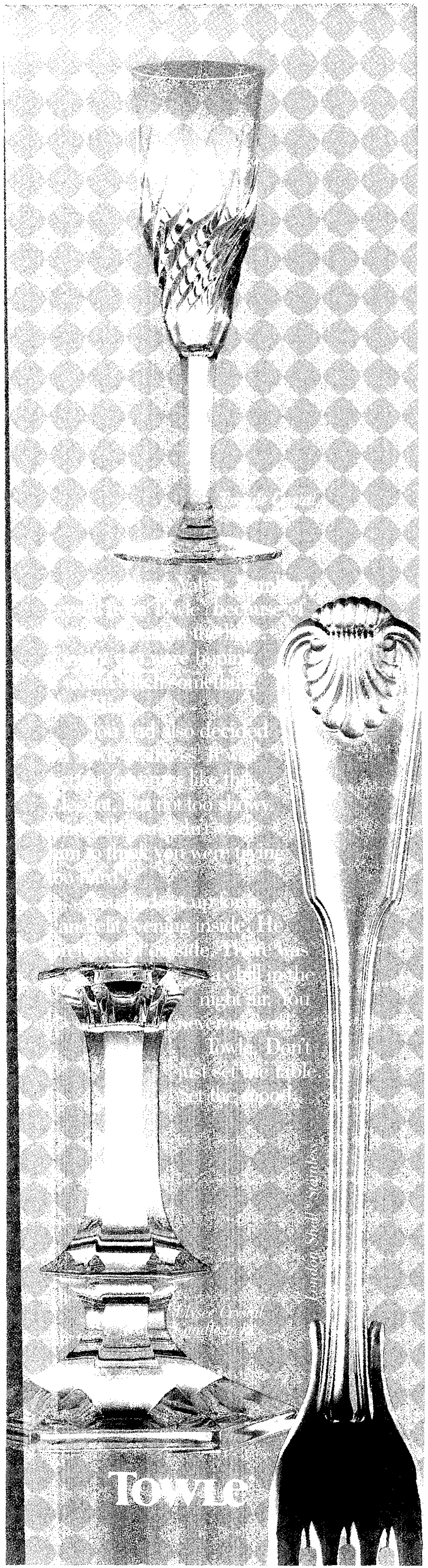
new Athens or the next New York or L.A. (talk that has been part of the city since its founding), Miamians will, if pressed, admit that their prospects are considerably more modest. One can scarcely blame people in Miami Beach or Coral Gables for not liking to hear that things could hardly be otherwise, but I suspect that Miamians would have managed to accept most of the changes that have come to their city, even those that grieve them, were they not forever being reminded that for their Cuban neighbors Miami is the next-best thing to Havana. In fact, it is the degree to which Cubans feel at home in Miami that makes the Anglos feel disenfranchised and homeless. Anglo Miamians do not obsessionally discuss the Haitian and Central American refugees who have poured into the city during the past decade. While these people may be viewed as intruders, they are not thought to have arrogated the town to themselves. The Cuban presence, however, is something entirely different. The story of Cuban Miami not only has transformed South Florida but, as everything from "Miami Vice" to features in national newspapers suggests, has gained a remarkable purchase on the country's imagination as well.

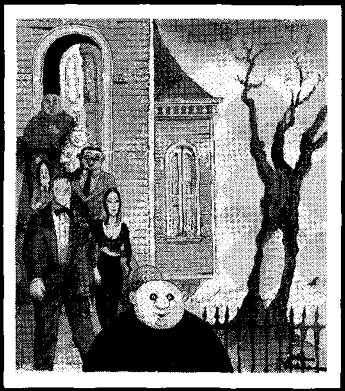
The poor tend to wait a generation before kicking up their civic heels in a new country; middle-class immigrants are hardly so patient, particularly when the place they have migrated from is only a hundred and forty miles away. In the twenty-eight years the Cubans have been in Dade County, they have succeeded in taking over, probably for generations to come, both the political and what must for lack of a better word be called the atmospheric control of the city of Miami. They have been able to accomplish this precisely because of the peculiar way in which Miami had always been "up for grabs." (The phrase aptly serves as the title for a good book on Florida by the local journalist John Rothchild.) You can't keep repeating for half a century "Miami the Magic City," "Miami the place that will be anything you want it to be," and then be shocked when a few hundred thousand clever, ambitious immigrants arrive with their work ethic and their memories intact.



When the Cuban refugees began arriving in South Florida, they carried with them the ashes of bourgeois Havana. They no more meant to adapt to an alien environment than a person who drives his house trailer across a county line means to live in a different house. The local immigration authorities in the early nineteen-sixties did not understand this, and for a while it was more difficult for Cubans to live in Miami than anywhere else in the United States. The city attempted to prevent the issuing of licenses for businesses north of Eighth Street to people who did not speak English. (This is why Little Havana is in Southwest Miami.) On the federal level, a serious attempt was made to relocate the Cuban refugees from Miami to New York and New Jersey. In the early sixties, more than a hundred thousand were moved, but, within a year, well over half had returned to Dade County. Living in Miami was a way of being close to Cuba, of maintaining the possibility of returning, and, most of all, of keeping "Cubanness" alive. The refugees stayed in Miami, and, like a wriggling fish, the city jumped out of the Anglo hands that had been trying to hold onto it and back into the Caribbean waters it had been swimming in all along. (It may be worth noting in passing that no map of the Caribbean can be drawn properly without including South Florida.)

This sense of having been dispossessed, rather than racism or xenophobia, is what lies at the heart of the hysterical, desperate dislike that so many Anglos—residents and visitors alike—feel at being confronted by the new state of things in Miami. Repeatedly, I encountered Miamians with tolerant views of Haitian, Honduran, or Southeast Asian refugees in Dade County and a resolute hostility toward all things Cuban. I puzzled over their rhapsodic accounts of the Haitians' gentleness and nobility of spirit, the Hondurans' ebullience, or the spirit of enterprise exhibited by the Vietnamese boat people until I realized that these accolades were really a way of damning the Cubans. The harsh double standard masquerading as high-mindedness revealed itself everywhere. To take an extreme example, voodoo when practiced by the Haitians was only mildly derided (or even described as a charming foible), but Santería, the cult religion of Cuba, was cause for lamentations over the coming of the barbarians to Dade County. "You find goat heads in the Cubans' refriger-





THE ART OF
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ators," complained a secretary I met at a party. And Cuban religious customs were the least of it. The Cubans were also accused of having transformed South Florida from a forward-looking, politically liberal place into the most reactionary community in America.

"They're taking away our political liberties," an art dealer in North Miami told me. She was referring to the Dolores Prida case: Dolores Prida is a left-leaning Cuban-American playwright who lives in New York. An intrepid Miami theatre producer decided to include one of Prida's plays in a Festival of Hispanic Theatre and, because Prida is mildly conciliatory toward Castro, the presence on the program of a piece by her created an uproar. There was widespread denunciation of Prida and the festival organizers, and there were even anonymous bomb threats. Cuban-Americans who should have known better justified their desire to banish her work from Miami by making the rather dubious claim that putting on her play would be like letting a Nazi play appear. (This was not the first time Miami Cubans had made use of a Jewish analogy to describe their situation. The Cuban-American civil-rights organization FACE—Facts About Cuban Exiles—is directly modelled on the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and, indeed, Cuban Miami routinely describes the Castro regime as a "holocaust.") In any event, Prida's play was hastily withdrawn. For Anglo Miamians to complain about censorship in a Hispanic theatre, however, seemed a bit exaggerated, since most of them had never set foot inside one.

Still, liberal Miamians could hardly be faulted for being appalled by the political change—a mad dash to the right, really—that the Cubans have effected in South Florida. Even in the bad old days of the Dixiecrat, segregationist South, Dade County had been a liberal enclave. Since the time of Franklin Roosevelt, the area had been represented in Washington by one of the most liberal New Dealers of them all, Claude Pepper. After the Second World War, when liberal Jews from the North began to settle in South Florida in substantial numbers, the region seemed closer politically to New York or to New Jersey than to Palm Beach County, fifty miles to the north, let alone the archreactionary central and northern parts of the state. In the nineteen-fifties, it was liberal Miami Beach Jews, like Jack Gordon, now a state senator, and his late wife, Barbara, who led the civil-rights movement in Miami. Even in the late nineteen-sixties, the political temper of Dade was overwhelmingly liberal, and had the Cubans not come pouring into Miami it is quite probable that the city would have become even more liberal under the twin prods of black unrest and urbanization. In time, there might have emerged a political cross between New York and Atlanta, with a better tax base. Instead, as Howard Kleinberg, the editor of the Miami *News*, told me, not entirely jokingly, "The last leftist in Dade County is hiding in a bomb shelter somewhere, and liberals are getting pretty thin on the ground." The idea that Dade County was a nice liberal place that got hijacked by a bunch of fanatical right-wing Cubans may be simplistic, but it is easy to understand why Miamians who remember the Klan in Dade County, the curfew for blacks in Miami Beach, and the cracker evangelists prattling on about "Fido Castro, Khrushchev's little puppy dog" should be horrified at the thought of having to refight every social battle of the last three decades all over again, this time with the clear prospect of losing.

Despite this, however, it isn't politics that is at the heart of Anglo disaffection. What Anglos resent about living in the new Miami transcends the daily tug of any particular issue, as it does the unsettling sound of an unfamiliar language at the supermarket checkout counter. To put it starkly, if Anglo Miami is an interesting but not quite first-rank city, Cuban Miami, far from being just another ethnic enclave —a Chinatown under the palms—is a great capital city. Every Cuban feels this, and every Anglo knows he does. It is difficult to live in someone else's capital city, particularly if you were there first. Most Anglos here are not simply Miamians but maintain deep sentimental ties to other cities in the United States. If they are Jews, many still cling to the memories of the New York from which they or their parents migrated. If they are white Southerners, many can still recall rural Georgia, Alabama, or the Florida panhandle. But the Cubans who left after Fidel Castro's revolution have only the memory of an island to which they can never return and, now, the lives they have made for themselves in Miami.

Of course, the country of which Miami is the capital is an imaginary one—that of *el exilio*, the Cuban diaspora. But this fictive quality only magnifies Miami's place in the lives of most Cuban-Americans. Those who live elsewhere in the United States often talk about returning to Miami in much the same way that American expatriates in Europe talk about going home. Cubans who live in Europe also find themselves coming back, however loudly they proclaim Miami's irrelevance to their new lives in Madrid, Barcelona, or Paris. To return to Miami is to reimmerse oneself in one's Cubanness. It is almost as if anywhere else that condition ran the risk of being diluted.

As for those who live in Miami, they seem to have a difficult time imagining life anywhere else. A Cuban teen-ager I met one night in Coconut Grove talked about a recent trip to Atlanta as if he were describing a canoe trip up the Amazon. And most of his friends had never seen snow except in movies or on rock videos. Often after dinner, Cuban parents I know look fondly across at their young children (usually happily engrossed in video games) and say brightly, "I'm sure they'll never want to leave Miami." In a community where people have old-fashioned family habits (young people tend to live with their parents until they marry, and afterward remain nearby), leaving is always seen as something of a desertion. And, anyway, everything outside Miami is terra incognita.

Even Cuban-Americans who detest Miami, call it the "ghetto," rail at its reactionary conformism, and leave it vowing never to return seem every bit as obsessed with the place as people who have never gone farther north than the Broward County line. "As you walk down Eighth Street, in a sense you have entered a time capsule that has transported you to the past," a Cuban professional man in his early forties who lives in New York told José Llanes. "In Miami, Cubans live, or try to live, in *la Cuba de ayer*"—the Cuba of yesterday. "It is a mythical country we have fabricated, where nostalgia and myths abound."

THERE is a man in Little Havana, a slight, intense elderly man, who never leaves his house, even to go to the local market, without taking along, cradled in his arms or hung around his neck, his most cherished possession: a faded portrait of General Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar, the man Fidel Castro drove out of the Presidential Palace in Havana on January 1, 1959. Curiously, though Batista owned an estate in Daytona Beach—and lived there during the mid-nineteen-forties, following the first of his two stints as Cuba's President—he never visited the United States after Castro overthrew him. Cubans in Miami like to tell you, wryly, that the General couldn't get a visa. Batista died, rich even by the standards of his fellow deposed tyrants, in 1973 at his villa in Southern Spain.

At the beginning of the nineteen-sixties, Cuban Miami was overwhelmingly a *batistiano* city. This is hardly surprising. When the *barbudos*—Castro's army—entered Havana, most Cubans had about had it with Batista. There was tremendous enthusiasm for the revolution. Castro kept insisting he was no Communist, and the Cuban middle class made the error of believing him and rather blindly went about their business, not suspecting that they would soon be following the unlamented members of the old regime's inner circle into exile in Florida. The first planeload of exiles was the one that took Batista and his immediate entourage to safety on the Trujillo family estate, otherwise known as the Dominican Republic. The second went north, carrying some of the most deeply feared men in prerevolutionary Cuba, along with their families and their loot, to Jacksonville, Florida. Of these, the most notorious was Lieutenant Colonel Irenaldo García Baez, the chief of SIM, Batista's secret police. Also on board was the Tabernilla family, whose nicknames came right out of a late-nineteen-forties Mexican cowboy picture: there was Pancho, the head of the armed forces; Winsy, the Air Force chief; and Silito, Batista's military-liaison officer. Rubén Batista, the General's eldest son, was also a passenger, but he split off from the rest of the group the moment the plane landed on American soil, and headed for New Orleans.

As it happened, none of these people proceeded immediately to Miami (many, of course, eventually settled there), and the honor of being the first *batistiano* Miamian probably fell, a few days later, to one of Batista's senators, José González Puente. In the succeeding months, virtually all the important or infamous politicians and military officers who had served Batista (and had not been arrested by the revolutionary government) made their bedraggled way to South Florida. *Batistiano* Miami was born.

Today, that city lies submerged under the many waves of Cuban immigration that followed, yet it is not difficult to find. The faithful still celebrate September 4th, the anniversary of the day in 1933 when Batista, then a sergeant in the Cuban Army, staged the first of his two successful coups d'état, and the Batistiano Armed Forces Social Club holds regular Sunday meetings in a private dining room in a Little Havana restaurant. But even their devotion to the General's memory and the *batistiano* cause pales beside that of the man with the portrait. He has grown old in the cause. Although he barely knew Batista (they corresponded by cassette), he insists that, if anything, his belief in the General has grown deeper and stronger as the years have passed. The man's name is José Manuel García, and were it not for that portrait he would be indistinguishable from all the elderly gents sipping a *café cortado* at the counter of El Pub Calle Ocho or La Esquina de Tejas in Little Havana. García earns his living as a door-to-door salesman, and the General accompanies him on his rounds through Southwest Miami.

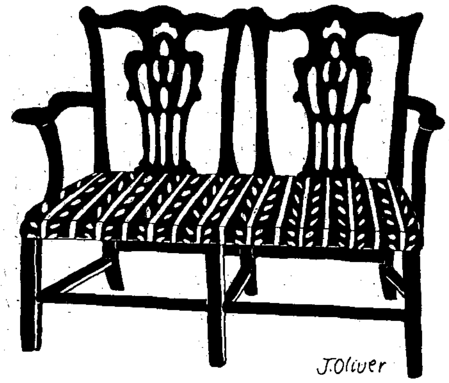
Batista came from rural Oriente. Unlike Fidel Castro, whose father owned considerable land in that same region and who was as white as anyone south of Stockholm, Batista had black blood. As a young man, he was called *el mulato lindo*—the handsome mulatto. It is one of the many paradoxes of Cuban history that in Oriente the white middle-class supporters of Castro's Twenty-sixth of July Movement often carefully refrained from voicing their revolutionary opinions in front of their black and mulatto servants, who were overwhelmingly loyal to the General.

Oriente Province is the home of Santería, the Afro-Cuban cult, which was brought to the island by the first Yoruba slaves. The cult's book of rituals, the Orisha, is widely sold in Miami, where Santería flourishes—a seemingly incongruous element in the lives of otherwise upwardly mobile white Cuban business people. Only a block past radio station WQBA—known as La Cubanísima—there sits a discreet little storefront botanica that sells the magic papers and potions of the cult. Most of the demand seems to be from women seeking help with their love lives. Among the potions, there are Amansaguapos, sworn to turn the most brutish man tender; Amárrame El Hombre, which, it is said, will keep the most philandering of husbands faithful; and even an aerosol spray containing seven potions in one. Cult members spend vast sums on offerings, services, and statuary. As one drives past the car dealerships, the gleaming bank buildings, and the bustling restaurants of Southwest Miami, one notices pinned to telephone poles and public benches cheap posters announcing celebrations in honor of the Saints of El Monte—the home of the cult. Even many Cuban-Americans who profess no interest at all in Santería are protective of those who practice it.

In a community that worships money as Aaron worshipped the Golden Calf, Santería, a hybrid religion that honors the earth and Africa, endures as the esoteric antinomy: Yoruba mystical night to Catalonian consumerist day. To be a believer is to be able to enjoy communion with the animating spirits behind all living things—spirits that white people in Cuba regard as belonging to the special realm of blacks. Even to come from Oriente Province—that heavily black, desperately poor region of Cuba, where most of the sugarcane is harvested—is to partake (folkloristically, at least) in the discipline of these mountain saints. Or so the man with the portrait maintains. The General, he told a reporter from the Miami *Herald*, "was from Oriente, and he was close to the earth." According to García, Batista could work miracles by simply opening his mouth. In Cuba in the good old days, he insists, it would rain whenever Batista delivered a speech. "He had that gift," the old man says firmly. A few years ago, while Miami was suffering through a rare drought, García decided that the General could help. "I said to myself, 'If Batista could only speak,' " he recalls. He rigged a loudspeaker to the roof of his car and drove slowly through the streets of Southwest Miami broadcasting a tape of Batista's voice. "Sure enough, it rained," he says. "Everyone said, 'Batista really did make it rain.' "

The man with the portrait is, of course, an eccentric. Unfortunately, the serious politics of exile in Miami attracts many other fantasists, few of whom could be thought of as benign. Young, Miami-born Cuban-Americans are hardly enlisting in droves in the secret armies of exile, but there remain more than enough recruits for such terrorist groups as Omega 7 and Alpha 66, and also for more conventional organizations, such as the Cuban National Liberation Front, the Veterans Association of Brigade 2506, and the builder Jorge Mas Canosa's Cuban American National Foundation and its lobbying group, the Cuban American Freedom Coalition. Many of the men who run these groups were at the Bay of Pigs together, and they wield considerable power not only within the exile community but also in the larger world of South Florida politics—not least in the Republican Party of Dade County, whose revival has been due largely to the efforts of Cuban-American activists. The American-born generations now reaching adulthood may not be concerned seriously about *La Causa*—the determination to topple Castro and return to the island—but even for those in their thirties and forties who grew up in the United States the dream dies hard. While particular factions among the exiles will disappear (*batistiano* Miami is essentially moribund, as is the Miami that harks back to the liberal presidency of Ramón Grau San Martin in the late forties), with Cuba so near and the refugees still streaming into Miami, there is no real reason to suppose that the drama of the Cuban diaspora will ever come to a complete end.

If for the *batistiano* Old Guard every day is the fourth of September, the overwhelming majority of Miami Cubans are fixated on another date—or, more precisely, on three dates: the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth of April, 1961. On the seventeenth, Brigade 2506, a C.I.A.-backed force of thirteen hundred Cuban exiles, landed on the beaches of the Bay of Pigs, in southwestern Cuba. By April 20th, they had met with crushing defeat at the hands of the Cuban Army and people. The invasion force, a mixture of *batistiano* ex-soldiers and others who were simply anti-Castro refugees (the political directorate of the invasion force was made up of figures like the former Prime Minister José Miró Cardona, an anti-Castro politician), had expected that there would be a mass uprising among the Cuban people, and the Americans had assured them that adequate air support would be provided.



The Cuban people disappointed the *brigadistas:* not only didn't they rise up but they fiercely supported the Castro government. As for the Americans, they did not provide the promised air cover, and it did not take the soldiers on the beach very long to realize that they had been betrayed. Eleven hundred captured survivors of Brigade 2506 were paraded gleefully on Cuban television, but there were few atrocities. Several of the leaders were imprisoned in Cuba, but, rather than sentence the invaders to long prison terms, the Castro government held them for ransom. A year and a half later, they were exchanged for fifty-three million dollars' worth of food and medicine. From every point of view, the invasion had been a complete fiasco.

On December 29, 1962, the veterans of the invasion force, who had been returned to Miami the week before, mustered in the Orange Bowl. Before a crowd of forty thousand weeping, shouting, defiant supporters, they presented the flag of the brigade to President Kennedy. "I can assure you," Kennedy said, "that this flag will be returned to this brigade in a free Havana." The air rang with fervor, and the crowd began to shout "*Guerra!*" and "*Libertad!*" Jacqueline Kennedy came up to the rostrum and, in her fluent Spanish, assured the *brigadistas* that she would tell her small son, John, about their courage. In 1976, brigade veterans had to hire lawyers to get the flag back from the United States government; it had been stored in a crate in the Kennedy Library, in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Cuban Miami has not yet recovered from the lies it was told at the time of the Bay of Pigs. To some extent, it has taken refuge in lying to itself. "We were betrayed," the line goes.

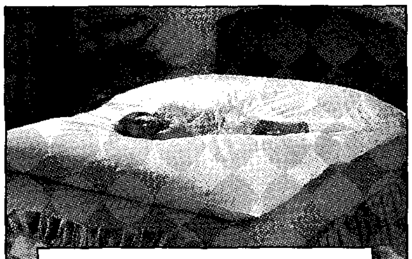
"Had it not been for the American failure of will, we would be back in Havana." Conveniently forgotten in all this is the fact that the Cuban people not only failed to respond at the time of the Bay of Pigs but also showed no particular interest in aiding the various guerrilla movements of the nineteen-sixties. The credo in Miami is that there are only two forces in Cuban life—Castro and the exiles. Curiously, the only other place where this view is held is Havana itself. As the exiles cleave to their intransigent refusal to have anything to do with Castro, he, in turn, brandishes a mythicized version of *batistiano* Miami to keep his own reformers at bay.

Today, of course, Miami contains as many people who opposed Batista's rule as people who served it. Some of the leaders of Castro's Second Front of the Escambray Mountains live in Dade County, and one of those men, Max Lesnik, runs a glossy magazine called *Réplica*, which blends stories of celebrities with surprisingly liberal politics. The non-revolutionary opposition to Batista, including members of the Ortodoxo party, which was briefly allied with Castro, is present as well. Carlos Prío, the President of Cuba whom Batista overthrew in 1952, lived in Miami until 1977, when he committed suicide; Tony Varona, a former Prime Minister (when Castro's victory was imminent he tried to form a "third force"), lives in retirement in Dade County. Indeed, it is impossible to drive through Southwest Miami without wondering, as one passes the neat bungalows and Spanish-style ranch houses, whether the middle-aged Cuban out washing his car is a former member of Batista's security forces or a veteran of the Directorio—the urban resistance to the Batista regime, whose role in toppling the dictator was almost equal to that played by Castro's forces in the mountains. It is not always clear, after twenty-eight years, whether the principals themselves remember accurately what they once did or even which side they were on. Exile is the place where everyone rewrites his past. Sometimes, in restaurants like Little Havana's Versailles or across the street at La Carreta, two men who have been at odds politically for a very long time may meet, but in these encounters nothing more untoward takes place than an *abrazo*, that somewhat absent-minded embrace to which Latin men are so given—a greeting in which the two pat each other soundly on the back while peering off into the middle distance. It looks like nothing so much as a rather perfunctory weapons check.

In Little Havana, it matters what people say about you. It particularly matters if they say—hint, even—that you're a Communist. Every restaurant in Cuban Miami seems to have piles of so-called underground publications available free in the entry. All the political permutations of the exile world are on display in the pages of these little sheets, which range from the marmoreal *Girón* (the organ of Brigade 2506), through the fiery *Patria*, to the rather pining *El Ausente* (the absent one). And, as people are wont to say in Little Havana, it is not good for business to be called a Communist in one of these papers; there is no smear that sticks longer. (Several people have claimed that it was through a kind of extortionate prodding that the papers used to obtain their ads.)

In Cuban Miami, all political discussion—at least public discussion—is moored securely on the extreme right. In part, this is the result of a minority of vocal extremists constantly accusing everyone else of being soft on Castro, so that, with a few notable exceptions, people spend a good deal of time reasserting their own intransigence. At the same time, Cuban Miami gets its political cohesion from the sense of community engendered not only by exile but by the impression of continuity between life in Cuba and life in Dade County. The Cubans may be in exile, but they also feel they took the island with them when they left. Of the hundred and twenty-six townships that existed in pre-Castro Cuba, a hundred and fourteen have their own civic associations in Miami. One sees all over the place the evidence of an absolute refusal to take geographical reality into account. At the edge of Coral Gables, I noticed a sign advertising "The Cabellero Funeral Home, Founded 1858." Miami, of course, did not exist in 1858; the owners mean founded *in Havana* in 1858.

Young Cuban-Americans frequently insist privately that attitudes will shift dramatically when the older generation dies. But almost invariably they go on to tell you something that makes you think they're wrong—often by revealing that they no longer live in Miami. Cuban moderates are right to be cautious. Being a liberal in Miami is something between being a member of a secret society and being a member



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of an endangered species. In the early nineteen-seventies, a group of young Cuban-American leftists formed an organization called the Antonio Maceo Brigades (after the black general who was one of the heroes of the Cuban struggle for independence from Spain). They travelled to Cuba, and were fêted there; then they returned to Miami, and within months one of their leaders had been killed and the organization was in shambles. There have been other casualties. In 1974, a Cuban named Luciano Nieves used the pages of Max Lesnik's *Réplica* (which has been bombed several times) to call for a rapprochement between the exiles and Castro. In 1975, Nieves was murdered in the parking lot of Variety Children's Hospital in Miami.

Judith Shahn

From a practical standpoint, liberal Cubans have the choice of eschewing politics altogether until the actuarial tables can work their magic (many have opted for this) or getting out of town. Either way, Miami is a fearsome place indeed for people holding their views. Marifel Pérez-Estable, one of the editors of *Areito*, a slightly left-leaning Spanish-language magazine in New York, told an interviewer for the Miami *Herald* that it was hard for people like her to live in Miami. "Everybody knows everything," she said, "and it makes it difficult for those who are 'fingered' as having a pro-Castro position to do something as simple as go to the market."

Even as rich and influential a figure as the banker Bernardo Benes has found himself at risk. Benes is a so-called "Jewban"—a member of the Jewish community of Havana, which to all intents and purposes now exists only in Florida. During the nineteen-seventies, Benes propounded the idea of a dialogue with the Castro regime. Worse, he returned to Cuba. According to the doctrinaires of Little Havana, a Cuban is not supposed to return to talk, he is supposed to return as a liberator. Benes, in his practical way, used his contacts in Havana to good effect during the Mariel boat lift, but he didn't stop wearing a bulletproof vest until 1983. In the eyes of most of the people I met in Southwest Miami, he is an agent of Fidel Castro.

Even the unwary visitor to Miami can run into trouble because of wrong associations. At a party in Key Biscayne, I was introduced as someone who worked with a number of Latin-American writers.

"Like who?" my host inquired sternly.

I groped for a writer who would be politically acceptable. "Mario Vargas Llosa," I replied.

"He's a Communist!" my host exclaimed.

At this, the friend who had brought me to the party intervened. "No, no," he said. "You're thinking of Carlos Fuentes."

"Him, too," said my host, with equal inaccuracy, and then, with a great laugh, clapped me on the shoulder and handed me a glass of rum and Coke—the drink they call a Cuba Libre. I am by no means sure that had I been a Cuban-American things would have turned out so happily. But perhaps I'm wrong. It was a beautiful night, cloudless and starry, and the band on the veranda was hot. My host went out to dance with his daughter, starting to do the *guaracha* even as he moved away from the bar toward the French doors opening onto the bay. He waved to me—irony and genuine, hospitable warmth chasing each other across his broad features—as he sashayed deftly into the dancing throng.

In his invaluable "Diary of the Cuban Revolution," Carlos Franqui, who ran the revolutionary radio station in the Sierra Maestra and was one of Castro's closest collaborators before he, too, went into exile, wrote of Cubans:

> A good Cuban is one who possesses the rhythm of the black, who dances well, and is as delirious as a Spaniard but a bit more graceful; one who thinks like a Frenchman, believes in gambling luck as the Chinese, is as much of a Don Juan as if he were an Italian, does not like the gringos, is a chatterbox, and is also capable of embarking on *anything*.

Under a full Miami moon, a mile from where Richard Nixon used to live, I watched the Cubans dance and dance.

IF anybody over eighteen is doing much dancing in the black neighborhoods of Northwest Miami, in the black section of Coconut Grove, or in the virtually all-black town of Opa-Locka, a few miles north of the city, it is more likely to be because he is out of work and is high on crack than because he finds being black in Miami anything to dance about. Cubans may claim to have the rhythm of blacks, but in Miami Cuban families tend to have the incomes of white families, and that makes a big difference.

When Miami was incorporated, in 1896, a hundred and sixty-two of the three hundred and sixty-eight voting residents were black. The first blacks to settle in Dade County had come there from South Carolina in the early part of the century; the second large black migration came from the Bahamas soon after. Most of them settled in Coconut Grove, and even today, as development has transformed it into one vast condominium—a Yuppie fortress on the shores of Biscayne Bay—the Grove retains a substantial black population. But it was the coming of the railroad in 1896 and, in its wake, the first tourist boom which lured large numbers of black people to South Florida from the plantations and tenant farms of Georgia. The new arrivals settled for the most part in Overtown, then called Colored Town—a segregated area, somewhat north of downtown Miami. In 1898, the United States Army began to use a nearby military base, Camp Miami, as a staging area for its operations against the forces of the King of Spain in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The white soldiers were given to crossing into Colored Town, and there they beat up the locals with impunity. At least one black was killed, and probably more.

By 1900, blacks made up well over forty per cent of Miami's population. The Miami *Herald* and its now defunct competitor the Miami *Metropolis* railed about the "coons" and the "hamfats," but black Miami kept growing. By the nineteen-twenties—the era of the great Florida land boom and, coincidentally, of the revival of the Ku Klux Klan—conditions in Colored Town, which had never been very good, had grown dire. Disease and crime were rampant. (Colored Town was also referred to as Darktown, and it was literally dark there at night, for, unlike white Miami, the area was not yet electrified.) The city fathers tried to discourage the swelling black population, but Colored Town was simply becoming too small, and conditions in the area too degraded, for things to go on as they were.

In 1934, following a series of articles in the now more liberal Miami *Herald*, the plight of the black residents of Miami's Colored Town attracted national attention, and

Roosevelt ordered the Works Progress Administration to investigate conditions there. The result was the opening, three years later, of the first federally funded public-housing project in the southeastern United States. It was built along Twelfth Avenue between Northwest Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Streets, and at first was separated by a wall from the white neighborhood adjoining it. The project was called Liberty Square.

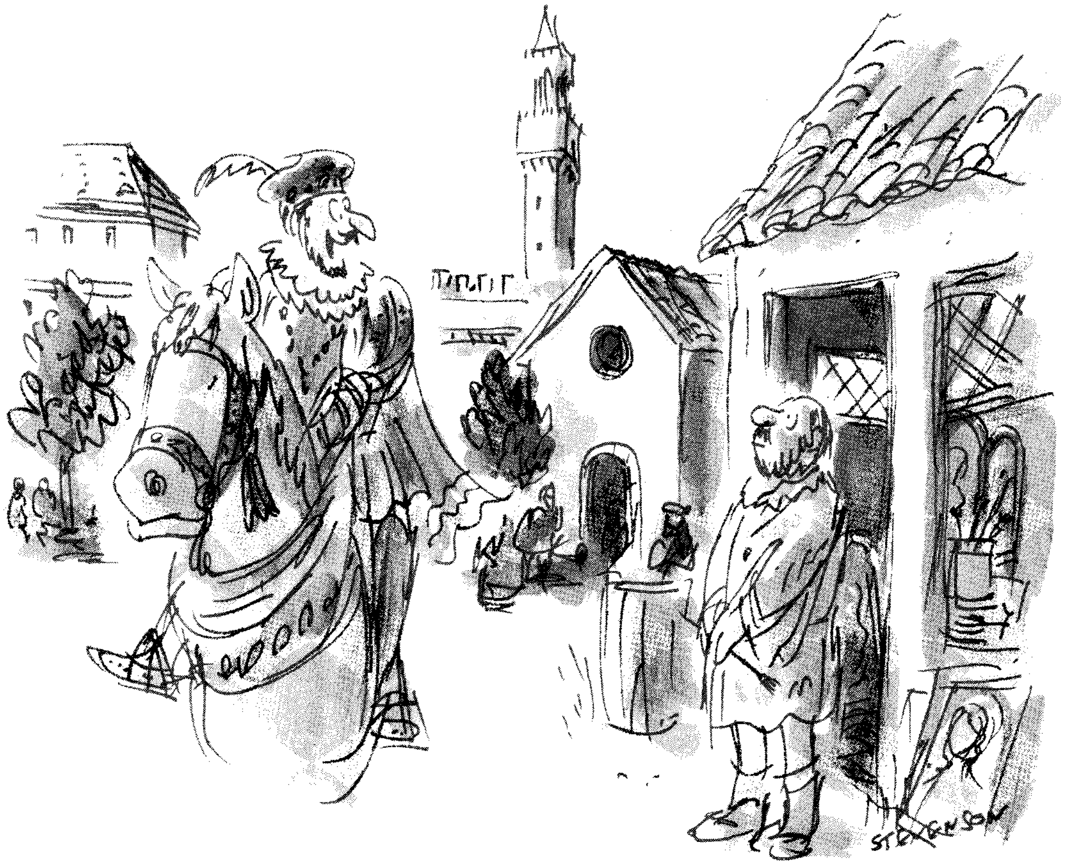
By the nineteen-fifties, the whites who once lived nearby had long ago moved away, and the district, known as Liberty City, had become a middle-class black neighborhood; as for Overtown, it remained a slum but had become something of a cultural mecca, particularly for live jazz. Both areas were, of course, still segregated. The public schools were integrated in 1959. In 1961, the first black students were admitted to the University of Miami. But then, just as black people were slowly and painfully achieving some measure of enfranchisement in the city of Miami, the Cuban refugees began to arrive in large numbers.

There was no possibility that a largely uneducated, slum-raised black population would be able to compete successfully with these well-educated, middle-class immigrants, even though the new arrivals were often penniless and spoke little or no English. Within a year, Cubans were taking over many of the jobs that blacks had traditionally held. Instead of black waiters in the hotels of Miami Beach, there were Cubans; and the Cubans, a nation of shopkeepers if ever there was one, moved into and virtually took over small retail businesses—a sector that blacks were only beginning to enter. And, whatever the Cubans believed, their entrepreneurial skill was not the sole explanation for this change. The Small Business Administration had a lot to do with it. From 1968 to 1979, Hispanics received forty-seven per cent of the federal small-business loans in Miami, while black Miamians got a mere six per cent. Eventually, only the jobs of porters at Miami International Airport and longshoremen in the Port of Miami remained firmly in black hands. As early as April, 1966, Martin Luther King, Jr., came to Miami and recognized the hostility that had arisen between the two groups over jobs. As one Anglo Miamian recalls, "Why should racist whites have gone on hiring blacks when there were all those white Cuban hands available to do the menial work?"

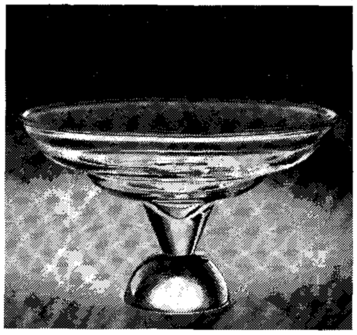
By 1970, the traditionally black service jobs in Miami and Miami Beach had been almost entirely taken over by Hispanics. In such situations, there is rarely any going back. A decade later, when the Cubans had soared away from these menial jobs, it was other immigrants, from Central America or the Caribbean, who replaced them. These immigrants, often illegal aliens, came cheaper than American blacks. (This is why, for example, the only blacks one is likely to see working in Miami hotels are Haitians.) Moreover, it was often Cuban managers who were by now doing the hiring, and they were more comfortable hiring, if not fellow-Cubans, then at least their linguistic compatriots. The blacks were frozen out.

One of the striking things about Miami is that one rarely sees blacks in the jobs that many of them hold in most other American cities. Yet the pattern that is so crudely visible in Miami is in fact fairly general throughout the country. In New York and Washington, for example, black resentment against Korean and Chinese grocers is on the rise. The effect of these newer immigrants has been a dilution of the claims of black people on the conscience of the United States. After all, when the civil-rights movement began, black leaders like Martin Luther King, Jr., could think of the United States in fairly simple terms: the country was ninety per cent white and ten per cent black. King's genius was to realize that his success depended on mobilizing the sluggish conscience of a good part of the white majority. Were he beginning today, the calculus would be far more complicated.

Miami is special, because the Cubans were, in a way, the vanguard of the great Third World immigration. Until the Cubans were allowed in, no people from the so-called Third World had been legally admitted to the United States in large numbers since the Mexicans in the nineteen-thirties—and most of those, infamously, had been deported. As for the Cubans, they saw no reason to assume the burden of America's historical ob-



"I'm bored with triptychs. Paint me a quadriptych."



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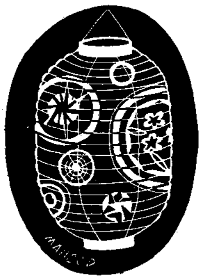
ligation to black people, and remained largely indifferent to the situation in Northwest Miami. They were eventually going back to Havana, they reasoned. Sometimes rich Cuban women were puzzled by the fact that their maids couldn't ride next to them on the public buses. They felt rather liberal compared with Anglo Miamians. Even today, most surveys suggest that Cubans in Miami do not believe there is racism in employment or in housing in their city. Those Cubans who do appear to be genuinely concerned with the situation of black people tend to think of themselves as Hispanic, not Cuban; and such people are easier to find in New York than in Miami. It almost seems that the Cubans in South Florida wonder what all these black people are doing in the second Havana.



That, of course, is the key. Cubans, who are no more racist than any other group of whites in North America, do in fact have an intimate connection with black culture. But it is Cuban black culture—particularly in music, the preëminent Cuban art form both in Havana and in Miami—that they relate to. The Cuban response to the black *marielitos* was intense; the Cuban response to black Americans has been largely to pretend they don't exist. To do otherwise would be to abandon that special idea of Miami as a second Havana.

As for the other recent immigrants—Hispanic, Haitian, Asian—the Cubans are indifferent to them as well. It is all very well for a few radical intellectuals to insist on the solidarity of Third World peoples in the New World. The reality is that the immigrants have come to make good, not to make politics. In Miami, as in other American cities, blacks and the new immigrants live in separate neighborhoods, so that the principal contact is often between immigrant shopkeepers and the youth of the black underclass. Nor are blacks particularly fond of the newcomers. In Miami high schools, black teen-agers call each other "Haitian" when they want to be wounding.

Black Miami is like a volcano. In the ninety years of the city's existence, the volcano has erupted several times, in rage, pain, and murderous, invariably self-mutilating spasms of violence. But the eruptions have changed nothing. After things quiet down, people put away their newly acquired pistols and shotguns and go on with their lives, as if there were nothing to be learned, nothing to be understood or considered in the light of what has happened. In the final reckoning, most white Miamians don't believe there is anything more to be done about the blacks than about the hurricanes that from time to time lash the city.

Blacks rioted in Miami for the first time in August, 1968, during the week that the Republican Party was nominating Richard Nixon for President over in Convention Hall in Miami Beach. Even as the candidate was promising the cheering delegates that "the dark long night for America is about to end," the streets of Miami were on fire. Reporters who covered the Convention recall walking over to North Bay Road, on the western edge of Miami Beach, and looking across Biscayne Bay at the palls of smoke rising over downtown Miami. A police lieutenant said at the time that the firefights were as intense as those in Vietnam. Half the shops in Liberty City were looted; four blacks were killed.

In June, 1970, there was the so-called "rotten meat" riot—the outgrowth of a protest in Brownsville, a subdivision adjacent to Liberty City, against a white-owned store that local residents claimed sold spoiled food. And throughout the nineteen-seventies there ensued a series of riots, near-riots, and—most worrying to white Miami—seemingly spontaneous eruptions of random stone-throwing at whites passing in their cars through the streets of the ghetto. Black Miami trembled in its rage, but it did not explode until May, 1980, when, following the acquittal of a white policeman accused of murdering a black insurance agent, it blew up like a fireball.

This was the first time that the violence engulfed white lives as well as white property. Gangs of teen-agers, egged on by approving adults, stalked the boulevards, stopping cars driven by whites, dragging the people out, and beating and sometimes killing them. Black Miami straddles many of the major roads that lead out of the city, and middle-class commuters who live in the northern suburbs regularly pass through. On May 17th, an innocent choice of route proved fatal for a number of whites. Some were killed, many horribly injured. In their book "The Miami Riot of 1980," Bruce Porter, of Brooklyn College, and Marvin Dunn, of Florida International University, state matter-of-factly that "seven [of those killed] were white; an eighth victim, a light-skinned immigrant from Guyana . . . may well have been taken for a Cuban." Indeed, the riot was without question as much anti-Cuban as it was anti-Anglo.

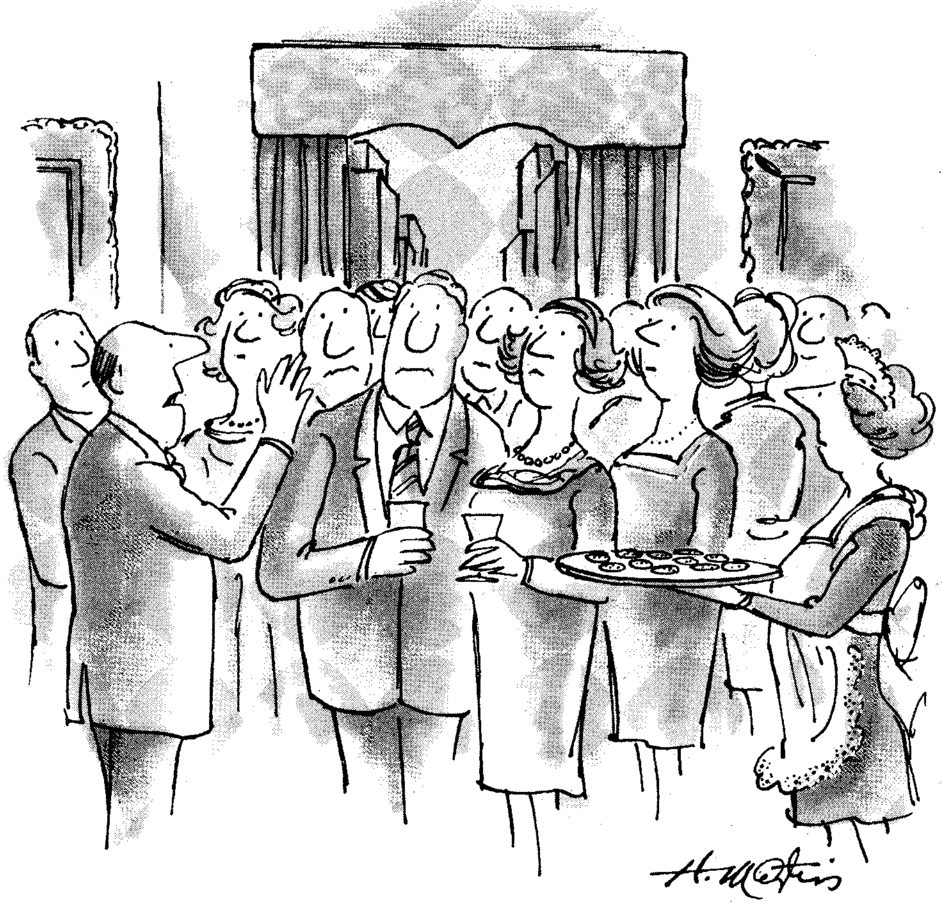
In 1982, there was another riot over a police shooting of a black. This time, the policeman was a Cuban. White Miamians, as if cauterized by the 1980 riot, didn't react so strongly. They bought more guns, installed more burglar-alarm systems and window grilles (at night, many Miami houses are barred and gated like the prisons in Piranesi drawings), talked apocalyptically among themselves and on the English and Spanish radio call-in shows. They fretted that tourism would be affected, but as for the causes of the rioting, they more or less stopped worrying once the fires had been extinguished, the glass swept from the streets by crews of burly Hispanics on the municipal payroll, and the roads again made safe to traverse. When Miami returns to normal, the blacks disappear.

Overtown seems half deserted now. It used to call itself the Harlem of the South, and the boast was then something to be proud of. When the white movie theatres along Flagler Street could claim no distinction greater than that "Carnival in Costa Rica" had its première at one, "Slattery's Hurricane" at a second, and "Wind Across the Everglades" at a third, Overtown could boast the best jazz clubs south of Memphis. One day, an old-time resident of the district took me for a drive through its bulldozed streets. Pointing out one empty lot, he told me, "All the greats used to come here to play. Ellington, Basie—you name 'em, they were here. Now it's just a garbage pit." Later, I asked him where his family lived. "Mobile," he replied, and, seeing my startled expression, or perhaps just carried away by his own tale, he said, "That's right—Mobile, Alabama. Bet you never thought you'd hear a man of color say that. But Mobile's paradise for a black man compared with Miami." And he went on to tell me how the Cubans had taken over his city.

IN this age of ruinous inflation and ever-increasing guerrilla and terrorist presence, it is becoming steadily more perilous for the rich of Latin America to remain in the places they have always assumed were theirs. When large numbers of such people realized this, living in Miami came to appear all but irresistible. Whether it was a Bolivian tycoon living in a welter of bad art and gold-plated bathroom fittings in an estate on Key Biscayne, a Colombian emerald dealer who had said goodbye to the dangers of Medellín (the murderous emerald business on the Colombian frontier makes that country's cocaine trade look positively tame) in favor of what must have seemed the trivial risks of Coconut Grove, or simply a wealthy businessman from Caracas who had managed to exchange his bolivars for dollars at a time when they were still worth something, and had thus managed to hold on to his condominium on Brickell Avenue—for a Latin American of means there was nothing like Dade County.

Most illegal immigrants arrive in Miami with only what they can wear or carry. Among the first things they need to acquire are cheap clothes, and often their choices run to incongruously jolly T-shirts bearing the outlines of cartoon monsters or the logos of expensive sports cars or universities. When the prosperous Latin Americans arrive at Miami International, they are, as their bankers and realtors gladly point out, preceded by the clatter of electronic money transfers and followed by their servants. Their children tend to enroll at those same universities and drive those same hot cars which are being advertised—whether with longing or indifference it is hard to tell—on the chests of Central American busboys in Coconut Grove or on the backs of Haitian cleaning women in Miami Beach.

Miami has witnessed this sort of migration before, of course. Indeed, the transformation that these rich Latin Americans have effected is in many ways less startling—since there was already a Cuban presence—than the arrival during the nineteen-forties and fifties of Northern Jews in a Miami Beach that had theretofore rigidly excluded them. Overnight, or so it must have seemed to people accustomed to the restricted hotels and the "Gentiles only" leasing clauses that



"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention? It's 7 P.M. *The cocktail party is now over. Please see that you pick up your proper wraps, check all tables for personal effects, and leave the building quietly. Thank you and good night."*

had prevailed since the days of Carl Fisher, the resort's developer, Miami Beach became a Jewish city. The Jews, very much like the Cubans across the bay in Miami proper ten years later, did not so much adapt to their new surroundings as overrule, or actually erase, them. Today, Wolfie's delicatessen on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach is all but indistinguishable from its counterparts in Manhattan or in Beverly Hills. "So I went down to Miami," a hundred Jewish stories begin. "So I went to see my folks—they live in Miami Beach now." For American Jews, there is something both vaguely embarrassing and vaguely comic about even the name of the place.

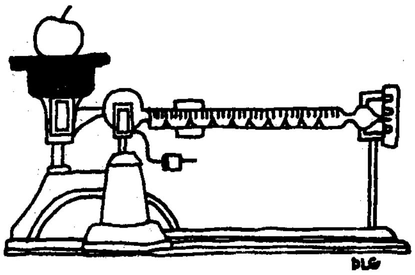
Today, Miami Beach squints uncomfortably across Biscayne Bay at Hispanic Miami. Still, the Jewish influence remains strong in Dade County. When José Saumat, a Cuban-American businessman from Hialeah, chose a name for his chain of appliance stores, he invented the fictional partnership of Kaufman & Roberts. North Miami Beach is still intensely Jewish, but though its residents include Isaac Bashevis Singer, the last great writer of the Yiddish language, the ambience of the place is Jewish only in that secular, Americanized way which seems to consist of little more than a few shared tastes in food, a sprinkling of vivid Yiddish expletives, and a rather desperate, reflexive passion for the State of Israel. And South Miami Beach, once the last Jewish shtetl of czarist Russia, is dying—if it has not already died.

People say that it was Mexican Jews who bought up most of the supremely expensive condominiums in a self-contained development (it even has a moat) called Turnberry Isle, in northeast Dade County. In Miami proper, the bankrupt Venezuelans in the high-tech Arquitectonica buildings along Brickell Avenue seem to be selling out not to Anglos but to rich Central Americans. For other prosperous migrants, there is a condominium in Coconut Grove that boasts units in the style of "London flats, Paris apartments, and New York lofts," and a Grove Isle development in which the builder has camouflaged three fairly unprepossessing apartment blocks with millions of dollars' worth of modern sculpture flung haphazardly across the grounds. One can fidget in the outdoor Jacuzzi there, reminisce about the good old days in Bogotá, and, staring past a Calder, a Noguchi, or a Donald Judd, marvel from a safe distance at beautiful Biscayne Bay and all that lies beyond.

This Miami belongs not so much to Latin America's deposed tyrants and their flunkies as to its hardworking bourgeoisie. When I asked Max Lesnik, the editor of *Réplica*, whether he thought that every Latin American worth more than a million dollars had property in Miami, he replied mirthlessly that although he couldn't prove it, he suspected that every Latin-American businessman worth a tenth of that had some small stake in the city. Most of these people have come for the peace and quiet, but this, too, has its political dimension: it is partly the threat of revolution that has driven them north, after all, and the cumulative effect of their arrival has been to buttress the city's anti-Communist consensus. Claude Pepper, who once honorably lost his Senate seat because he refused to back away from his liberal views on race relations, is now, as the oldest member of Congress in American history, almost exclusively preoccupied with the plight of the elderly. But when he is constrained to pronounce on international politics what he does, as one Miamian put it, is "bob up every fifteen minutes to denounce Fidel Castro and every thirty minutes to denounce Yasir Arafat." As recently as a decade ago, the proportions would have been reversed.

In a house on Palm Island, I met a man who had been in the construction business in Lima but then, after watching several of his friends hand over every cent they had to rescue their children from kidnappers, sold his firm and moved his family to South Florida. He was a happy man. As he showed me out to the veranda, we passed a mirror. He paused in front of it for a moment, contemplating his reflection with an unaffected satisfaction. "I look twenty years younger," he said, smiling.

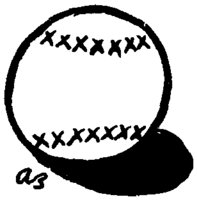
This man took me across a lawn to a little Art Deco gazebo ringed with grapefruit and avocado trees, and there we made small talk while we waited for one of the servants—an impassive Andean peasant—to prepare a pitcher of planter's punch. Knowing my host's concern for his children, I asked his opinion of Miami's schools. He didn't want to talk about schools. "Yes, very nice, very nice," he said, cutting me off. "Do you know what I really like about Miami?" he asked. "Miami is ideal. It's just like Latin America, with one marvellous difference." He paused, staring across at me. Then, closing his hand into a fist, he smashed it down on the tabletop as if to pulverize the very idea of what he was about to mention. "No leftists," he said.



ANOTHER source of new wealth in Miami is, of course, the cocaine trade. The late nineteen-seventies were the glory years of the Cuban cocaine traffickers in Miami. This was the moment when middle-class America fell in love with the drug, and Miami Cubans jumped in to provide them with it. "Drugs," one ex-dealer recalled wistfully, "were almost legal in those days." And another veteran of the drug wars said, "Dealing in cocaine was like making your own money, and everyone was so happy you just can't imagine." Drug money has often funded politics, not only in Latin America but throughout the world (today, for example, the Colombia cocaine barons have formed an alliance of convenience with some of the leftist guerrillas), but the pretense among Cubans that the cocaine traffic was a regrettable exigency of war, needed to pay for the campaign against Castro, was scarcely more convincing than Meyer Lansky's explanation from Miami Beach that whatever he had done (and, of course, he wasn't admitting he'd done anything) was in order to defend Israel. Politics was becoming a flag of convenience to conceal big-time drug dealing.

Cocaine was everywhere. A scientist analyzed thousands of twenty-dollar bills in general circulation in Dade County and found that one note in ten carried traces of cocaine powder. The dealers were not surprised to learn this. Typically, the top note in a wad of money used to pay for a significant amount of cocaine is marked with a number to indicate the total value of that particular stack of bills. One dealer I spoke with recalled with amazement finding that often many of the bills on the insides of these stacks had their own numerical marks, presumably from earlier sales.

Miami was growing fat on the dealers' leavings. Assiduous enforcement of the drug and banking laws would have simply demolished the new international economy of banks and holding companies (not to speak of the attendant real-estate market and booming trade in every luxury item from champagne and flowers to limousines and call girls). According to the journalist Penny Lernoux, a U.S. Customs spokesman said at the time, "If we were a hundred per cent effective, we would so drastically affect the economy that *we* would become the villains." Public-spirited people might worry about the ill effects of the drug trade, but in fact the city would have had trouble getting along without the prosperity that came with it.



In early 1982, with enormous fanfare, Vice-President Bush inaugurated a task force to suppress the importation of drugs into South Florida, and each week thereafter, or so it seemed, there were reports that the largest shipment ever had just been "interdicted." (The language of the War Against Drugs was from the beginning remarkably similar to that used to describe illegal immigration.) The dealers laughed. "I don't worry," one said to me. "It's just part of the cost of doing business." Another remarked, "They import millions of flowers from Colombia every month into Miami International. No way they're going to be able to check every shipment. Besides, it's a long coastline." And so the drugs get through, reportedly cheaper and of better quality each year. (Even the cocaine bought on the spur of the moment—hurriedly but not really furtively—from a hotel-parking-lot attendant or a cigarette girl in a disco is said to be usually excellent.)

Miami is not remarkable, of course, in its consumption of cocaine. The drug can be acquired in Midwestern suburban shopping malls and Colorado high-schools almost as easily as in the purportedly more chic zip codes of the Atlantic and Pacific seacoasts. But the feeling is inescapable in Miami that the city is, in reality as well as on "Miami Vice," the corporate headquarters of the cocaine trade in the United States. There is, moreover, no reason to think that the traffickers will leave Miami (except, of course, temporarily, fleeing from a bench warrant or an enraged Colombian), even if the crackdown continues and the drugs themselves have to be routed through other entry points and the money laundered in Macao or Liechtenstein instead of Coral Gables and Grand Cayman Island. The dealers like Miami; it's home.

One does not have to be a Marxist to acknowledge that when law and profit have collided in American cities profit has nearly always won handily. In a tourist-hungry town like Miami, where the distinction between fame and notoriety has always been sketchy at best, law (as opposed to order) does not rank very high on anyone's list of priorities. And, whatever cocaine has done to people's nerves and morals, it has indisputably been good for a local economy whose tourist business was faltering. Nor is it clear just how upset people were about drugs in Miami—at least until the Mariel boat lift. There was simply too much money going around, and everybody with a business to run, from banker to bartender, would have found it hard not to pay court to the new kings of South Florida, the cocaine dealers.

The idyll stopped after Mariel. Cocaine trafficking, which is a fairly orderly business, requiring comparatively small numbers of people, is quite unlike the marijuana trade, with its gangs and its deserved reputation for cutthroat double-dealing. Until the Colombians began to take over the cocaine business, in the mid-eighties, one almost felt that there was a class barrier between the two businesses. But at the time of the Mariel boat lift anything in Miami that would float was being used by Cuban-Americans to ferry their relatives north to Key West. To survive this shortage of boats, as well as the increased pressure of the Coast Guard in the Strait, marijuana dealers had to start dealing in cocaine, which could be smuggled in by air. All hell broke loose. "They didn't understand the rules," one former cocaine dealer told me. "Cocaine is run on credit, marijuana is up-front cash, and these damn clowns started to shoot people who couldn't pay their bills right away. That's how the business got so screwed up." Today, cocaine dealers talk about marijuana sellers much the way cattle ranchers in the West used to talk about sheepherders.

Mariel, combined with the intrusion into the cocaine trade of non-Cuban Hispanics, also changed things in another way. The criminals whom Castro chucked out along with the refugees were willing to do anything—

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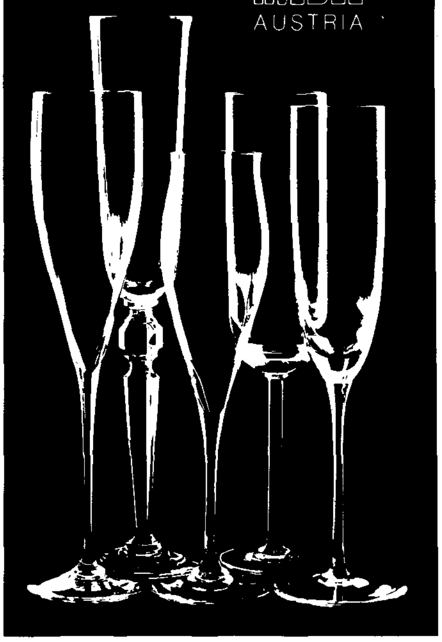

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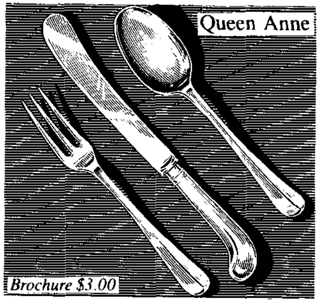

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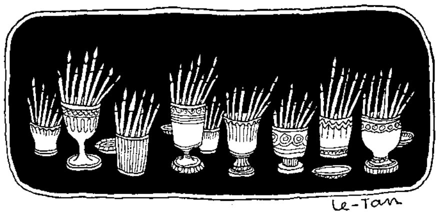
run drugs, steal a car, burn down a house, murder—and to do it for rock-bottom wages. Everything, including life itself, became too cheap. The established dealers, who were mostly rather comfortable, middle-class Cuban-Americans, began using the *marielitos* and soon found that everything was wildly out of control. The dealers lived with their families in Miami and thus had an interest in keeping things orderly. When there were disputes, it was understood that families were off-limits for reprisals. But to the Colombians waiting in the wings such scruples were not compelling. They had left their families and, by extension, their morals back in Bogotá or Medellín. Whereas a Cuban coke dealer wanted to be able to live in Miami, Colombians when they were arrested would blithely post the astronomical bail and catch the next plane home. And, terrifyingly, when they thought they had been double-crossed or cheated they did not just go after the offender but tended to kill his whole family as well.

CRIME has always served as the crooked backstairs of upward mobility for new immigrants in the United States, and in this many Miami Cubans are not very different from their Jewish or Italian counterparts of sixty or seventy years ago. Despite what is commonly said about Miami, what makes the city unique is not its crime, no matter how awful and degraded, but, rather, its politics. And until recently it seemed safe to predict that Cuban Miami would slowly cool off politically. This no longer seems certain. With each trip I made to Miami in the last couple of years, the political temperature seemed to be rising. In Little Havana, it came to be all but impossible to get away from the subject of Nicaragua.

Since the fall of the Somoza regime, Miami has become the political headquarters of the Nicaraguan Contras. This was natural enough, since, as the Sandinista newspaper *Barricada* pointed out in an eight-part series of articles it ran on the city late in 1985, Miami had long been "the rear base of the Latin-American counter-revolution." Where else in the Americas could the Contras have installed themselves as comfortably? The city was in the United States, but it was also familiar. In the spring of 1986, Arturo Cruz, formerly the Sandinista Ambassador to Washington, told a reporter from the Miami *Herald*, "Miami is domestic turf for us. It's a little piece of Nicaragua." All the contending elements within the Contras have their representatives in Miami, and though San José, Costa Rica, remains the official headquarters of UNO (or United Nicaraguan Opposition, the Contra political organization), everyone knows that most of its decisions are made in meetings held in Miami. And the military leaders of the movement, along with many prominent Nicaraguan exiles, have bought property and businesses throughout South Florida.

Today, Dade County is honeycombed with Contra offices, Contra information centers, and Contra recruitment and supply facilities. The matériel procured is usually collected in Miami before being shipped to the Contra bases in Costa Rica and Honduras. Some seventy thousand Nicaraguans live in South Florida, and at any given time their numbers include a few hundred Contra wounded. They lie in Mercy Hospital and Jackson Memorial Hospital, and are treated, more often than not, by Cuban-American doctors who demand little or no fee. The Contras have become the new heroes of Cuban Miami, the front-line fighters against Communism. Implicit, of course, is a recognition that the exiles' struggle against Castro himself has failed, and the task now is to prevent Castro from spreading the revolution to the rest of the hemisphere. Over the radio stations of the Calle Ocho come incessant appeals for blood donations—reminders of the Contras' heroic struggles. In the last three years, Cuban Miami has raised millions of dollars for the cause. And although, as usual, Bay of Pigs veterans have led the campaign, they are preaching to the converted.

Sometimes there is a certain perplexing vicariousness about all this interest in the Contras. Not that Cuban Miami is simply applauding from the sidelines or, for that matter, simply writing checks. For most Cuban-Americans, Nicaragua is nothing less than a rerun of Cuba in 1959—only this time they think they can win. Scratch a Contra operation and somewhere or other you'll uncover a Cuban-American. On a governmental level, it seems clear that the C.I.A. has reactivated (if they were ever shut down) the Cuban-American exile networks it mobilized for the Bay of Pigs invasion and then, throughout the sixties and the early seventies, for the secret war it carried on against the Castro regime. The list of Cuban-American operatives who have now been firmly identified by the press reads like a *Who's Who* of the veterans of Brigade 2506. One of them, Felix Rodríguez, was, as "Max Gómez," running the resupply operations to the Contras from the Ilopango airbase in El Salvador. Such men like to think of themselves as professional anti-Communists; were they on the left, most people would call them professional terrorists.



But Cuban Miami is remarkably soft on terrorism—at least, the home-grown variety. People tell you that violent acts are regrettable but understandable expressions of frustration (a view they would presumably not subscribe to if the terrorism were to emanate from, say, the Shiites of Beirut). And they like to point to such spontaneous, relatively benign acts as the one in February, 1981, when a certain Aquilino Carrodeguas, a catering-truck driver at Miami International, decided that rather than deliver his load of dinners to a waiting British Airways jet he would perform the nobler service of ramming a Havana-bound Cubana de Aviación plane just down the tarmac. "Long live a free Cuba!" he shouted as he smashed his truck into the nose of the Castroite airliner. Carrodeguas received a sentence of five hundred hours of community service and the gratitude of all of Cuban Miami. But most blows against the Castro regime have scarcely been so modest. In 1975, for example, Rolando Otero, a Bay of Pigs veteran and accused marijuana dealer, set off a bomb at Miami International Airport which caused considerable damage, though it injured no one. Later, in Costa Rica, he tried to assassinate a nephew of the murdered Chilean President Salvador Allende. When Otero was interviewed in an American prison, he insisted that he regretted nothing. "Political prisoners first are defined by their motivation, not their crime," he said. Otero is not an anomaly. In 1976, Orlando Bosch, a Miami pediatrician, and Ricardo (Monkey) Morales, a cocaine dealer and gunrunner, allegedly organized the blowing up of the weekly Cubana flight from

Caracas to Havana. All seventy-three people aboard died, including the Cuban National Fencing team. In 1983, when Bosch, who had been arrested by the Venezuelan police and had been awaiting trial for several years, went on a hunger strike, the Miami City Commission proclaimed March 25th Orlando Bosch Day.

Even moderate figures in Cuban Miami often defend the right-wing terrorists. In 1983, Eduardo Arocena, the leader of Omega 7, was arrested in connection with a plot to murder the Cuban Ambassador to the United Nations, and afterward Xavier Suarez, who is now the mayor of Miami, remarked that he preferred to think of Arocena as a freedom fighter, not a terrorist. To be sure, the number of actual Cuban-American terrorists is small. But then the number of actual terrorists in any movement is always a tiny fraction. What is important is that a huge number of Miamians seem willing to identify themselves as supporters of terrorism directed against Communists. A poll taken by the Miami *Herald* in 1983 showed that twenty-two per cent of Dade County Cubans believed that anti-Castro groups were justified in using violence inside the borders of the United States. Presumably (the question was not asked), still more would have approved of terrorist acts committed outside the country.

There are said to be a few dozen Cuban-Americans fighting with the Contras. They are unlikely to make a great deal of difference. What has made a difference is the support of the Contras by the Cuban-American community as a whole. Cuban-American doctors regularly travel down to the Contra bases along the Honduran-Nicaraguan border to perform surgery on Contra wounded. Recently, one medical group was accompanied by a famous Cuban comedian, Guillermo Álvarez Guedes, who did his bit by entertaining the troops. It is no accident that when it was discovered that the United States had been funding arms shipments to the Contras with money from its arms sales to Iran, Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, chose Miami as his base from which to defend the policy. To wild cheers from a largely Cuban-American crowd, Buchanan excoriated the press. The crowd shouted back "Traitors!" and held up signs that read "Nicaragua Is the Issue, Not Iran."

In reality, the issue was not Nicaragua but Cuba. Dr. Manuel Alzugaray, a Miami orthopedic surgeon who has been largely responsible for organizing Cuban-American medical aid to the Contras and has himself made at least twenty-nine trips to the Honduran border, told a New York *Times* reporter, "If you do something against Nicaragua, it is going to be bad for Castro, because he is helping them. Castro is the cancer. You have to hit him." Dr. Philip Rodriguez, a plastic surgeon who has treated many wounded Contras at his own expense, no doubt summed up the feelings of many Cuban-Americans when he explained his actions by saying, "I wasn't able to do anything to change things in Cuba."

In a sense, what Rodriguez and many like him mean is that by involving themselves in Nicaragua they are refusing to abandon the idea of the Cuba they left, though in all likelihood, they will never return. Curiously, it was a *marielito* I met late one night in a coffee shop on Coral Way in Little Havana, who put the whole situation in perspective. I had spent the evening with a group of Cuban-Americans in a long argument about the Contras. It had been one of those conversations in which everyone is speaking from an absolutely fixed position and what takes place is less a discussion than a series of predictable recitals. The *marielito* asked me what I thought of Brian de Palma's film "Scarface"—a remake, set in Miami, of the 1932 Howard Hawks movie, starring Paul Muni. Relieved to be talking about something non-political, I quoted to him Guillermo Cabrera Infante's line that "those who forget the movies of the past are condemned to see remakes," but then I realized that he wouldn't know the original. I described it to him, and the idea of there having been an earlier version seemed to amuse him intensely. "It's about Italians and liquor?" he kept saying. A little later, I asked him what he thought of Cuban-Americans. After a moment, he said, "Those who came before us still think that they will find a way to go back. To do it, they would have to travel through time, not just get in a boat. There is no pre-Castro Cuba anymore. Cuba is his, just as Fidel says." Then, grinning at me under the harsh neon lights of the coffee shop, he remarked, "But perhaps Miami is ours, don't you think?"

—David Rieff

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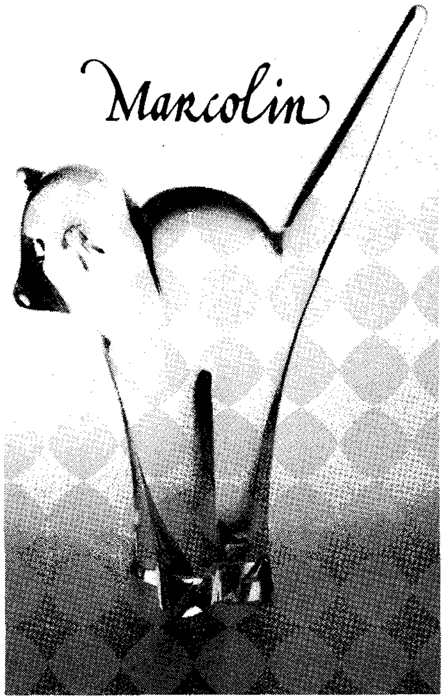

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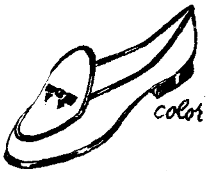

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

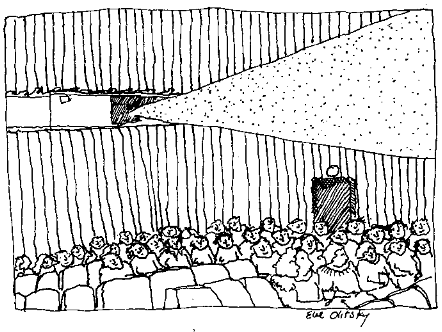
Nannies and Noncoms

AS the brothelkeeper Christine Painter in "Personal Services," Julie Walters is indulgent, like a bawdy nanny. She treats her customers like dirty little boys, and they love it, because that's what they feel themselves to be. Christine herself thinks that sex is dirty but it's like changing diapers—it has to be done. And she has a rude sunniness. She seems to free-associate to herself while talking to other people; she doesn't censor what she says—her unconscious associations just pop out. She keeps you laughing even when you can't quite hear what she's saying or tell what she's implying. It's her gleeful practical-mindedness that does it. When she thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality.

Watching the movie is like being at a slapstick, slightly naughty party, and, sure enough, the picture has been banned in Ireland. The madam, Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group. His first solo job of directing, Monty Python's "Life of Brian," was condemned as blasphemous by Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant spokesmen—a clean sweep. Based on a script by David Leland (who co-wrote last year's "Mona Lisa"), this new Jones film is a cheerful piece of surreal vaudeville about British kinks. Alec McCowen plays one of Christine's regular customers—ex-Wing Commander Morton, a ruddy-faced veteran of the Second World War who claims that he flew two hundred and seven missions over enemy territory in "bra and panties." Wing Commander Morton is so enthusiastic about the homey services that Christine provides—orgies are followed by tea and poached eggs on toast to replenish the old gents' strength—that he backs her financially. And he's like the brothel's m.c.

In the Python films, the shagginess could become exhausting, but this movie has Christine's story to link the skits, and it has Julie Walters' manic, inspired vulgarity. At times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. Like him, she's incredibly quick; you know that her Christine never once stopped to think—not in her whole life. She's a human carnival: you're seeing everything right bang at the instant it's happening. The whole film seems energized by Julie Walters, though she actually gets a lot of help. Shirley Stelfox is the cool dominatrix who does teamwork with Christine; they're at their funniest dressed as schoolgirls and sitting on both sides of a prim, guilt-ridden barrister who's also dressed as a schoolgirl—it's his fantasy that they're all three lesbians. Danny Schiller's Dolly, the elderly, gray-haired maid at the brothel, is perhaps the most paranormal of the characters. (It will be remembered that in "Life of Brian" Jones himself played Brian's mother, Mandy. Dolly looks rather like Ed Wynn.)

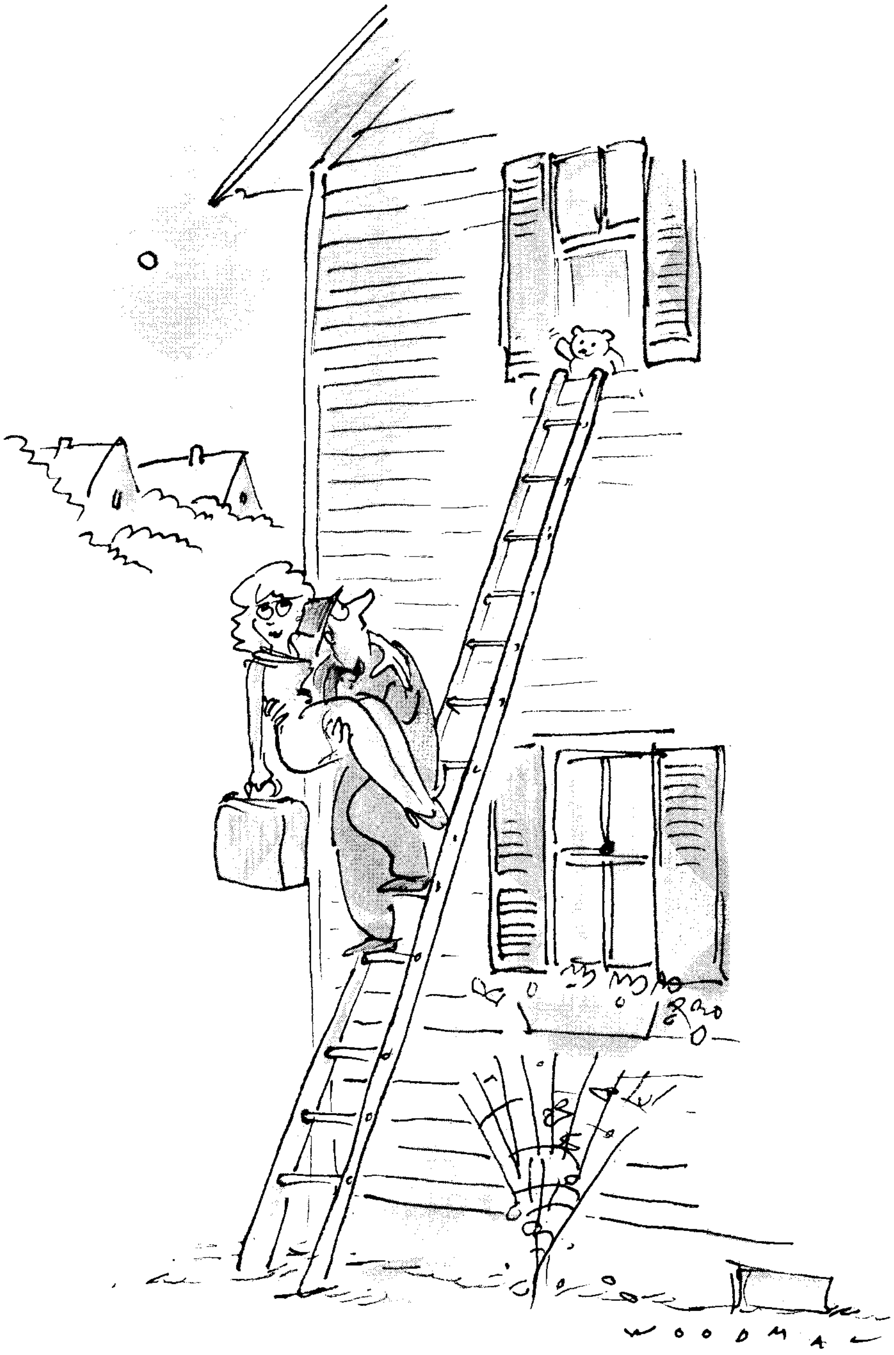
Leland and Jones take too much for granted: it isn't clear at first that Christine, who begins as a waitress, is trying to earn extra money by subletting rooms to prostitutes, or that when they don't pay up she has trouble meeting the rent of the flats she's trying to profiteer on. And later the film goes too soft when the moviemakers attempt to use Christine's story to represent a full range of English follies by showing us her posh romantic dreams and the hurt she feels at how she's treated by her father and her sister. But when the action sticks close to the brothel and its customers' requests, the film has a screwball fizziness and a sympathy for Christine's elderly clients—bank managers, magistrates, and other eminences. Christine services such a distinguished clientele that during the Christmastime raid that closes her down the police have to be careful to sort out the diplomats and let them go home. The other patrons are detained for only a short time, yet when they emerge from the police station they've been shocked sober and they look desolate. Their revels now are ended.



"GARDENS OF STONE," the title of Francis Coppola's new film, refers to Arlington National Cemetery and, by extension, to all our soldiers lost in Vietnam. This isn't a combat film, though—it's a home-front film, set in 1968 and 1969, in the Washington area. Most of the characters are stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia, where they serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit; they're precision-drill soldiers—show soldiers, used as Presidential escorts and to impress foreign dignitaries, used for outdoor concerts, for maneuvers at the White House and the Pentagon, at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and, during the Vietnam War, for as many as fifteen burials of young men a day. The film is about this unit and its rituals, and the messy feelings of the show soldiers themselves and all the rest of us. "Gardens of Stone" is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable.

As Sergeant Clell Hazard, James Caan, returning to the screen after an absence of several years, looks older and, with an Army haircut that extends halfway up the back of his head, tougher and beefier. Caan's sergeant has spent eighteen years in the Army, and he loves it—he loves it the way Prewitt in "From Here to Eternity" did—and even though he doesn't believe the war can be won, he's hostile to the war protesters and he wants to get back into combat. Blocked from that, he becomes obsessed with trying to give the trainees a simulation of jungle warfare, so that they'll stand a better chance of surviving if they're sent to Vietnam. The story centers on his efforts to wise up a young trainee, Jackie Willow (D. B. Sweeney), who's the son of an old buddy of his in Korea. The kid thinks a good soldier could make a difference in Vietnam, and is eager to see action. He has kept his boyhood dreams of being a military hero—he feels that his manhood depends on it.

Caan has never given a sturdier performance, or a more demanding one—at times, he's as brusquely hypermasculine as James Whitmore—and yet it adds up to a flabby literary conception: a good soldier in a bad time. Coppola and Caan worked well together in "The Rain People" and the "Godfather" movies, but in those pictures Caan didn't have to negotiate the obstacle course that he's up against here. The screenplay, by Ronald ("Black Widow") Bass, was adapted from the novel by Nicholas Proffitt, a self-described Army brat, who served in the Old Guard for three years before becoming a *Newsweek* correspondent in Vietnam. Since there was also considerable improvisation on the set, it's difficult to assign credit or blame, but it's clear that Coppola doesn't have the daring sureness of taste that he had in his "Godfather" days. He used to know the difference between rich material and junkiness, but something in him has got blunted—he goes right from robust comic scenes to vague searching and groping among platitudes. When Caan's Sergeant Hazard and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the Army bureaucracy and the Vietnam War (Hazard had four years of action), the picture is a virtuosic service comedy. And when the sergeant is giving a dinner party to impress the woman he has just met, a Washington *Post* reporter, played by Anjelica Huston, and the sergeant major is there with his steady woman friend, an aide to Senator Ervin, played by Lonette McKee, the conversational crosscurrents are explosively funny. The Washington *Post* war protester doesn't expect anything like the anti-war attitudes she hears from the veteran noncommissioned officers, or the right-wing views she hears from the radiant, sexy congressional aide.



Maybe it's inevitable for elements from old movies to crowd into a story like this one. The novelist, Proffitt, may have felt he was drawing upon his own experience of noncoms as father figures, but he was also drawing upon generations of lovable toughs. The movie's two jug-eared, bullnecked heroes are descendants of Louis Wolheim in "All Quiet on the Western Front," of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen and all the other actors who have played the brawling Flagg and Quirt in various versions of "What Price Glory?," of Burt Lancaster in "From Here to Eternity," and of dozens of more recent battlers. There's juice in the rousing characters Caan and Jones play; it gets diluted when they turn into idealized father figures, but when they can stick to comedy they're great together, overacting joyously.

Some of the best comic gimmickry in "Gardens" doesn't come from "life;" it comes from the movies. But some of the worst stuff—the serious stuff—also derives from the movies. There ought to be a way to give it a spin, to shade it as irony rather than try to pass it off as archetypal. That's how Coppola fouls himself up. He has lots of feeling, but he's short on resources, on cunning. And your respect for Coppola is shaken when you hear Caan saying that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do and hear Anjelica Huston reply that a woman's got to do what a woman's got to do. Coppola may think that a scene in which a man and a woman define themselves has an aura—that it also defines our movie heritage. But what we feel is the sudden pulpiness of the two characters and the dispersal of the film's energies.

Coppola has been a first-rate scriptwriter, and so it's puzzling that he

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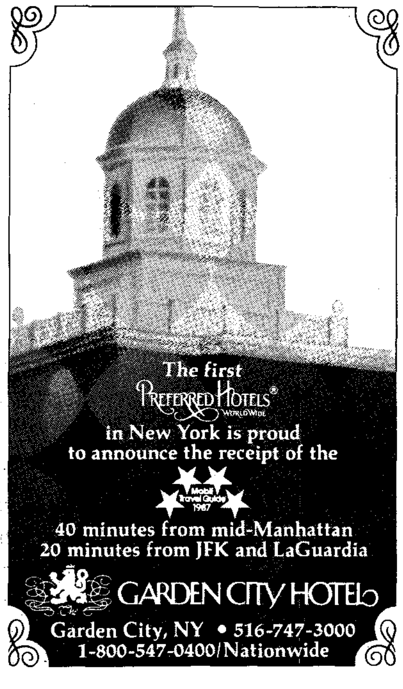

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settles for scripts that are sketchy, rudimentary. This one isn't as fogged over as "Peggy Sue Got Married," but after getting us involved in the story of the two noncoms and their stunning, tall women it shifts to Sweeney's Jackie Willow and his petite Rachel (Mary Stuart Masterson), who recognizes how gullible he is about the war. Coppola used to be confident that the audience would accept some complexity; now he throws us starry-eyed young lovers. He gets a smart, alert performance out of Sweeney, and Masterson, who has the jawline of a skinny angel, would be fine if the editor hadn't left in too many frames that show her quivering and shaking in grief. But these characters come from thin, slick movies. So does the central father-son relationship of the sergeant and Willow, which seems naïve and straggly; it doesn't draw us in, and most of it is consigned to the narration.

You'd think that after "Apocalypse Now" Coppola would avoid voice-overs. But Willow is on the soundtrack here, and if his letters from Vietnam (to the sergeant) are not as flossy as the letters in "Platoon" they're still a feeble device—they point up the weaknesses in the movie's construction. "Gardens of Stone" was underdeveloped in its thinking stages; it's too generalized and emblematic. So all the skill that has gone into the acting, the directing, and the cinematography (by Jordan Cronenweth) adds to the impression of incoherence that it gives. And there are embarrassments such as an embassy reception at which Bill Graham, playing an anti-war activist, goads the sergeant into breaking his jaw. (You almost wish it had been broken before Graham gave this performance.)

Coppola seems to have lost the ability to differentiate between what plays and what doesn't, yet the picture has some of the best-detailed work he's done in years. He has the show-biz zest to make that first dinner-party scene whoppingly entertaining. The picture establishes his talent for comedy: somehow he gets by with the tough-on-the-outside, caring-on-the-inside sergeants, probably because they're conscious of being tough-on-the-outside, caring-on-the-inside. The two sergeants are tired of the purely ceremonial aspect of their unit, tired of the empty masculine rituals. Caan and Jones embody the film's unarticulated theme: what it costs to keep up an appearance of strength. They bring an unforced depth to service comedy. James Earl Jones is the more engaging of the pair. When he laughs infectiously, you can't fight him off—he's a male Ethel Waters. He's playing a happy man, and his strange gray eyes have a dancing wit. He seems at ease; his Darth Vader tones are under wraps—he uses a smaller rumble, which has its own comic range. Coppola keeps you attentive to the actors. You register the way the sergeants' stiff collars push up their flesh, making them look thick all over, and you register that McKee and Huston wear their period clothes like thoroughbred clotheshorses. The women don't get enough to do, but they're certainly physically imposing. I kept wanting to see lanky Lonette stand next to the towering Huston. Coppola doesn't grant us that diversion, but we do get to see Huston in a series of sleeveless, tight late-sixties minidresses, and—*oooee*—she's a harlot, she's a princess.

Dean Stockwell's nervy, doodling performance as the captain who knows how to use the skills of the sergeant and the sergeant major for the benefit of the Old Guard has a snap to it. With a big cigar for a prop and a gleam of infernal humor in his eyes, Stockwell is pure acting magic—i.e., imagination plus technique. A star at M-G-M when he was nine, he grew up to play the D. H. Lawrence character in "Sons and Lovers" (1960) and the Eugene O'Neill character in "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962); that means he went from being Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard's son to being Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson's son. He survived that lineage and "Blue Velvet," too. It took resilience like the captain's.

Coppola (who may have thought of the Caan character as a movie director) is also becoming resilient. He has gone from great director to vacuous stylist to good-and-bad director. He seems to be fighting his way back—if not to greatness, at least to substantial, workmanlike moviemaking. In "Gardens of Stone" he's about halfway there.

—PAULINE KAEL

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MYRTLE POINT—In celebration of Bach's birthday, the Myrtle Point Centennial Committee is sponsoring a concert featuring Irish music by the Blarney Pilgrims to be held at 7:30 p.m., Saturday, March 21, in the Myrtle Point High School Cafeteria.—*Coos Bay (Ore.) World.*

Sláinte, Johann!

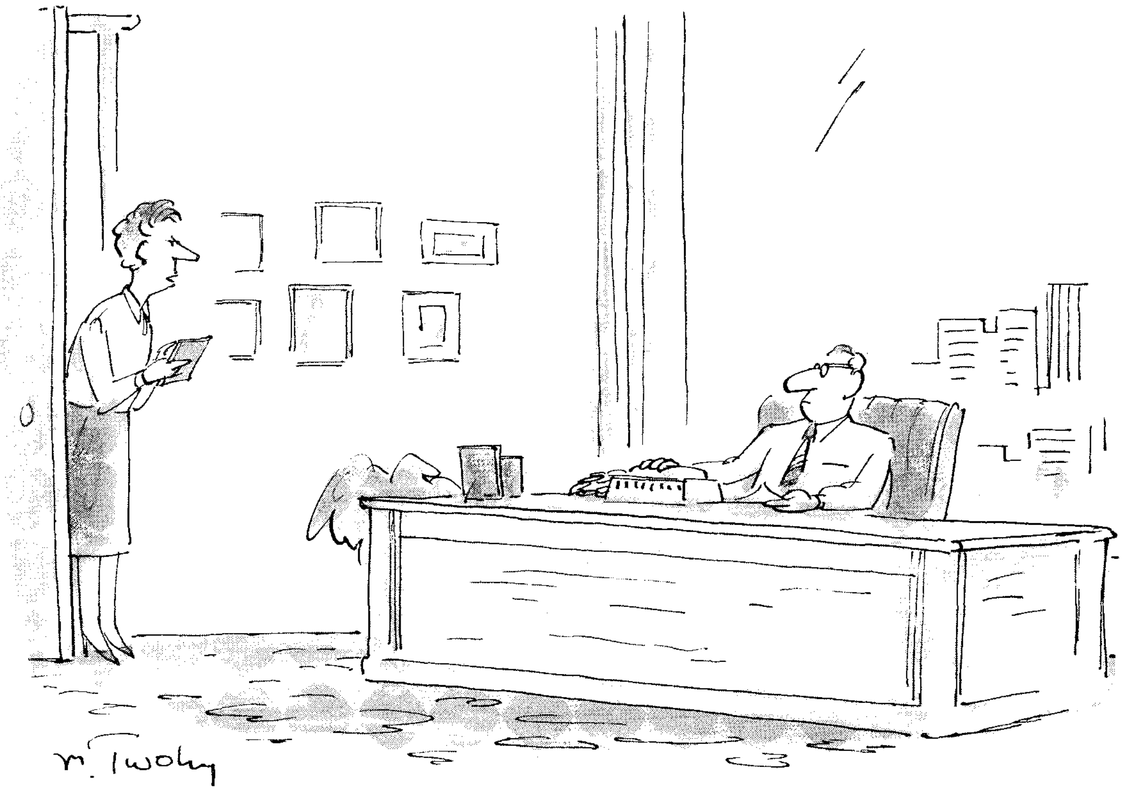
THE THEATRE

Homework

Austin Pendleton, scruffy, middle-aged, wispy-haired Frank, the professor in "Educating Rita," has come a long way from trim, wide-eyed young Jonathan of "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, etc.," twenty-five years ago. All the more welcome! Willy Russell's play, a production of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company now at the Westside Arts, is set in the professor's messy, bookish study in a university in the North of England. Rita, in the person of Laurie Metcalf, is a local hairdresser of twenty-six—tough, brazen, broad of speech and sharp of mind—who, having decided that she must change her circumstances and her life and start learning, comes to him for lessons. They are the only characters aboard. The action is a matter of brief scenes as we track her progress. Frank, a failed poet and disillusioned drunk, takes a quite romantic view of himself and of Eng. Lit. in general. At first, he is taken aback, not to say shocked, at her bald replies to his questions and her responses to the books he assigns her (her remarks are often very funny), but soon he comes to relish them. As time passes, he takes more and more delight in her—in her brain, that is—and as she changes before our eyes in dress and deportment, so does he. He pulls himself together; there are fewer nips at the bottle of Scotch that is always within reach, and less self-pity and cynicism about his career. When we leave them, he is about to embark for Australia and she, taking several steps back—she has long ago given up her job in the beauty shop—is about to give him a super haircut. There is no question of physical attraction between them, but he does ask her if she'd like to come along.

As presented, "Educating Rita" is very much the professor's play, although Miss Metcalf is believable as Rita, and amusing and attractive. The lines are witty and telling. Sad to say, I missed the movie and can't compare the work of these actors with that of Michael Caine and Julie Walters. According to Pauline Kael's review for this magazine, Michael Caine gave a stunning performance; I found Mr. Pendleton totally convincing, and my attention never wavered. Miss Kael also compared Julie Walters' performance with that of Judy Holliday as Billie in "Born Yesterday;" although I enjoyed Miss Metcalf, that comparison never entered my mind. My single quibble is that the play goes on too long; when it was over, I couldn't believe that I'd spent only two and a quarter hours in the theatre. The scenery and lighting, exactly right, were by Kevin Rigdon; the costumes—Miss Metcalf's clothes were appropriately funny and garish—were designed by Erin Quigley. Jeff Perry, the co-artistic director of Steppenwolf, was the capable director.

The Second Stage is presenting a brisk and successful revival of Jules Feiffer's "Little Murders," under John Tillinger's direction. The play, as you may or may not remember, was a flop on Broadway twenty years ago and became a hit Off Broadway a couple of years later. It is a satire on the behavior of a middle-class family under the siege of day-in-day-out menace in this city, and of the way they handle that menace and adapt to it until they are faced with a real act of violence. From time to time, the power in their apartment fails, but someone lights candles and flashlights and the conversation continues; the telephone rings quite a lot and there is heavy breathing at the other end of the wire; there are sirens and shouts and shots on the street. Although the play is meant to be about the threat of violence, and violence itself, I felt, as I did the first time I saw it, that the black jokes soon wear thin. Again, too, I have a lot of reservations about Mr. Feiffer's social satire, which seems complacent and shallow. But I have no reservations whatever about his sharp ear for foolishness and fatuity, or about his wild spurts of comedy, all perfectly realized at the Second Stage. The casting is in every instance impeccable, and in two instances it is inspired. Graham Beckel is the bridegroom of the daughter of the family; a photographer, he is large and strong and, to start with, so apathetic, so incapable of feeling even indignation, that, he tells us, he hums while being mugged. Then an act of violence—one



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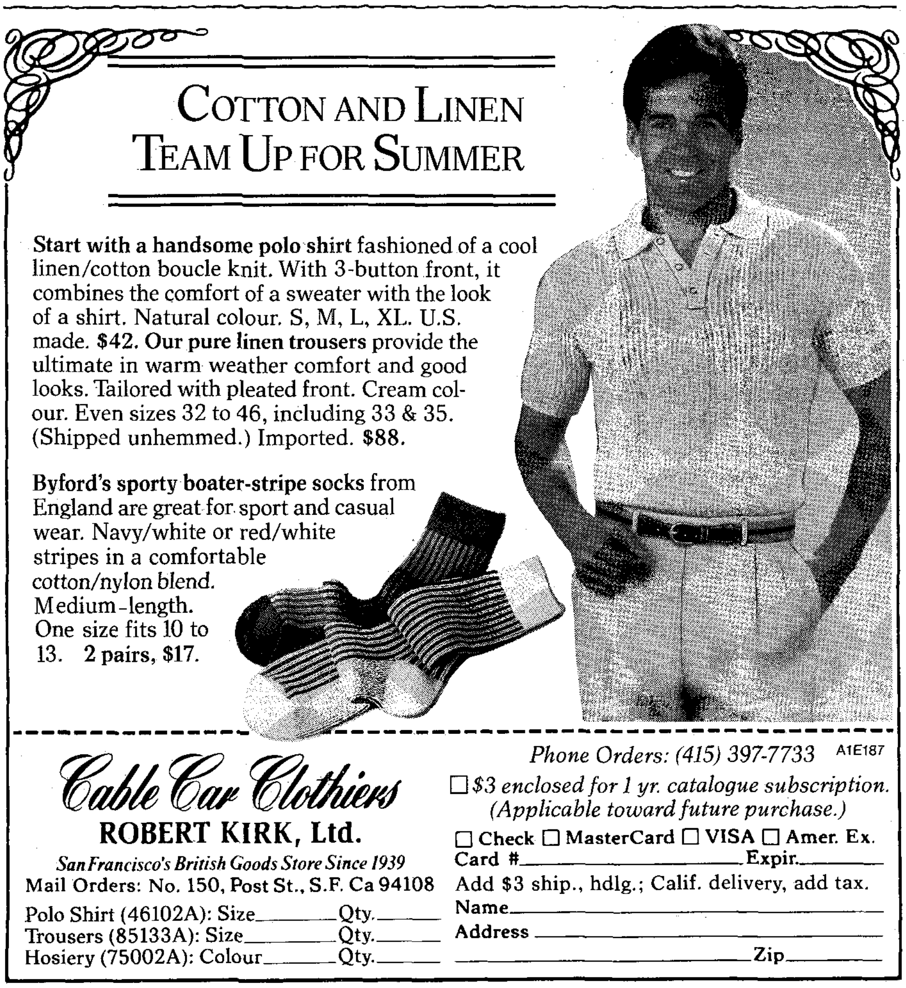
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of the little murders—changes everything, and he becomes a killer and an instructor of killing. Mr. Beckel brings to life a character I barely noticed the first time around. Mike Nussbaum plays three comic parts, delivering three comic monologues: the first a Jewish judge obsessed by his humble origins on the lower East Side, the second a hippie minister who has come to perform a marriage ceremony, and the last a discouraged policeman trying to solve three hundred and forty-five murders, one of them very close to home, with no results. The other actors, all of them admirable, are Christine Lahti, MacIntyre Dixon, Frances Sternhagen, and Fisher Stevens. The good setting was designed by Andrew Jackness and lighted by Natasha Katz; the good costumes were by Candice Donnelly.

John Pielmeier's "Sleight of Hand," which recently closed at the Cort, was about a drunk, sadistic magician who at the beginning of the play tries to perform a dangerous trick and misses, whether by accident or not I cannot tell you. Blood pours down the side of a large, closed wooden box. Some time after that, a man posing as a policeman comes in to find out what ever became of Alice. What follows could, I suppose, be considered a battle of wits, with the magician performing one trick after another to foil his pursuer. He was played by the attractive Harry Groener, who turned out to be very adept; the pursuer was Jeffrey DeMunn, who deserved a better role, though he did win in the end. All the pleasure in the evening was in watching the tricks—quite a lot of pleasure, come to think of it. The play didn't so much end as stop. We never did find out what became of Alice. Priscilla Shanks played a dancer whom both men were after, and Walton Jones directed. The spooky settings were by Loren Sherman and were lighted by Richard Nelson. —Edith Oliver

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THE MEDICAL LIFE

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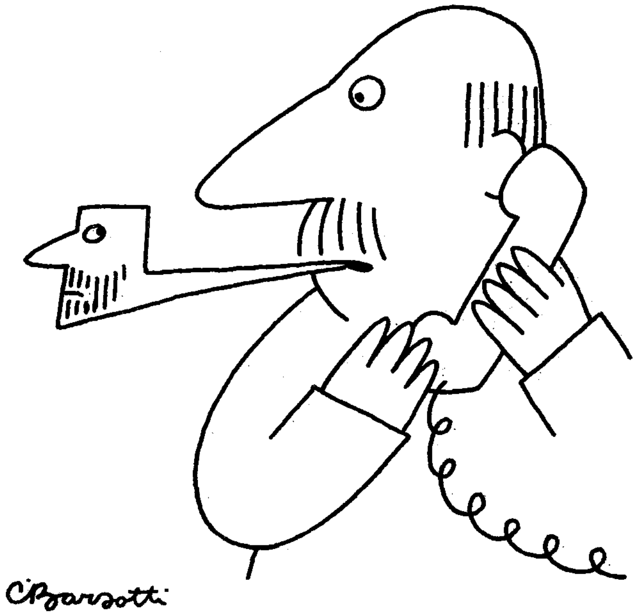
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE HAIG AND SOME RECENT MASTERS

WHEN the Masters tournament was initiated, in the early spring of 1934, it was called simply the Augusta National Invitation tournament. Robert T. (Bobby) Jones, Jr., who had founded the Augusta National Golf Club shortly after he had retired from competitive golf, following his 1930 Grand Slam of the four major championships open to an amateur golfer—the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur, to list them in the order in which they were played that year—thought that it would be pleasant if his old golfing friends, both professional and amateur, were to gather at the Augusta National Golf Club in late March for an informal tournament over the eighteen holes of the course he and Alister MacKenzie, the well-known British golf-course architect, had recently designed. Invitations were sent to golfers who had won the British Open or Amateur, the U.S. Open or Amateur, and the United States Professional Golfers' Association Championship. Invitations were also sent to the members of our Walker Cup and Ryder Cup teams, for Jones had a high regard for those biennial team matches involving the best amateurs and the best professionals on both sides of the Atlantic. To make certain that the atmosphere would be relaxed and the players would have plenty of time to renew old acquaintance, Jones instituted a new format for the four-round tournament: only one round would be played on each of four days instead of two rounds on the third day, as was then the custom. Jones had always been so genuinely liked and respected by everyone in golf, pro or amateur, that just about everyone who was eligible to play turned up—except Gene Sarazen, who had previously committed himself to an overseas golf tour with Joe Kirkwood, the Australian trick-shot golfer.

Walter Hagen was decidedly present at that first Masters. He thought highly of the beautiful and testing course, he was charmed by the Southern Colonial manor house that served as the Augusta National's clubhouse, and he enjoyed the leisurely evenings at the Bon Air Vanderbilt Hotel, close by the club, where the players stayed. Hagen let his fellow-professionals know how much the bonhomie of the occasion impressed him, and, in a way, this was important. Ever since 1914, when Hagen won our Open championship for the first time, he had been looked upon as the leader of the American-born professionals—the "homebreds," they were called, to set them apart from the Scottish and English professionals who had flocked to this country when golf took hold here, near the end of the nineteenth century. Jones was naturally gratified by how well his tournament was received, and if he had not already thought of making it an annual event he did so then. From the start, some members of the press had been calling the tournament the Masters, because of its distinguished field, but Jones wanted to ward off any sense of pretentiousness, and the Augusta National Golf Club did not formally adopt the Masters as the name of its invitation tournament until 1938, by which time everyone else in golf was referring to it by that name. In the first tournament, by the way, Jones and Hagen, along with Denny Shute, tied for thirteenth, with totals of 294—six strokes over par and ten strokes behind the winner, Horton Smith.

At the time the tournament was inaugurated, Hagen was past his peak as a golfer. He was forty-one years old then, and only once again did he come close to winning a major championship. That was in 1935, when the U.S. Open was held at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh. The Haig, as he had come to be known, mounted a terrific rush midway through the double round of thirty-six holes on Saturday, the last day, but he couldn't sustain it, and finished third with a total of 302—three strokes behind the winner, Sam Parks. In 1937, Hagen served as the non-playing captain of our Ryder Cup team—the first time since the inception, in 1927, of these matches against Great Britain and Ireland that he had not been the team's playing captain. Although he appeared in a few exhibition matches during the Second World War to raise money for War Bonds, his long career as a player was over. He lived out the rest of his life in relative privacy, making the Detroit Athletic Club his headquarters, except in summer, when he moved to his lodge on Lake Mitchell, near Cadillac, Michigan, two hundred miles northwest of Detroit. He died in 1969, when he was seventy-six. The last time many of us saw him was when he attended the 1962 P.G.A. Championship, at the Aronimink Golf Club, near Philadelphia. I remember his answer when someone asked him if he thought the course was of championship quality. "It was designed by Donald Ross, and that says a lot for it," Hagen replied genially. "I have an idea that if Donald had known how far fellows like Palmer and Nicklaus would be hitting the ball today he'd have made quite a few of the holes a bit longer."



"It's for you."

THE extended autumn of Hagen's life was so calm and quiet that a good many of the newcomers to the game did not realize just how prominent a figure he had been. He was the first great American professional golfer. He was regarded with adoration and awe in Great Britain, because he won four British Opens in a span of eight years. (He called the Prince

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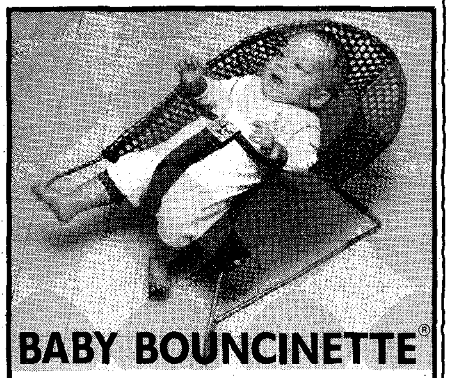

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of Wales, one of his most enthusiastic admirers, Eddie.) He won our P.G.A. Championship, which in those days was held at match play—that form of golf in which two players vie to see who can win each hole, with the man who wins the most holes winning the match and advancing to the next round—four successive years and five years in all. A lustrous, worldly, handsome man to whom a theatrical manner came naturally, Hagen won a total of eleven major championships. Only one of his contemporaries had a better record—Jones, who won thirteen.

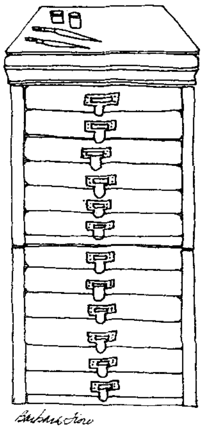
Hagen was historically important. More than any other individual, he opened the way for young men who wanted to make their living not as golf professionals but as professional golfers. In the early years of this century, as is still the case today, the man in charge of the golf shop at a private club was the golf professional. Before steel shafts began to replace hickory shafts, in the late nineteen-twenties, quite a number of the golf professionals were clubmakers, and their products were on sale in the pro shop, along with sets of factory-made clubs, golf balls, and golf bags. All golf professionals and their assistants knew how to repair clubs. Golf professionals also gave lessons to club members, at two dollars or so an hour, and, if they were talented players, took time off occasionally to enter regional tournaments and pick up added prestige and a little change. Hagen, who started out as a golf professional, was the first really successful American professional golfer. In 1919, as the professional at the posh Oakland Hills Golf Club, on the rim of Detroit, he had one of the best jobs in golf, but he fared so well in the tournaments he entered that year that he decided to give up his club job and devote the major part of his time to playing for tournament prize money here and abroad. He filled out his schedule by playing exhibition matches, for which he was in great demand. (The admission fee at an exhibition was a dollar or two, and by modern standards the tournament prize money was next to nothing. For example, when Hagen won his second U.S. Open, in 1919, he received the grand sum of five hundred dollars.)

HAGEN enjoyed the pressure of tournaments and the pleasures of exhibitions far more than he did the staid duties of a club pro. He also made much more money than any of his contemporaries, and his substantial income allowed this man who loved the high life to live like a millionaire and to hobnob with such people as the Prince of Wales, not to mention Jesse Livermore (known as the Wolf of Wall Street), George Ade, Rex Beach, Edsel Ford, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks, Harvey Firestone, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Constance Talmadge. More than any other golfer, he was responsible for the start of what became the Professional Golfers' Association winter tour. In the early twenties, the tour was made up of a small number of tournaments, mainly in California, Texas, and Florida, and the winner rarely received more than five hundred dollars. Since those early days, the P.G.A. Tour has kept growing in every way. In 1986, for example, forty-one golfers won over two hundred thousand dollars apiece in prize money. (For that matter, on the Senior P.G.A. Tour, for golfers fifty and older, no fewer than nine players won over two hundred thousand dollars last year.) Jack Nicklaus picked up a hundred and forty-four thousand dollars by winning the 1986 Masters. Greg Norman, the long-hitting Australian who won the 1986 British Open, hauled in a record-breaking $1,146,584 for last year's work in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Australia. This figure does not include the income he received from endorsements and other subsidiary activities.

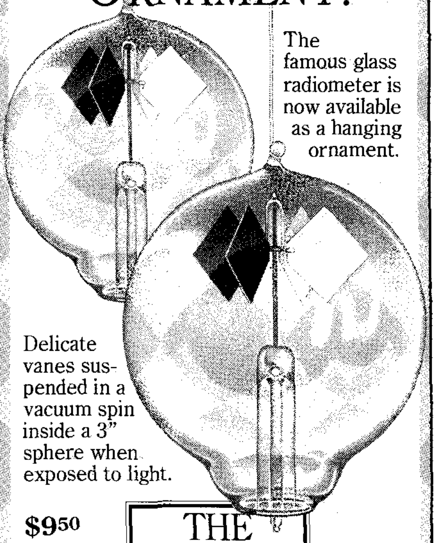
WALTER CHARLES HAGEN was born in Corbett's Glen, New York, a village on the edge of Rochester, in December, 1892. He was the only son among the five children of William and Louise Hagen, who were both of German extraction. William, a sturdily built man, worked as a blacksmith in railroad-car shops in East Rochester. He made only eighteen dollars a week, but the Hagens were thrifty, and this was enough to take care of the family. Walter started to caddie when he was seven and a half. In those days, a caddie's fee was a dime an hour, and the tip was a nickel. One balmy spring morning in 1905, when Walter was twelve, he looked out through the window of his schoolroom at the golfers playing on the course of the Country Club of Rochester. The temptation became too strong for him. When the teacher's back was turned, he jumped out the window. He never attended full-time school regularly again.

Hagen was enterprising, all right. An apprentice had to pay twenty-seven dollars a month to learn auto repair at Harry's Garage, and to get the money to meet these payments Hagen took a part-time job as a wood finisher at the Foster-Armstrong piano company. He went to auto-repair school three nights a week, and he also enrolled in a correspondence-school course in taxidermy. In addition, to help him meet his over-all expenses, he took a job as an apprentice to a mandolin-maker. For quite a few years, he thought that he might have a chance for a career in major-league baseball, because he was an ambidextrous pitcher who threw a good curve with his right hand and had a deceptive change of pace with his left.

It was golf, though, that turned out to be the road to fame for Hagen. When he was fourteen, he got a job in the pro shop at the Country Club of Rochester as the assistant to the professional, Andrew Christie. He began to play regularly, and he developed a rather good game. He didn't get a chance to enter the 1912 U.S. Open, which was held at the Country Club of Buffalo, nearby, but he went over to play the course one day just before the championship got under way. Among the golfers he met there was Tom Anderson, Jr., a brother of Willie Anderson, who had won our Open in 1901, 1903, 1904, and 1905. What impressed him most about Tom Anderson was the way he dressed for golf. "His shirt was pure white silk with bright red, blue, yellow, and black stripes," he later wrote. "His immaculate white flannel pants had the cuffs turned up just once. If he'd rolled 'em twice, he'd have been a hick. He wore a red bandanna knotted casually around his neck and a loud plaid cap on his head. In my small-town life, he was the most tremendous personality I'd ever seen! His white buckskin shoes had thick red rubber soles and sported the widest white laces any two shoes could carry. I decided right then to copy that outfit, from white buckskins to bandanna." Hagen loved clothes, and eventually he became one of the best-dressed men in sports. The picture that lingers most clearly in my mind is a photograph that shows him standing on a platform close by the clubhouse of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich, England, addressing a smiling gathering of spectators after he had won his third British Open. A broad-shouldered man who stood about five feet ten and a half and had excellent posture, he is wearing a camel-hair polo coat with large mother-of-pearl buttons, and he looks absolutely resplendent, from brilliantined black hair down to handsome golf shoes.



In the summer of 1912, Andy Christie left to become the professional at the Ekwanok Country Club, in Manchester, Vermont, and Hagen, then nineteen, was promoted to Christie's job. One of the advantages of being the top man was that he could arrange to play in important tournaments, like the U.S. Open, turning the reins over to his assistant during his absence. Hagen very much wanted to be on the firing line in 1913, when the Open was held at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, because Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, two famous British professionals who had been on a golf tour of this country, were going to play in it. Vardon had probably been the best player in the world when he won our Open in 1900, and he hadn't slipped perceptibly. Ray, the 1912 British Open champion, was a big, bulky fellow who invariably wore a snap-brimmed felt hat on the golf course and hit his shots with a pipe hanging from his mouth. The Hagen who arrived at Brookline was not yet the cool, unflappable, almost regal figure who was at his calmest in a crisis in which the odds were against him. In the locker room of The Country Club, he spotted Johnny McDermott, who in 1911 had become the first American-born golfer to win our Open, and who had won it again in 1912. "You're Johnny McDermott, aren't you?" Hagen said exuberantly. "Well, I'm glad to know you. I'm W. C. Hagen from Rochester, and I've come over to help you boys take care of Vardon and Ray." In the end, it was a former caddie at The Country Club, Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old amateur, who stopped the invaders, defeating Vardon and Ray in a historic three-man playoff,



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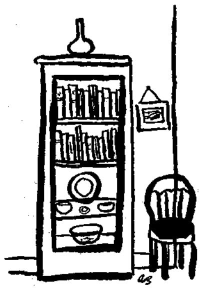
but during that championship Hagen revealed himself to be a golfer of championship calibre. With five of the seventy-two holes to go, he was only a stroke off the pace of the leaders. On the par-5 fourteenth, however, he took a 7 after hooking his third shot deep in the rough, and he eventually finished in a tie for fourth, three strokes behind Vardon, Ray, and Ouimet.



During the 1913 Open, Hagen carefully studied Vardon's uncomplicated, classic swing, paying particular attention to Vardon's stance and rhythm. Hagen's awareness that his own method of hitting the ball could be improved had earlier helped him make his swing more technically sound, and the adjustments he made after watching Vardon were also steps in the right direction. Hagen, however, was never able to eradicate a tendency to sway on his backswing. This was probably due to the unusual wide stance he took when addressing the ball and to his penchant for turning his hips excessively on the backswing. He understood the importance of hitting through the ball, and in his concern for getting his right side into his hitting action he developed a distinctive follow-through, in which his right shoulder was the part of his body nearest the hole at the finish of his swing. Nevertheless, as he showed at The Country Club, he was already a talented shotmaker. He excelled on pitch shots to the green with his spade mashie, his mashie niblick, and his niblick—equivalents of the 6-iron, the 7-iron, and the 9-iron in most modern sets—and on the greens he was something to behold. He had a lovely natural putting stroke, an ability to read the contours and the speed of the greens, and the confidence to hole difficult putts when it counted. He gave an incisive demonstration of his skills in winning the 1914 U.S. Open, at the Midlothian Country Club, in Blue Island, Illinois, near Chicago. Midlothian, which measured 6,355 yards, was considered a long course at that time. Hagen jumped into the lead on the opening round with a 68. He added a 74, and at the halfway point he led Tom McNamara, his closest competitor, by a stroke. On the double round on Friday, he had a 75 in the morning. This gave him a four-stroke lead at the start of his final round over the nearest man—Charles (Chick) Evans, Jr., a brilliant young local star, who had been a threat to win the U.S. Amateur since 1909. Evans, playing about three holes behind Hagen, went out in 35 on his afternoon round to cut Hagen's lead to a single stroke. Hagen struggled down the finishing holes of the last nine. He rescued his par on the thirteenth by holing from twelve feet. On the sixteenth, he made a scruffy chip but then sank a long putt for a birdie. He didn't know how he stood with Evans, but the continuing shouts from Evans' large gallery made it only too clear that every shot counted. On the last hole, a very short par 4, he played a firm pitch from the rough to about twenty feet from the hole, and rolled in the birdie putt. This gave him a final round of 73 and a four-round total of 290. He wondered if it would stand up. Evans came to the eighteenth needing an eagle 2 to tie. After an excellent drive, he had only a long chip shot left. He came extremely close to holing it: the ball finished fifteen inches from the cup. In the end, Hagen's putt on the seventy-second green constituted his margin of victory.

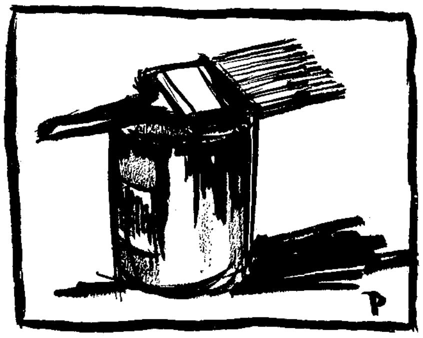
Hagen's triumph in the Open changed his career. Among other things, it completely altered the way he looked at the world, and the way the world looked at him. As the Open champion, he found himself flooded with offers to give exhibitions for the kind of money he had never dreamed existed for a golfer, whatever his achievements. On top of this, a number of highly regarded companies offered him substantial sums if he would endorse their products. It came home to him with a thump that a professional golfer could make a good deal of money if he could win important championships on a fairly regular basis. Hagen became a more astute person in every way. When he won the Open at Midlothian, he had sported a variation on the Tom Anderson, Jr., outfit he had so admired: he still wore white flannel trousers with a neat cuff, and he still wore a cap—one with a quiet check, not a loud plaid—but gone was the bandanna, and in its stead was a tie held in place by a clip; gone also were the white buckskin shoes with the thick red rubber soles, replaced by a pair of brown hobnailed shoes, which gave a golfer much surer footing. (These shoes were essentially the same as the spiked shoes that almost every golfer began to wear in the twenties.) After Midlothian, Hagen seldom wore a cap or any other headgear. He learned to dress better both on and off the golf course. His shining black hair and his deeply tanned face became his trademark. For golf, he wore well-tailored knickers, and he put together ensembles—shirts, ties, knickers, golf socks and shoes—that were made up of shades of brown, blue, or gray, with a little white or black added for contrast. He began to meet people of high social standing and big wheels of the business world, and he could see that it meant something to them to be in the company of the national champion. His belief in himself became surer, and he was realistic enough to know that his expanding horizon would fade away unless he retained a major-tournament title that counted.

In 1919, Hagen won his second U.S. Open, at the Brae Burn Country Club, in West Newton, Massachusetts, when he defeated Mike Brady by one stroke in an eighteen-hole playoff. It was then that he decided to give up his club job and concentrate on winning big chunks of prize money in the rapidly increasing number of tournaments. There he was, twenty-six turning twenty-seven, still short of his peak years but already considered to be in a class by himself on this side of the Atlantic. The only two American professionals who could be compared with him were Jim Barnes, a transplanted Cornishman, and Jock Hutchison, a transplanted Scot. Most knowledgeable golfers would have predicted in 1919 that Hagen would win our Open at least twice more. He never won it again. His best chance—and it was a slim one—came in 1925, when he was one of seven contenders who arrived at the seventy-second tee at the Worcester Country Club, in Massachusetts, still in the hunt. That eighteenth hole was a short par 4—a drive and a pitch to an elevated, two-tiered green. The lower level, where the pin was positioned, was protected in front by a large bunker with a high, almost vertical back wall. As Hagen walked onto the eighteenth tee, he was informed that a par 4 would tie him with the lowest score so far posted. Second place never meant anything to Hagen. His only chance of winning was to stick his approach shot close to the pin and make his birdie 3. After a perfect drive, he went for the pin with a high pitch that he hoped to drop a yard or so over the bunker. The ball just caught the back wall, and that was that. Hagen's philosophy was that anything was possible in golf. You had to have both skill and luck. If you played a superlative shot, maybe the hospitality of circumstance would take care of the rest. In the 1923 British Open, at Troon, in Scotland, for example, he came to the seventy-second hole needing a birdie 3 to tie the leader, Arthur Havers, and force a playoff. Hagen's spade-mashie approach bounced past the pin and into a bunker on the right. Hagen set about studying the texture of the sand his ball sat on and the contours of the green between the bunker and the pin as carefully as if he were reading the line of a makable putt. He then hit his bunker shot with such an exquisite touch that the ball came within inches of rolling into the cup.

If Hagen's performances in our Open in the twenties were disappointing, his accomplishments at match play in the P.G.A. Championships of that decade stand among the most remarkable feats in the history of golf. His ability to win or, at least, halve a hole that he seemed sure to lose after an erratic tee shot certainly helped him in match play. Hagen's success in match play was founded on his formidable character. Beneath the cool, serene, unshakably confident manner that Hagen the showman had chosen to project lay a genuinely calm and self-reliant man with ambition and a core of toughness. He had an unusual aptitude for the psychological warfare that head-to-head match play affords. He could put off a young player who was burning up the course by telling him that after he had won the tournament the two of them would go off on an exhibition tour. The young man invariably began thinking about touring with Hagen, and, his concentration in tatters, proved no trouble at all for Hagen to beat. Hagen knew how to throw experienced players off, too. Whenever he had a match with Barnes, he beat him even before the match started by kidding him about why he was so grim and serious over a pleasant thing like a game of golf. The ploy that Hagen's opponents minded the most was an act he put on after hitting a wild drive into wooded rough. Upon arriving at his ball and spotting a convenient opening between two trees for a shot to the green, Hagen would take three or four minutes pretending to grope for a possible escape route. When he finally settled on the obvious opening and played an expert recovery, the spectators would break into ecstatic shouts and shrieks, as if they had witnessed a miraculous shot.

Hagen may well have been the best pressure putter of all time. For example, there was his seventy-two-hole match with Jones in the winter of 1926. The first thirty-six holes were played at the Whitfield Estates Country Club, in Sarasota, Florida, a course that Jones knew well, and the last thirty-six were played at the Pasadena Golf and Country Club course, in St. Petersburg, with which Hagen was connected. On the first two rounds, Jones, an extraordinarily good putter, took thirty-one putts in the morning and thirty in the afternoon. He didn't make any really long ones, but he was rolling the ball smoothly with his nice, quiet stroke. Hagen, however, took only twenty-seven putts on his morning round and a mere twenty-six on his afternoon round, when he played the second nine in 32. At the break for lunch, Hagen had been 3 up, but after taking the second nine apart in the afternoon he stood 8 up, and the match was as good as over. When play was resumed at the Pasadena course, Hagen started where he had left off on the greens. On the second hole of the morning round, he sank a fifty-footer for a birdie, and on the par-3 fourth, after Jones had holed his chip shot for a 2, Hagen countered by knocking in a twenty-foot putt. After the sixth hole of the afternoon round, Hagen stood dormie twelve; that is, he was twelve holes up with twelve holes to play. On the seventh, Jones again chipped in from the fringe for a birdie, but Hagen halved the hole and won the match, 12 and 11—twelve holes up and only eleven left to play—by sinking a chip shot himself. This match was hardly an accurate indication of the relative skills of the two players, but it was a vivid demonstration of how hot Hagen could get on and around the greens.

THE P.G.A. Championship presented Hagen with the ideal vehicle for his expertise at match play



Most match-play matches are eighteen-hole affairs, but the P.G.A. came up with a format that would give its matches the grander aspect that a championship should have: thirty-two players would qualify, and, from the opening round on, all matches would be over thirty-six holes. Hagen won the championship for the first time in 1921, at the Inwood Country Club, in Far Rockaway, New York. He was always in charge. He defeated Jack Forrester, Tom Boyd, Johnny Golden, and Cyril Walker, in that order, to reach the final, where he defeated Jim Barnes, 3 and 2. Hagen chose not to defend his P.G.A. title the next year, and it went to the exciting twenty-year-old thruster Gene Sarazen, whom hardly anyone had heard of until he birdied the seventy-second hole of the 1922 U.S. Open, at the Skokie Country Club, in Glencoe, Illinois, to edge out Jones and the veteran John Black by a stroke. In 1923, when Hagen and Sarazen met in the final of the P.G.A., at the Pelham Country Club, in Westchester, Sarazen beat Hagen with a birdie on the thirty-eighth hole.

The following year, Hagen began a four-year reign in the P.G.A. Championship. Perhaps the most effective way to describe this extraordinary achievement is to set down Hagen's progress year by year and match by match.

In September, 1924, when the championship took place in French Lick, Indiana, Hagen marched through Tom Harmon, Al Watrous, Johnny Farrell, and Ray Derr, in that order, and defeated Barnes, 2 up, in the final.

The 1925 championship was held on two of the four courses of the palatial Olympia Fields Country Club, not far from Chicago. In the quarter-finals, Hagen met the highly talented Leo Diegel and outlasted him, winning their duel on the fourth extra hole. On the green of the third extra hole, Hagen lay three with a four-foot downhill putt for his par, and Diegel had a breaking two-and-a-half-footer for *his* par. Hagen thereupon trotted out a slick bit of gamesmanship. He holed his difficult putt and, in practically the same motion, picked up Diegel's ball and flipped it to him, conceding him his par, and a half on the hole, instead of making him putt out. This unusual gesture was meant to fluster Diegel, a high-strung man, and it evidently did. On the next tee, he topped his drive into high grass,

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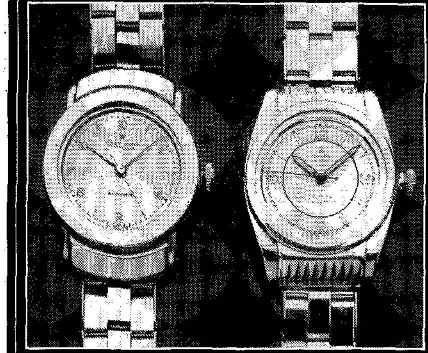

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and that was the match. After disposing of Harry Cooper in the semifinals, Hagen met Bill Mehlhorn in the final. Mehlhorn was in top form. He was around in 69 in the morning, played the first nine in the afternoon in 35, and then added four straight pars. The match was over at that point: Hagen, 6 and 5.

The Salisbury Golf Links, in Westbury, Long Island, was host to the championship in 1926. Hagen, after beating Joe Turnesa, Dick Grout, Pat Doyle, and Johnny Farrell, won the final from Diegel, 5 and 3.

Hagen had a couple of close calls in 1927, when the championship was played at the Cedar Crest Country Club, in Dallas. In the semifinals, he defeated Al Espinosa with a birdie on the thirty-seventh hole. In the final, he met Joe Turnesa, a player he respected. Turnesa, 2 up at lunch, added the first hole in the afternoon round to his lead, and he was hitting the ball so solidly he looked like a shoo-in. Hagen won the match, 1 up, on the thirty-sixth green.

All good things must come to an end. In early October, 1928, Hagen's personal championship was staged at the Five Farms course of the Baltimore Country Club. In the third round, he came up against Diegel once again, and, after twenty-two consecutive victories, he was stopped, 2 and 1. Diegel went on to win the championship, and he defended his title successfully in 1929. Diegel certainly had these moments of good fortune coming to him. A great shotmaker, he came close to winning our Open and the British Open a number of times, but, highly introspective and overly analytical, he always managed to find a way to lose. In a way, it was poetic justice that it was Diegel who stopped Hagen's stupendous streak in the P.G.A. Championships.

WHEN all is said and done, the achievement that comes first to mind when one thinks of Hagen is his conquest of the British Open. After he had won his second U.S. Open, in 1919, he didn't have to do any powerful thinking about what his next goal should be. No American-born golfer had ever won what was then the most important championship in the world —the British Open—and Hagen would be delighted to gain the glory of showing the British what splendid golfers America was now producing. He sent in his entry form for the 1920 British Open, which was to be played at the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, in Deal, on the rolling linksland along the northern shore of the Strait of Dover.

In London, Hagen got together with Barnes, who was also over to take a crack at the Open, and they played an exhibition match at Coombe Hill, an inland course, against George Duncan and Abe Mitchell, then regarded as the top two British golfers. The visitors won decisively. Hagen invited Barnes to come along with him when he went down to Deal a day or two later to look the course over. Hagen had rented a Daimler limousine, complete with chauffeur and liveried footman. Upon their arrival at the Royal Cinque Ports clubhouse, Hagen and Barnes, who were both dressed for golf, went into the nearly empty clubhouse and changed into their spiked shoes in the locker room. They got caddies for themselves. On this practice round, Hagen broke in the footman as his forecaddie. At the end of the round, the chauffeur, as Hagen had instructed him, was waiting behind the eighteenth green carrying Hagen's polo coat. Hagen had played a satisfactory round—a 72, on which he had hit the ball squarely. As Hagen was making his way to his limousine, the club secretary came over and, introducing himself, explained that professionals were not allowed inside the clubhouse. Hagen told the secretary that, if this was the case, he would change his shoes in his limousine. During the championship, he did not oblige the secretary by having his chauffeur park his limousine in a less obtrusive place, or by countermanding his instructions to his chauffeur to meet him behind the eighteenth green with his polo coat at the end of each round. Hagen later wrote in "The Walter Hagen Story," his autobiography, "I guess the Oakland Hills Golf Club treatment had spoiled me, made me accustomed to being treated as any golfer, pro or amateur, should be."

Hagen's starting time on the opening round of the British Open was near noon. He played rather good golf on the front nine—he was out in 37. On his second nine, a howling wind swept in off the sea. It blew pebbles and sand out of the bunkers, and it also blew one of Hagen's tee shots so far back toward him that the ball didn't reach the start of the fairway. It was asking too much of a golfer, Hagen thought, to be able to control the ball in such a wind. A 47 on the second nine gave him an 84 for the round. There were a large number of scores in the 80s. In Britain, particularly, it helps a golfer to be lucky as well as competent, because if he gets the best of the weather instead of the worst it can mean the difference between leading the field and being stuck far back in the pack. Hagen added rounds of 82, 78, and 85, and finished in a tie for fifty-third place—twenty-six strokes behind the winner, Duncan. "I tried too hard, just like any duffer," he said, in an effort to pass off his failure with a touch of swagger. Before returning to the States, Hagen did something that bolstered his self-esteem appreciably. He won the French Open, at La Boulie, outside Paris.

The next year, 1921, Hagen did a great deal better in the British Open. It was played in relatively pleasant weather over the Old Course at St. Andrews. He had rounds of 74, 79, 72, and 77, for a total of 302—only six strokes behind Jock Hutchison, who had tied for the top with Roger Wethered and then defeated him in a thirty-six-hole play-off.

The Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich, which is close to Deal and the Royal Cinque Ports links, was the venue of the 1922 British Open. Since the professionals were not allowed to use the clubhouse locker room there, Hagen once more changed into his spikes in his rented limousine. If he happened to have a late starting time, he had his footman conspicuously serve him a cold lunch. During the 1920 U.S. Open, held at the Inverness Club, in Toledo, golf had taken a memorable step forward: the members of Inverness not only permitted the professionals to change in the locker room but extended to them all the privileges of the club. After Inverness, Hagen and the other American pros minded more than ever the chilly treatment they received at the British clubs. Except for this, however, everything went much better for Hagen at Sandwich than it had two years before at Deal. He started off well enough, with rounds of 76 and 73. (In the nineteen-twenties, what with the thick rough, the plenitude of hazards, and the moisture-laden wind, a score in the low 70s on a British championship-length seaside course indicated that the golfer had played a superior round.) Even though Hagen soared to a 79 in the morning of the double round on the final day, he was still very much in the running—only two strokes behind the pacemaker, Hutchison, and tied with Barnes and Charles Whitcombe. Duncan was four strokes further back. In the afternoon, Hagen, sensing that he had the opportunity of a lifetime, played a shade more carefully than usual, but he knew that he also had to maintain an aggressive attitude and strike his shots sharply. A 72 on the last round gave him a four-round total of 300, a stroke lower than Barnes's. The only man he had to worry about was Duncan, one of the last starters. The wind had risen, but Duncan, who was known for his mad dashes, was off on one of them. He was out in 34, and could have been several shots lower if he had made a few putts. On the second nine, he continued to set himself up for one birdie putt after another, but he missed them all. He came to the eighteenth, a 442-yard par 4 with a slightly upsloping green, knowing that he had to par the hole to tie Hagen. He followed a straight drive with a spoon that was meant to fade slightly but ended up short and to the left of the green. He did not play a good chip. He left the ball about eight feet short of the cup. The putt never was in. Hagen had become the first American-born golfer to win the British Open.

After his strong bid at Troon, in the 1923 British Open, Hagen, now extremely popular in Britain, was on hand again in 1924, when the championship was played at the Royal Liverpool Golf Club—or, as the course is usually called, Hoylake. Of the early English courses, Hoylake, which was originally laid out in 1869, has probably held up the best. Its second nine is one of the greatest nine-hole stretches in golf. Hoylake is also one of the rare courses on which the name given to each hole conjures up that hole as clearly in a golfer's mind as a reference to it by its number. Hagen started with an erratic 77, but a 73 on the second day tied him with Macdonald Smith, three strokes behind the leader, Ernest Whitcombe. On the morning of the double round on the final day, Hagen had a 74, and this vaulted him into a tie for the lead with Whitcombe. In the afternoon—a very windy one, as it turned out—Whitcombe, who was off well before Hagen, had his troubles on the front nine and could do no better than a 43. He hung on staunchly coming in,

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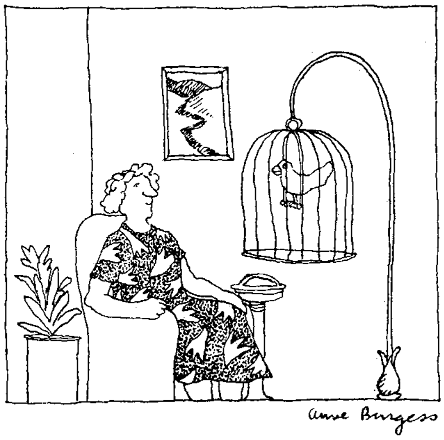
however, and a 35 on the back nine gave him a 78, and a four-round total of 302. Hagen also had his troubles with the shifting winds on the front nine. He took three 6s, and reached the turn in 41. He had his work cut out for him: he would have to play the back nine in even par, 36, to beat Whitcombe. Hagen held on bravely. He had to hole a twenty-foot putt for his par on the Dee, the tenth, and made it. On the Alps, the 200-yard eleventh, he was bunkered off the tee, but he got down in two to save his par. The twelfth, Hilbre, is a 454-yard par 4 over whorled linksland. Once again, after finding a bunker on his approach shot, Hagen got down in two for his par by holing an eleven-foot putt. On to the Rushes, a devilish 157-yard par 3. Hagen played a poor iron shot into a bunker, but rescued the par with a delicate bunker shot and a five-foot putt.

To savor fully the excitement of that closing round, let us turn at this point to the English golf writer Bernard Darwin's on-the-spot account of Hagen's finish:

> There was no holding a man who could recover and keep on recovering like that. True, he still wanted four fours and a five to win—perfect play and that over the severest finishing holes in all golf. Still, it was borne in on us that he would do it, and Hagen looked as if he thought so too. He cast away that recovering mood. He looked no longer grave but radiant, and he played faultlessly.
>
> Bang, bang, went his long wooden club shots, as straight as arrows, to the Field, the Lake, and the Dun. Now he wanted two fours to win, and who that saw it will forget that wholehearted long iron shot smashed right up to the Royal green, with the road on one side and the bunker creeping in on the other? That finally did it.

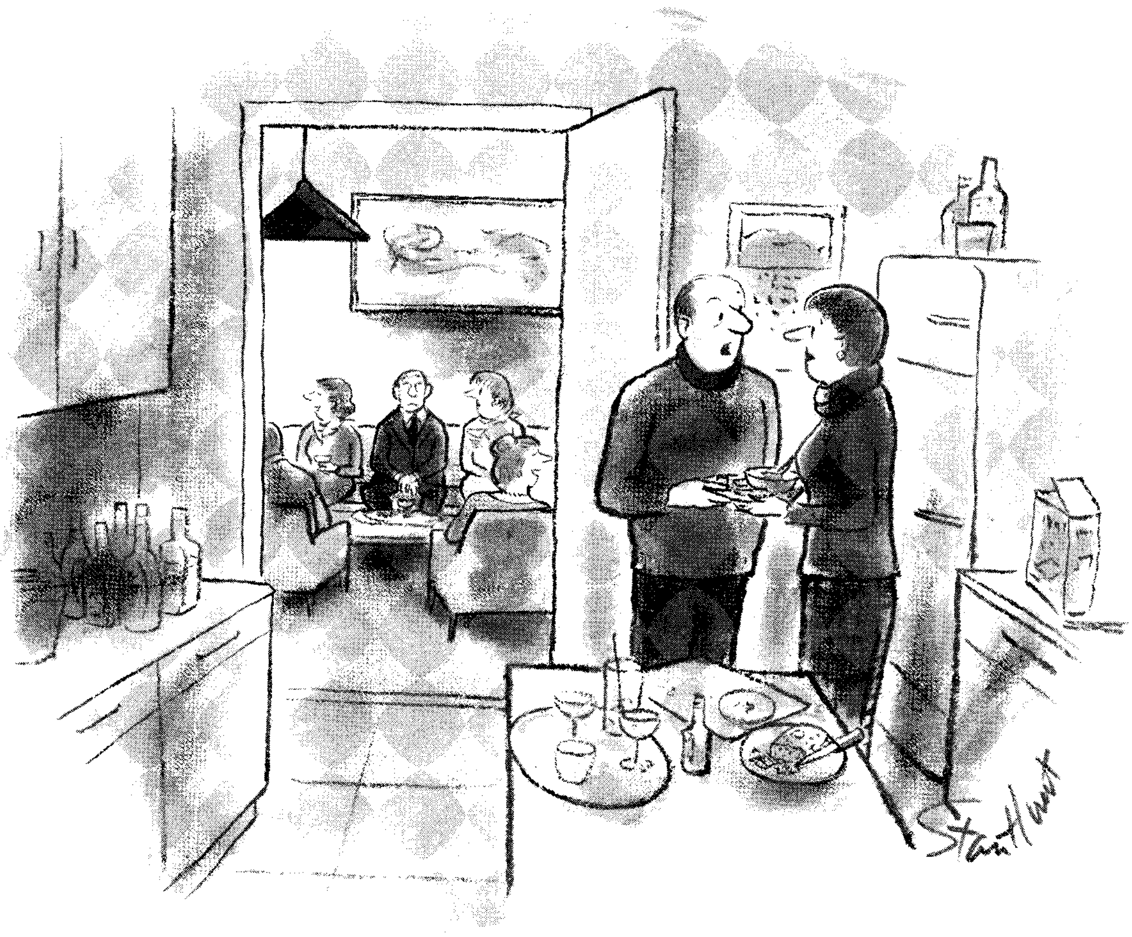
Four years later, in 1928, Hagen was on hand once more for the British Open, which was again held at Sandwich. Before embarking on this trip, Hagen had played less competitive golf than usual. In a seventy-two-hole challenge match at Moor Park, near London, against Archie Compston, he looked rusty and unsure. Compston produced some masterly golf and routed Hagen, 18 and 17. This humiliation, however, proved to be a blessing for Hagen, because he took himself immediately to Sandwich and started to practice intensively. When the championship began, his golf was still a bit shaky. His first round was a mediocre 75. From then on, he treated his galleries to some of the finest golf he had ever played in Britain. A 73 on the second round put him three shots off the lead. On the last day, he followed a 72 in the morning with an almost errorless 72 in the afternoon for a total of 292, two shots lower than the score of the runner-up, Sarazen.

In 1929, the Ryder Cup match was played at the Moortown Golf Club, near Leeds, and the British won a hard-fought battle. Shortly afterward, the members of both teams, along with the other top players in the game, assembled for the British Open at Muirfield, the home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. Hagen, the defending champion, had been beaten 10 and 8 by Duncan in their singles match in the Ryder Cup, and he faced the considerable challenge of demonstrating at Muirfield that he was still the king. He could hardly have started his defense less auspiciously: he bogeyed two of the first four holes. In addition, a light sprinkle in the morning had turned into a driving rainstorm. Though Hagen's play from tee to green improved a shade during that round, he could easily have been in the 80s. He kept his concentration, however, played tidily on and around the greens, and, by sheer determination, brought in a 75. Everything changed overnight. When he warmed up before his second round, it was evident that he had regained his timing and was striking the ball beautifully. During this round, on which he was accompanied by the majority of the spectators, he played an almost uninterrupted succession of flawless shots. It was in keeping with this exceptional round that on the eighteenth his iron to the green was a bit strong but was so accurate that the ball caught the flapping flag of the flagstick and dropped down not far from the hole. Hagen brought in a 67, a record-low round for the championship, and on one of its most demanding courses. In second place now, he went out into the fierce wind and rain on the day of the double round and won the championship by playing two 75s, the best scoring of the day. On his last two rounds, Hagen switched to a deep-faced driver in order to keep his ball under the wind, and he hit no drive over twenty feet high throughout the long day. His winning total, 292, gave him a margin of six strokes over the runner-up, Johnny Farrell. The quality of Hagen's golf in winning his fourth British Open perhaps marked the high point of his career.



SHORTLY after his return from Europe that year, Hagen embarked on an exhibition tour with Horton Smith, a tall, handsome young man from Missouri, who had won the French Open that spring. One of the clubs they played was Thorny Lea, in Brockton, Massachusetts, where my family lived and where I was in school. I had been playing golf for a few years by then, and I made sure to watch Hagen. As I recall, school let out at one-fifteen, and Hagen and Smith were playing the sixth when I picked them up. Two of the club's best players rounded out the foursome. I arrived just in time to see Hagen play a shot that remains as clear in my mind as if he had played it yesterday.

The sixth is by far the best hole on the course. In those days, it was a 445-yard par 4 from the back tee, and the fairway crested about two hundred and sixty yards from that tee. It ran down to two small ponds, and then slowly rose to a two-level green, bunkered on both sides. Woods extended all along the left side of the fairway, and there were clumps of tall trees in the heavy rough bordering the fairway on the right. That day, the pin was set on the upper level, at the back of the green. A gallery of about a thousand people was trailing behind the players. It was easy to pick out Hagen as the players walked up the fairway to their balls. His black hair shone in the sun, his face was tanned a mahogany brown, his nose was tilted up a bit, his eyes were fixed on the distant green, and he carried himself like a grandee. He stopped and waited while the two local players and Smith hit their seconds, and then he walked about three yards into the woods on the left, where his drive had finished. The contours of the sixth fairway funnelled a drive hit down the left side farther to the left. Hagen had a good lie and a small



"Gosh, Ethel, all I know is he had a ready wit at Yale."

• •

opening back to the fairway, but he had no opening in the direction of the green. Not for one moment did he modify his composed expression as he walked from his ball to the fairway, returned to his ball to study the situation, and repeated these movements several times. All this was so much in character that it was like watching someone playing Walter Hagen. Finally, he selected a club from his bag. It looked like a mashie. The pin was about a hundred and seventy yards away, but he seemed to be aiming his shot to come out of the woods well to the right of the green. He took a full swing and hit the ball hard. It rose rather quickly and broke sharply to the left. It cleared the bunker on the right side of the green, hopped up onto the upper terrace of the green, and stopped some twenty feet from the pin. He had played an intentional hook, drawing the ball at least fifteen yards to the left. I had never seen anything like it. He made a good bid for his birdie, and then tapped the ball in for his par.

Hagen was out in 35 after holing from about ten feet to birdie the short ninth. His impact on the members of the gallery was much different from Smith's. They regarded Smith as a well-mannered young man with a splendid golf swing. Hagen came across as visiting royalty and a master golfer. The greens at Thorny Lea were not easy to read, but he read them perfectly. He gauged the distance of his shots surprisingly well on a course he had never played before, making only one mistake. On the fourteenth, a long dogleg par 4 that bends to the left, he drove through the fairway and into the wooded rough on the right. After having his caddie remove several rocks, he played a stunning recovery shot through a narrow gap between two trees. The ball bounced onto the green and stopped about fifteen feet from the pin. His iron play was magnificent. I don't believe I have ever seen another golfer who got as much of the ball on the face of his irons as Hagen. He finished with a 70, two under par. Smith had a 73. Hagen was the first great golfer I had ever seen, and both his ability and his presence surpassed anything I had expected. Not until Arnold Palmer came along, in the late nineteen-fifties, did another golfer establish a relationship with his galleries that was as strong and dramatic as Hagen's.

AFTER their performances at home and abroad in the nineteen-twenties, American golfers were regarded as the best in the world, and they continued to be for the next fifty years. From around 1980 on, however, foreign golfers have had a good deal to say about the winning and losing of the four events that since the middle nineteen-fifties have been considered the major championships: the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open, and our P.G.A. Championship, now a stroke-play event—to list them in their annual order on the calendar. Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, the hugely talented Spanish stylist, broke through in the British Open in 1979, won the Masters in 1980 and 1983, and added a second British Open in 1984. Bernhard Langer, the young star from West Germany, took the Masters in 1985. Last year, Greg Norman, the Great White Shark from Australia, led each of the four major championships going into the fourth round, and in the British Open, at Turnberry, in Scotland, he held on and won. In addition, golfers from the Far East have to be reckoned with nowadays. Isao Aoki, of Japan, was the runner-up in the 1980 U.S. Open, at Baltusrol, in New Jersey, and Tze-chung Chen, of Taiwan, had an excellent chance to take our Open in 1985, at Oakland Hills, Hagen's old club. (This roll call omits, obviously, the conquests of Gary Player, the phenomenal golfer from South Africa, whose long list of victories includes three British Opens, in 1959, 1968, and 1974; three Masters tournaments, in 1961, 1974, and 1978; two P.G.A. Championships, in 1962 and

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1972; and one U.S. Open, in 1965.)

The recent surge to the front by foreign golfers has coincided with an apparent decline in the skill of American golfers. Our only really successful internationalist has been Tom Watson. Besides winning the Masters in 1977 and 1981, and our Open in 1982, he captured the British Open in 1975, 1977, 1980, 1982, and 1983. Watson, however, has not been a true contender in the major events since 1984, and his golf in the early months of this year had not been up to his best standard. On the eve of the fifty-first playing of the Masters, in early April, three of the top favorites were Ballesteros, Norman, and Langer. As it turned out, all three were in the thick of things in yet another thrilling Masters championship. At the end of the fourth round, Ballesteros and Norman were tied with Larry Mize, a twenty-eight-year-old touring pro from Georgia. On the second hole of a sudden-death playoff, it was Mize who carried the day, when he holed an exceedingly difficult pitch-and-run shot from some ninety feet for a birdie. It was the kind of shot that Mize would probably not be able to duplicate if he went out to the same spot and hit a hundred shots a day for a year.

d. ehrenberg

Thursday, April 9th, the day of the opening round, was an ideal day for golf. The air was fresh, the temperature was in the low seventies, and the sun, in a cloudless sky, brought a sparkle to the ryegrass fairways and the bent-grass greens. The course was in close to perfect condition. The South had a relatively late spring this year, and, as a result, only about a third of the azaleas, the pink-and-white dogwood, and the other flowering plants and trees that line the fairways were in full bloom. A gallery of several thousand fans was on hand at eight-thirty that morning to walk the first nine holes with the Honorary Starters: Gene Sarazen, the Masters winner in 1935, who had turned eighty-five in February; Byron Nelson, the Masters winner in 1937 and 1942, who had turned seventy-five in February; and Sam Snead, the Masters winner in 1949, 1952, and 1954, who will turn seventy-five late this month. Nelson and Sarazen played a lot of very pretty shots, but Snead was the star of the show. His back, which has given him trouble periodically, was not bothering him and restricting his handsome, lyrical swing. Snead hit the first six greens in the regulation stroke, and his drive on the ninth must have been three hundred yards long. The tradition of having Honorary Starters is one of many wise innovations that have given the Masters its unique flavor.

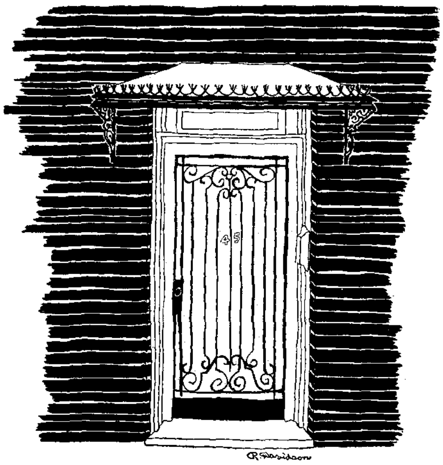
It became increasingly apparent on the day of the opening round that, at least since the tournament was started anew after the Second World War, the playing conditions at Augusta National had never before so closely resembled those of a British linksland course. Linksland is the gently rolling coastal land in the British Isles that is made up of the sand deposited over the centuries by the retreating ocean. The winds fashioned it into the natural duneland that the Scots thought the ideal place to play golf. (It had been the aim of Jones and MacKenzie to come as close as they could to building a linksland type of course in inland Georgia.)

This year, the fairways were extremely hard and fast, and they had been cut very short—to about half an inch. When a well-hit drive struck one of the fairways, the ball would bound high and roll about thirty-five yards. The greens were the firmest they have been since 1946. Rarely did the backspin on an approach shot actually make the ball spin back. The greens also putted very fast—as fast as good Scottish and English linksland greens do. How fast is that? Well, when a visiting American golfer faces a twenty-foot putt on a British links and hits it about as hard as he would normally hit a fourteen-foot putt at home, that will generally work out nicely. The firmness of the greens was a notable victory for the chairman of the Masters, Hord Hardin. In the autumn of 1972, in dismay because the unfortunate softness of the greens that spring had allowed the Masters field to play dart-board golf on their approach shots, the Augusta National officials decided that the following year they would overseed the Bermuda-grass greens with perennial ryegrass instead of the customary annual ryegrass. That helped, but it did not solve the problem. In the autumn of 1980, a bold step was taken: the old Bermuda-grass base of the greens was removed, and the greens were seeded with the same strain of bent grass that had been used with favorable results on the club's par-3 course. The new bent greens were an improvement, but they fell far short of expectations. They putted fast, but they were still too soft and too receptive. On an approach shot, the ball would dig into them most of the time and either stop where it had landed or spin backward. This spring, for the first time, the greens attained the firmness that the Augusta National had been seeking.

At about noon, a northwest wind started to sweep across the fairways. The course became increasingly difficult to play, because the wind dried out the greens, making them both harder and faster. (From the tees used in the Masters, Augusta National is 6,905 yards long and plays to a par of 72.) For example, consider the famous thirteenth, the 465-yard par 5, which breaks sharply to the left in the landing zone of the drives. An arm of Rae's Creek cuts across the fairway just before the green, then swings sharply left and runs close by the right side of the green. Jones was especially pleased with this hole, because it rewards the attacking golfer who hits the requisite shots. If he cuts the corner with a long drive, he is in a position to carry the creek with a good second shot and, more often than not, to birdie the hole. The drive on the thirteenth is almost due north, the second shot is almost due west. With the wind in their faces on the afternoon of the first round, many of the players decided to lay up short of the creek on their second shot, and those who went for the green made sure they took enough club. On an average round in the Masters, the field will pick up about twenty-five birdies and an eagle or two. On the first round this year, the thirteenth yielded only ten birdies and an eagle. The field also had trouble with the thirteenth's companion hole, the fifteenth, a 500-yard straightaway par 5, on which the green is perched just beyond a small pond. The fifteenth runs from east to west, so on the opening round, with the wind against them, fewer players than usual went for the green on their second shot. These two par-4½ holes, as Jones thought of them, have had a good deal to do down through the years with the winning and the losing of the Masters. The fifteenth, which Jack Nicklaus eagled on the last round last year, was a key to his storybook victory, when he came out of nowhere to catch and pass the leaders by playing the last nine holes in thirty strokes.

What with the northwest wind and the firm greens, the scores ran very high on the first round. In the starting field of eighty-five golfers, the only one to break 70 was John Cook, a twenty-nine-year-old Ohioan, who is in his ninth year on the P.G.A. Tour. Cook shot a 69. He had the advantage of starting his round early—at nine-forty-eight—and he missed most of the wind. He had been extremely efficient on and around the greens, and had taken only twenty-four putts. One stroke back, all by himself at 70, was Mize. Interestingly, he had been paired with Cook, and he had also putted superbly, taking only twenty-five putts. Most of the favorites were clustered in the low 70s. Watson and Langer had 71s, Ballesteros and Norman 73s, and Nicklaus a 74.

Friday, the day of the second round, was as lovely a Southern spring day as Thursday had been, and it was the harbinger of two perfect days to come. I cannot think of many Masters that have had such wonderful weather from start to finish. On the second round, the course played somewhat differently. The fairways were noticeably slower; they had undoubtedly been liberally watered. The greens held the approach shots a bit more than they had on the first round, and they were a little less slick to putt. At noon, a twisting wind began to swirl over the course, but it was a relatively mild wind. These conditions were reflected in the scoring. Although only five players broke 70, twenty-five players broke or matched par. The thirty-six-hole cut came at 151, a relatively high figure. On this round, Roger Maltbie, the amiable Californian, who has been on the tour for thirteen years, shot a 66. This put him at 142 at the halfway mark, along with Cook (69–73), Mize (70–72), and Corey Pavin (71–71). They were a stroke behind Curtis Strange, who had moved into the lead by following an opening 71 with a 70. Strange will probably always be remembered for the way he threw away the 1985 Masters by his reckless selection of shots on the last round: in the lead by three strokes with only six holes to play, he needlessly gambled on carrying both the creek before the thirteenth green and the pond before the fifteenth green, and when both second shots landed in those hazards it opened the door for Langer to win the tournament. Strange also does a good many things right. In each of the last seven years, he has earned over two hundred thousand dollars in prize money, and in 1985 his total came to $542,321. There is no golfer quite like Strange. In this year's Masters, for example, he went to the turn on his second round in 34, two under par—the odd amalgam of three bogeys, three birdies, two pars, and one eagle. The eagle came on the 435-yard par-4 fifth, where he holed his second shot, a 6-iron. Early the next day, Bill Inglish, the veteran newspaperman from Oklahoma City, who has been the Masters' official statistician since 1966, informed me casually that this was the third time that Strange had eagled a par-4 hole in the Masters. In 1980, he holed an approach shot on the 435-yard ninth, and in 1985 he holed an approach on the 360-yard third. He is not your everyday golfer.



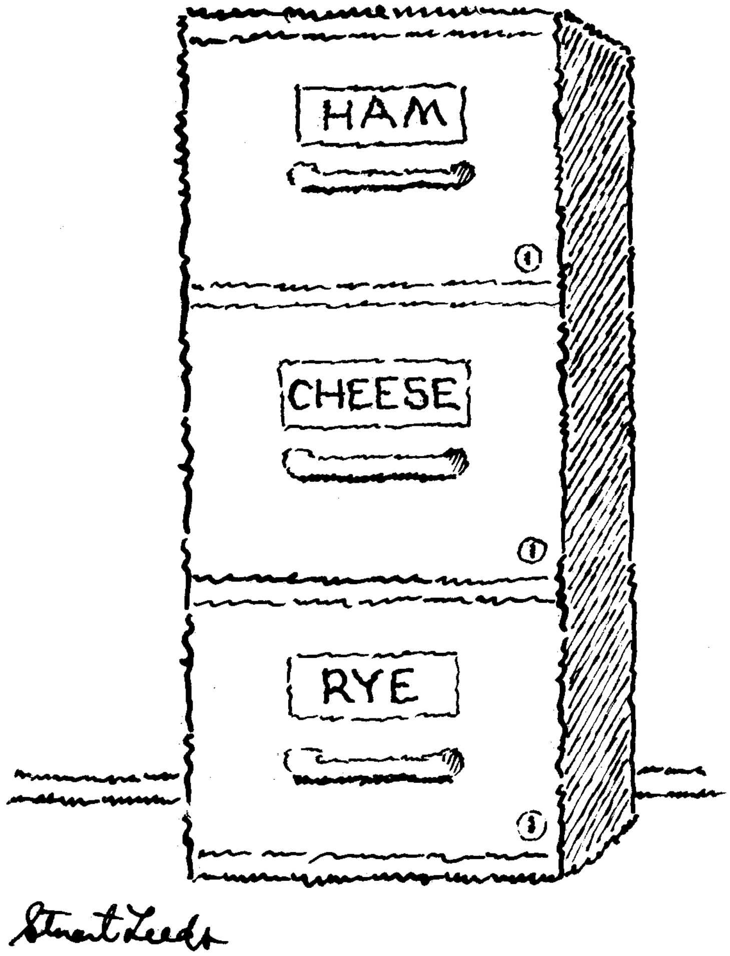
The most spectacular show I witnessed the second day was put on by Langer, the blond perfectionist, who was paired with Watson. Langer can frequently infuriate you with the length of time he takes to prepare to play a shot, and he can delight you with the precision and accuracy of some of the shots he pulls off. On the long fifteenth, his second shot carried the pond and finished four feet short of the green and about twenty feet from the hole, which was cut near the front of the green. After carefully surveying the terrain, he played a sharply struck chip that rolled smack into the center of the cup for an eagle 3. Watching that was like watching Larry Bird sink a three-point shot. On the next hole, the 170-yard par-3 sixteenth, the pin was set on the left side of the green about halfway back. On his tee shot, Langer completely lost control of the tempo of his swing, and hooked the ball into the large pond to the left of the green. This cost him a penalty stroke. He walked forward to the drop area at the front of the long tee and, after due deliberation, hit what looked like a three-quarter 8-iron pitch. The ball covered the pin all the way. It landed on the green, dead on line, about seventeen feet short of the pin and then rolled straight for the pin until it expired, two and a half feet short of it. Langer rolled the putt in for a 4. He had made another three-pointer when he needed to.

Although Ballesteros did not appear to be in his best form—for one thing, he was not driving the ball as long as he frequently does—the teeming, knowledgeable galleries at the Masters were well aware that the handsome Spaniard was only three strokes behind the leader after following his opening 73 with a 71. They also realized that Nicklaus, though he had not played enough tournament golf this winter to be in top form, had looked comfortable over the ball and was only five strokes off the pace after rounds of 74 and 72, in which he had not made a putt of more than five feet. Both Ballesteros and Nicklaus learned long ago that when a golfer plays a seventy-two-hole stroke-play tournament the one thing that matters is where he stands at the end of seventy-two holes. On their first three rounds, Ballesteros and Nicklaus take no risky chances. They concentrate on finding their best rhythm on their full shots, getting the feel of the putter head, and, most important, grinding out their pars, so that at the end of three rounds, when the tournament has yet to assume its final shape, they are close enough to the leaders to be able to overtake them on the tense closing round. Langer and Watson, by the way, both stood at 143, two strokes behind Strange. From 1977 through 1984, Watson played the major tournaments with sufficient assurance to think primarily in terms of being in a challenging position on the final round. The last two years, the strongest parts of his game—his driving and his touch on and around the greens—have not been as reliable as they formerly were, but on his first two rounds in this Masters he appeared to be thinking well and hitting the ball well. I imagine that on his second round it buoyed him up when he reached the green of the 555-yard par-5 second with a drive and a 5-iron.

My final thought that day was that in order to win this Masters someone would have to beat Ballesteros. I'm sure that a large number of other people held the same view.

ON Saturday morning, I was fortunate enough to have five minutes with Hord Hardin, the Masters' busy chairman. The reasons the greens were so firm and the fairways so hard, he explained, were the coöperative weather this year and the able ministrations of the new course superintendent, Paul Latshaw, who took over at Augusta National late last spring, after holding that position at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh. "Coming from Oakmont, Latshaw had had experience with fast bent-grass greens," Hardin continued. "The first year the Masters was played on bent greens was 1981. Bent doesn't grow easily in a climate like Augusta's. The new greens have been slow in coming along. Up to now, they've had a rather thin growth, and this made for soft greens. This year, the greens have had a very good growth. We had comparatively little rain this winter, and that helped them. The week before the Masters, the weather in Augusta was cold and rainless. That was just what was needed for firming up the greens. Latshaw also cut down on the watering, to make them fast. He mowed the greens to an eighth of an inch for the tournament. The winds on the first day further dried them out. On Thursday night, the fairways were watered. They are ryegrass on a Bermuda-grass base, you know, and they need water. That's why they played slower on Friday. Latshaw is giving the greens a minimum of water. He doesn't see any danger in this. The winds on Thursday and the lighter winds on Friday have served to keep the greens fast and dry. This year, after seven years, we've finally got the firm bent greens we've been after, and we're very pleased with the way the course is playing."

The course was indeed playing well. On the third round, on Saturday, the speed of the greens was about what it had been on the second round—particularly after a shifting wind sprang up Saturday noon and blew hard for an hour and a half. There were one or two pin positions on exceptionally undulant and slanting greens which were quite severe, considering the speed of the greens. Nevertheless, the conditions didn't seem to affect the golfers who had to play assertive golf to get back into the fight. The first of these was Greg Norman. He had fallen six strokes behind the leader after a 74 on the second round. The tall, dashing Australian, who may well be the longest hitter in the game today, had a tremendous round of 66 that was made up of twelve pars and six birdies. On the out-nine, after a birdie on the long second, he birdied the dangerous fourth, a 205-yard par 3 with a shallow green, by stopping a 3-iron twelve feet from the pin. He



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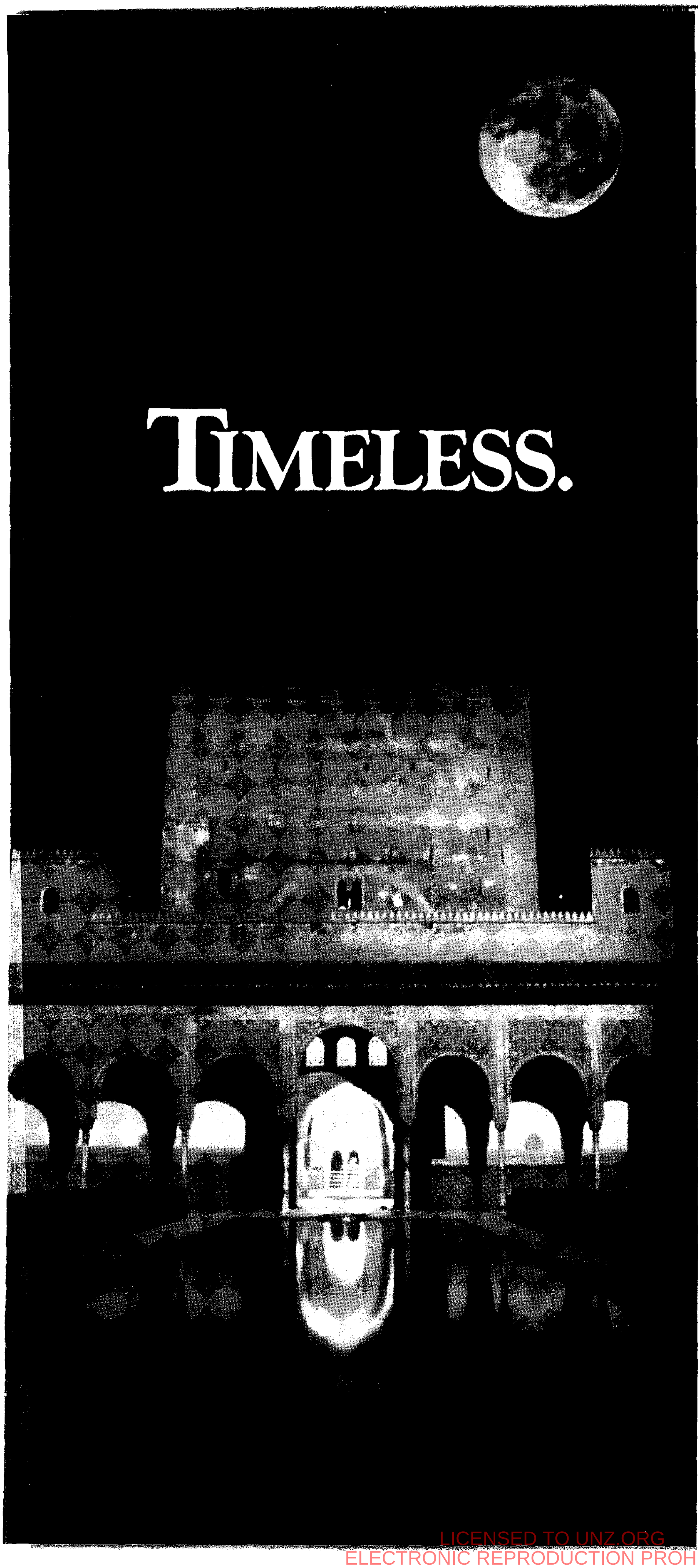

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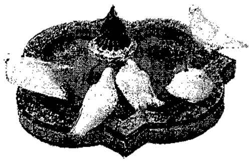

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needed only a 7-iron to get home on the 435-yard fifth. He put that approach six feet from the pin, and made the birdie putt. On the seventh, a 360-yard drive-and-pitch par 4, he lobbed a pitching wedge five feet from the pin and made that putt. Norman reached the turn in 32, four under par. Coming in, he birdied the thirteenth and the fifteenth, the two short par 5s, using only a 4-iron for his second shot on both holes. He parred the seven other holes on the back nine for a 34 in and a 66. I have an idea that Norman's mother must be a remarkable person. She was the member of the family who was interested in golf, and she got her son off the beach and onto the golf course by giving him two instruction books by Nicklaus to read—"My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score" and "Golf My Way." I have no facts to support my guess that Norman's mother must also be a very articulate person—only Norman's verbal facility and his obvious enjoyment of his press conferences.

Another golfer who played his way back into the tournament on the third day was Ben Crenshaw, the Masters champion in 1984. Out in even par, he birdied five of the last seven holes to post a 67. Crenshaw has long been considered one of the best putters in golf. On those last seven holes, he holed three birdie putts from twelve feet and a fourth from ten feet, but this is also testimony to his steady driving and his first-class iron shots on the back nine. Crenshaw deserves a great deal of credit for the job he has done this last year as he rebuilt a golf swing that had become much too long and impossibly Byzantine into a crisp, well-timed hitting action, somewhat similar to the swing that made him a three-time winner of our national intercollegiate championship in the early nineteen-seventies, when he was attending the University of Texas in Austin, his home town.

And, almost predictably, Curtis Strange, seemingly on his way to widening his lead, could not survive prosperity. On this third day, two under par for his round with five holes to play, he managed to bogey the fourteenth when he was short with his approach. He went on to bogey the long fifteenth when his slightly pulled 2-iron second shot splashed into the pond in front of the green. Then he bogeyed the par-3 sixteenth when he went for his twelve-foot birdie putt too boldly. The ball, after missing the cup, caught the long downslope of the green and did not stop rolling for another forty feet. Like Macdonald Smith, Leo Diegel, and Harry Cooper before him, Strange always has his troubles holding onto a lead in a major tournament.

At the end of the day, the field was bunched. Crenshaw shared the lead at 212 with Maltbie, who had shot a 70. Norman and Langer, who had also brought in a 70, were a stroke behind, at 213. Four players were two strokes off the lead, at 214: Mize, after a 72; Chen, after a 71; Strange, after a 73; and Ballesteros, after a 70. Watson seemed headed for this group until he bogeyed two of the last three holes. Where was Nicklaus? He had played a 73, and his three-round total of 219 put him seven strokes behind the leaders. His chances seemed infinitesimal, what with nineteen players ahead of him, but we have learned by now that you can never count Nicklaus out of a tournament.

On Sunday, the leaders, as is the custom, were the last to tee off. The fourth-from-the-last twosome of Mize and Strange, both of them two under par for the tournament, were off at one-fifty-one. They were followed at eight-minute intervals by Ballesteros and Chen, both two under; by Norman and Langer, both three under; and by the co-leaders, Crenshaw and Maltbie, at four under. On the second, the long par 5, Norman had to extricate himself from an exceedingly difficult position. He had pushed his drive thirty feet into a thick stand of pines to the right of the fairway. The best escape route was a ten-foot gap between the trunks of two pines. There is a touch of Hagen in Norman. He was not content to punch a safe percentage shot laterally back onto the fairway—the sensible move at this stage of an important stroke-play tournament—but elected to play a risky recovery. Hooding the face of an iron, he took a full swing and brought off an amazing shot—a low intentional fade. After the ball shot through the gap, it began to slice to the right, bounced down the fairway, and ended up just short of the large bunker before the left side of the green. Norman failed to make his birdie, but the par came easily.

I had watched Norman hole out from the top of the hill on the second, and I then cut back through the stand of pines, since it also frames the right-hand side of the third hole, a drive-and-pitch par 4 to a small plateau green. Some people there were chatting about Jodie Mudd, and how he had managed to play the first three holes in four under par. I thought that this was most unlikely, but at about that moment Mudd's name went up on the leader board at the third, on which the scores of the ten golfers currently leading the tournament are posted hole by hole. A green 1 before Mudd's name indicated that he had started the round one over par. His name was followed by a green 0, a red 2, a red 3, and another red 3. Mudd had birdied the first hole, eagled the second, birdied the third, and parred the fourth. Twelve of these giant leader boards are situated at strategic points around the course. They keep the spectators up-to-date on everything of consequence. I often wonder how we managed to watch tournament golf before the introduction of leader boards and the new simplified scoring system that the Masters pioneered in 1960 and that quickly became international.

On the Tuesday afternoon before the tournament, a group of us had spent an enlightening hour and a half in the stands at the practice range studying the methods of a couple of dozen players. No one had impressed us more than Mudd, a slim, poker-faced young man, who had won the United States Public Links championship in 1980 and 1981. In the 1981 Walker Cup match at Cypress Point, on the Monterey Peninsula, he had rattled off a 31, six under par, on the first nine. He joined the P.G.A. Tour the next year, and though he has yet to win a tournament, he has fared well enough in each of the last two years to take home over a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in prize money. Mudd has a quiet swing. He lets the club head do the work, and he can repeat his swing time after time. He left us wondering why we haven't heard more about him. Since Mudd and his playing partner, Chip Beck, were the seventh-from-the-last twosome to go out that final day and were now playing the fifth hole, I crossed to the far side of the third, watched Ballesteros and Chen, Norman and Langer, and Crenshaw and Maltbie play that hole, and then moved over to the seventh to see how Mudd and Beck handled that 360-yard par 4. Mudd, who had parred the fifth and sixth, added a routine par on the seventh. As he started up the long eighth, he was very much in the picture. Only three players—Crenshaw, five under through the fourth; Maltbie, four under through the fourth; and Norman, four under after a birdie on the fifth—had lower scores. The par-5 eighth and the par-4 ninth march up the long hillside to the clubhouse, and the par-4 tenth tumbles down the hillside. After Mudd had parred the eighth and ninth, it seemed imperative to see something of his play on the second nine, so, after watching the next four twosomes cope with the seventh, I walked the three hundred-odd relatively uncrowded yards to the tenth green. The leader board there showed that at that moment Crenshaw, four under through the sixth, was in the lead, a stroke ahead of Maltbie, Mudd, and Mize. Mize had birdied the sixth and seventh holes to get into the battle. Norman had dropped a stroke to par on both the sixth and seventh holes, and had slipped to two under par.

On the tenth, a 485-yard par 4 that is perhaps the most beautiful inland par-4 hole in the world—pines a hundred feet tall line three sides of its plateau green—Mudd was comfortably on the green in two, twenty feet from the flag. He was down in two putts for his par. The eleventh, a 455-yard par 4, is one of the most testing holes on the course. Its fairway falls gradually downhill to a cape-type green that is menaced on the left by a pond. Only yards away, Rae's Creek purls before the slightly raised green of the 155-yard par-3 twelfth. Mudd made a good par on the eleventh, on in two and then down in two from forty feet. He hit his iron to the ticklish twelfth a shade too solidly, and the ball rolled across the narrow green and into the fluffy fringe beyond it. He was about forty-five feet from the pin, which was set in the back right corner of the green, as it generally is on the final round. When it took Mudd three to get down from the fringe, he had made his first bogey of the day. It also broke a run of eight consecutive pars and dropped him to two under par for the tournament. As the leader boards and the smaller scoreboards informed us, Mudd proceeded to reel off an unbroken succession of pars on the last six holes. He brought in a 69, and it seemed that his four-round total of 286 might prove hard to beat.

Mudd's sustained charge gave the Masters just the focus it needed. As the players in contention behind him watched his succession of red 2s go up on the leader boards, it became only too clear that they would have to finish the tournament three under par in order to win. In the final analysis, four players had a chance to do this.

The first was Mize. Two under for the tournament at the start of the round, he was still two under after bogeying the tenth. A trim six-footer, Mize has one of the prettiest swings in golf. He moves his hands into a fine position at the top of the backswing, and maintains a legato tempo as he hits through the ball to a high finish. It was his putting that got him started on the back nine. He made a sixteen-foot putt to save par on the eleventh, and then dropped an eight-foot putt to birdie the twelfth. When he proceeded to birdie the thirteenth, he moved into the lead—four under par. He dropped a stroke to par on each of the next two holes, however, and came to the eighteenth needing a birdie to beat Mudd's score. The eighteenth, a 405-yard par 4, runs uphill all the way. It requires an accurate tee shot with a little fade on it. The rough before the fairway and the start of the fairway are shut in by trees on both sides. The fairway breaks quickly to the right. A slightly pulled drive will end in a big double bunker on the left side of the fairway. The fairway climbs slowly to a two-level green that is guarded in front on the left by a bunker and along its right side by another. On Sunday, the pin was in its usual fourth-round position—on the left front section of the green. Mize drove well with a 3-wood. He then played a high, soft 9-iron that sailed over the flag, landed on the slope between the two levels of the green about seventeen feet past the flag, rolled gently down the slope, and came to a stop four feet above the hole. Mize putted the ball into the middle of the cup. At three under par, he was the new "leader in the clubhouse," which, in translation, means that he had the lowest score of any player who had so far completed the seventy-two holes.

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The second player with a chance to win was Ballesteros. He had not been in top form at any stage of the tournament. His timing was a little fuzzy, and he had made a number of errors off the tee. A brilliant reader of greens, he had been outfinessing himself on the slick greens all four days, spotting the almost invisible shimmers near the cup but then leaving many of his putts for birdies quivering on the rim. One under par with four holes to play, he picked up one of the two birdies he needed by reaching the fifteenth in two. He picked up the other on the seventeenth, a short par 4, when he stopped his pitch four feet from the pin. He wasn't home yet. On the eighteenth, he put his approach into the bunker in front of the green. He played an elegant sand shot six feet from the pin, and made the putt for a 71 and a tie with Mize at 285.

The third was Norman. He had a harrowing day. He was paired with Langer, and they are not compatible playing partners. The greater the pressure, the slower Langer plays, and the more this irritates Norman, who likes to flash along like James Bond. After bogeying five of the first eleven holes, Norman finally got started. He birdied the twelfth from ten feet. He was home in two on the thirteenth and the fifteenth, and he birdied both of them to go three under par for the tournament. He hit his iron to the short sixteenth over the green and dropped a critical shot to par, but he made up for this by holing a twenty-five-footer to birdie the seventeenth. He needed a par on the eighteenth to tie, a birdie to win. He smashed out the longest drive I have ever seen on that hole. It finished in the light rough on the left about ninety yards short of the green—a three-hundred-and-ten-yard drive, all uphill. His pitch ended up just about hole-high eighteen feet to the right of the cup. Everything rode on that birdie putt, which would break a fraction from right to left. Four inches from the cup, the putt looked to be in. Then the ball swerved ever so little to the left and grazed the edge of the cup. A 72, for a total of 285 and a tie with Mize and Ballesteros.

Up the eighteenth came the fourth man in contention, Crenshaw. Back to three under par after bogeying the seventh—he could not find the groove and the feel he wanted on his iron shots—Crenshaw had hammered out nine straight pars only to falter on the seventeenth. Lying two in the back fringe, twenty feet from the cup, it took him three to get down. On the home green, he had a fifteen-foot putt—almost identical to the one that Norman had had—for the birdie he needed to get into the playoff. It was never in.

One other thing. When the leaders were solemnly threading their way through the eleventh and the twelfth on the far corner of the course, Nicklaus's name had gone up on the leader boards for the first time since the opening round. When all the numbers were in their slots, one could see that the old lion had made a pretty good run at it. He was out in 34, with birdies on the two par 5s. Coming in, he had eagled the thirteenth, but that had come a bit too late—he had bogeyed the tenth and the twelfth. His round of 70 gave him a total of 289 and a tie for seventh with Watson, Langer, Jay Haas, and D. A. Weibring.

OVER the fifty-two years since Sarazen's double eagle on the fifteenth on the last round, the Masters has produced such a high percentage of melodramatic finishes that the tournament has often seemed to be scripted by a team made up of Charles Dickens, Alexandre Dumas, Burt L. Standish, and John le Carré. In this, the third sudden-death playoff in the tournament's history, Ballesteros and Norman, perhaps the two best golfers in the world today, were joined by Mize, who was born in Augusta and spent some of his formative years there. On the first hole of the playoff, the 485-yard par-4 tenth, the three players hit their drives far down the fairway. The pin was situated that day some twenty feet from the back fringe in the center of the green. Ballesteros's approach shot finished in the back fringe about twenty-five feet past the pin. Norman's

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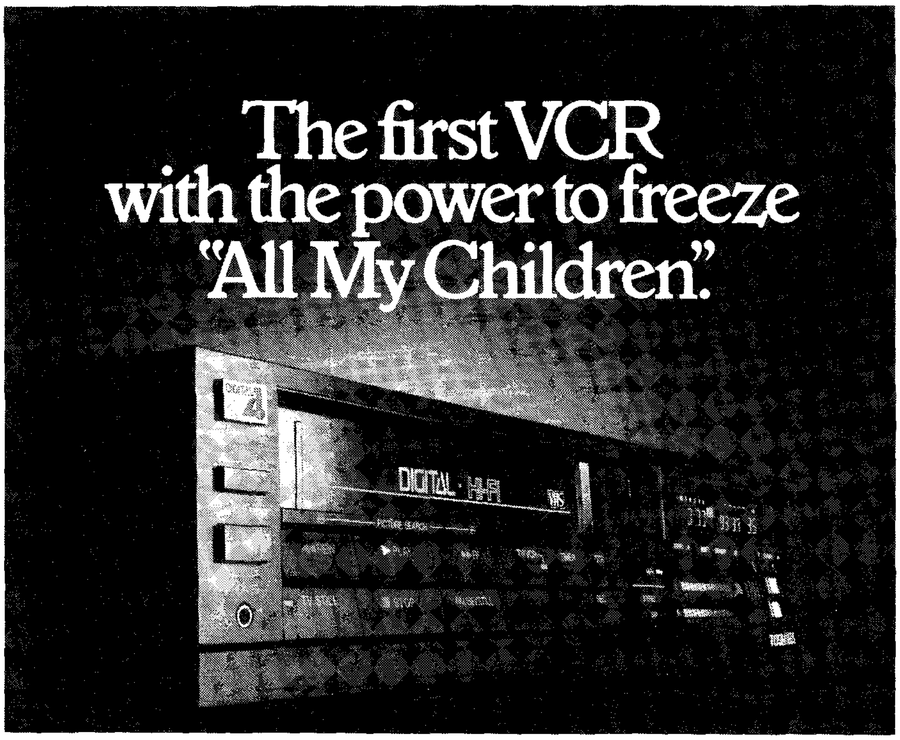

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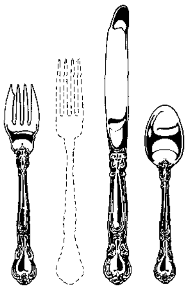

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approach ended up in the back fringe some twenty feet from the pin. Mize hit a terrific second shot about ten feet below the pin. He would be putting uphill, and that would be an advantage. Ballesteros's approach putt rolled five feet past the pin, and he missed his putt coming back, the ball veering to the left of the hole. Norman chipped three feet past the pin and made the one coming back, for his par. Here was a great chance for Mize to win the tournament, but there was more break to the green than he had allowed for, and the ball swung to the left of the cup. He made his par. A grim-faced Ballesteros and his caddie—his brother Vicente—headed back up the hill to the clubhouse through the dense throng of spectators.

My guess is that fifteen thousand people had watched the play on the tenth. Most of them moved on to the 455-yard par-4 eleventh, on which a small pond tightly flanks the left side of the long green. Two good drives—Norman's about fifteen yards past Mize's. The pin, with its pale-yellow flag, was set a little to the back and to the left side of the green. Mize went with a 5-iron on his second. He pushed the shot far to the right. It finished some twenty yards from the right edge of the green, in fairway-type grass. Norman was on the green with his second, to the right of the pin and about thirty feet short of it. Mize worked diligently to figure out how he should play the odd little pitch he was left with. He elected to go with a sand wedge, aimed a shade to the right of the direct line, and hit a soft, low pitch that bounced about fifteen feet short of the green and bounced again about five feet short of the green. It settled down quickly on the green and began to roll as smoothly as a putt, straight for the hole. It rolled squarely into the middle of the hole. Pandemonium. He had holed out from ninety feet for a birdie! Norman had to make his thirty-footer to keep his chances alive. His putt did not come close. It broke to the left rather early and swung two feet below the cup.

Larry Mize is in some ways typical of the young men who are coming to the fore in golf these days. His father, Charles, who was an administrator with the telephone company, was transferred from Augusta to Savannah when Larry was five. Mr. Mize, an ardent golfer, introduced his son to the game when he was eight. The Mizes moved back to Augusta in 1966. Mr. Mize became a member of the Augusta Country Club, which adjoins Augusta National, and the Country Club's course was the one on which Larry grew up. At fourteen and fifteen, he worked during the Masters with the leader-board crew on the third hole. When the last players had gone through the third, he went out and followed Nicklaus. After finishing Augusta Prep, Mize entered Georgia Tech, and there he played No. 1 on the golf team his first three years. Then, backed by his parents and a friend of the family who was deeply impressed by the style with which he hit the ball and by the flight of his shots, he went on the P.G.A. Tour in 1982. The following year, he earned nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in prize money, and he steadily increased his take the next three years. Last year, he earned $314,051 in prize money. In 1983, Mize won the Danny Thomas–Memphis Classic, but he won no tournaments after that. The knock on Mize was that he obviously had the talent to win but lacked the necessary toughness under pressure. In 1986, for instance, he had a four-stroke lead with only four holes to play in the Tournament Players Championship but let it slip away. He lost a playoff to Norman in the 1986 Kemper Open when he bogeyed the sixth extra hole. However, after his splendid birdie on the seventy-second hole of this Masters, which got him into the playoff, and his astounding birdie on the second hole of the playoff, Mize has put these knocks far behind him. During the winner's interview, which lasted over three-quarters of an hour, Mize remarked that as a teen-ager he had never played Augusta National, although it had had a special mystique for him, particularly when he played the holes of the Augusta Country Club that border the thirteenth tee and the twelfth green of Augusta National. The high point of the interview, I thought, came when a journalist asked Mize if he had ever thought of sneaking onto Augusta National. "No," Mize replied very quickly. "That's not the kind of course you sneak onto."

—Herbert Warren Wind

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

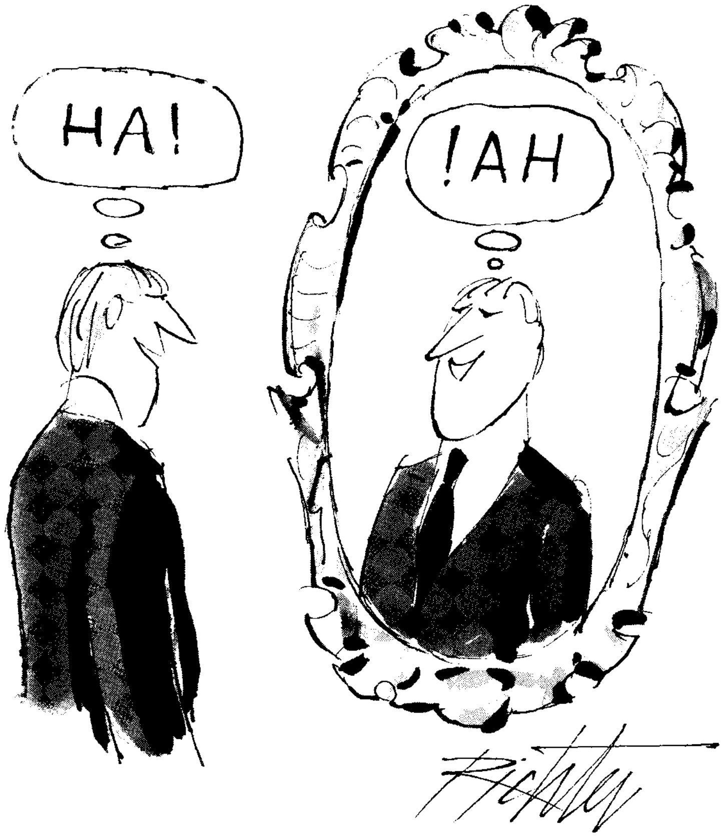
[*From the Vincennes* (*Ind.*) *Sun-Commercial*]

John Laue, 410 Ramsey Road, told police Monday the Fort Sackville Real Estate warehouse on State Street was broken into Saturday night. A jar of pickles was opened.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Marvels Unfold

Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov is a composer misprized—misrepresented by the popularity of “Sheherazade,” the Song of the Indian Guest from “Sadko,” and “The Golden Cockerel,” an uncharacteristic opera, but the only one of his fifteen to be played with any frequency. The glittering orchestration and sinuous, exotic chromaticisms of those pieces are but a small part of what he has to offer. The Met last staged the poignant “Snow Maiden” in 1923, the picturesque “Sadko” in 1932, and since then has done no Rimsky-Korsakov except “The Golden Cockerel.” The City Opera has never staged anything of his but “The Golden Cockerel.” In the last decade, however, Bloomington, with its production of “Christmas Eve” (1977), Boston, with its production of “The Invisible City of Kitezh” (1983), and Washington, with its production of “The Czar’s Bride” (1986), have done something to reveal the variety, the richness of spirit, and the warmth of emotion to be found in Rimsky-Korsakov’s work. He was a creator inspired by marvels of nature (sometimes, he wrote, he felt that he was simply transcribing delights he saw and heard around him); by supernatural tales that give heightened, symbolic form to real-world emotional adventures; by folk tales; and by folk melodies whose intervals and rhythms are mysteriously stirring. In range he is music’s Pushkin: a poet; a narrator; a master of prose (his “recitative” setting of Pushkin’s blank-verse play “Mozart and Salieri”), responsive to the classical past (“Servilia”) and to modern history (“The Maid of Pskov,” “The Czar’s Bride”); and, above all, an inhabitant of what Gerald Abraham, in “On Russian Music,” calls “a world in which the commonplace and matter-of-fact are inextricably confused with the fantastic, *naïveté* with sophistication, the romantic with the humorous, and beauty with absurdity.” In literature, this world had been created by Pushkin; in music, Rimsky-Korsakov’s opera “Czar Saltan” is its “most perfect projection.” “The Tale of Czar Saltan, of His Son the Glorious and Mighty Czarevich Gvidon Saltanovich, and of the Beautiful Swan Czarevna”—to use the full title—was staged last month in Bloomington by the Indiana University Opera Theatre. I’d not seen the opera before. It held me spellbound, confirmed every good thing that Abraham writes about it, and made his reservations—about emotion “unconvincing in expression”—seem groundless.



Rimsky-Korsakov was Russia’s leading composer in 1900, the year “Czar Saltan” had its first performance. (Mussorgsky had died nineteen, Tchaikovsky seven years before.) Like Smetana in Bohemia a few decades earlier, and like Britten in Britain a half century later, he was creating a national operatic repertory, essaying works in many genres, and naturalizing what he deemed valuable in international practice. (Rimsky-Korsakov’s individual, un-Wagnerian use of leitmotif device is perhaps analogous to Britten’s individual, un-Schoenbergian use of twelve-note device from “Billy Budd” onward.) In the future lay “Kitezh,” his masterpiece—a work of transcendent loveliness, tenderness, and majesty. Mussorgsky’s dramatic portraits are more directly realistic. Rimsky-Korsakov invites us to realms where (in the words of Prince Yury, in “Kitezh,” as he welcomes Fevronia to the Holy City) “dreams have become realities” and “what before was only thought is here alive.” Much of “Czar Saltan” has this enchanted, dream-come-true quality.

The plot is pleasant. Pushkin drew on several old tales to build his new one. Quiz question: What opera—besides “Götterdämmerung”—begins with three sisters spinning? In “Czar Saltan,” they are three human sisters, each idly speculating on what she would do if the Czar chose her as bride. Give a great banquet, says the eldest. Make spinning a royal monopoly, says the second. And the third—the Cinderella of the household—says simply: bear a hero son. Since this is a fairy tale, it’s no surprise to discover that the Czar has been listening outside the door, and that he now enters to make the youngest sister, Militrissa, his bride—appointing the two others Crown Cook and Serene Spinstress. In the next scene, the sisters take revenge: with the help of the horrid matchmaker Babarikha, they send word to the Czar, who is off at the wars, that his wife has given birth to a monster. By his order, mother and child—like Danaë and Perseus—are set adrift in a barrel. The pair arrive at an island. Robinson Crusoe-like, the boy, Gvidon, fashions a bow, and with it saves a swan from an attacking falcon. The swan is a princess, the falcon a sorcerer; a wondrous city appears, and Gvidon is acclaimed as its ruler. A longing awakens in the youth to see his father; the swan changes him into a bumblebee, and he takes flight for his father’s court. There three sailors relate the marvels of Gvidon’s island—a squirrel cracking golden nuts with emerald kernels, a wave that casts up warrior heroes on the shore—and Babarikha caps their tales with an account of a princess lovely beyond compare. This last marvel comes as news to the eavesdropping bumblebee prince; when he returns home, he discovers that the swan whose life he saved is that princess. He marries her. His father, his aunts, Babarikha, all Saltan's courtiers arrive at the island in time for the celebration. The marvels of the island are displayed: the squirrel in its crystal house, the wave-borne warriors in silver armor, the Swan Czarevna brighter than the sun. And Saltan is reunited with Militrissa.

"Czar Saltan," it's clear, is a spectacular opera. Bloomington has, in its Musical Arts Center, one of the best-equipped opera houses in the country. The distinguished Swiss artist Max Röthlisberger has for twelve years headed the School of Music's Department of Stage Design and Technical Production; "Czar Saltan" is the last production to be designed by him before he retires from the faculty. It was very successful. The Met could find it a model for décor that is romantic, colorful, richly inventive, amusing, and not vulgarly ostentatious—décor that matches and enhances the music, doesn't seek to drown it. There was a bewitching swan, gliding on azure waves as she sang. There was an entertaining and agile bumblebee, wings aquiver, controlled by an invisible puppetmaster high above. Technical ingenuity and a sure eye for theatrical color and form conspired. In the foyer, there was a show of Mr. Röthlisberger's earlier Bloomington triumphs—notably "Christmas Eve," Busoni's "Doktor Faust," "Porgy and Bess," and John Eaton's "Danton and Robespierre." "Czar Saltan" crowned them splendidly.

The stage direction was by Nicola Rossi-Lemeni. It did justice to the romance and the magic, the tenderness and the exuberance. It presented the opera clearly, accurately, movingly. Bryan Balkwill, an experienced and expert opera conductor strangely neglected by other American companies, conducted a fine orchestra that revelled in the sounds and shapes of Rimsky-Korsakov's score, playing the big set pieces—"The Flight of the Bumblebee," the "Three Marvels" interlude in Act IV—brilliantly and the delicate accompaniments sensitively.

There were two, alternating casts. The Gvidon of mine was Mark Smith, a promising "young-heroic"—or Lohengrin, Max in "Der Freischütz"—tenor: not yet ready for those roles, nor yet in full, confident control of his voice in every register, but equipped, it seems, with natural endowment that will lead him to them, and honest in his musical instincts. My Swan Czarevna was Alexandra Coku, strong and sure, but already tempted to push a basically attractive young voice into hardness rather than let it flow naturally. The large cast was strong. Janet Williams (Militrissa), Karla Fredell (an incisive Babarikha), and Adam Klein (the garrulous gaffer of the crowd scenes) deserve special mention. The opera was done without cuts, in a new English translation, by Lyle Neff.

NOT far away, in Louisville, the Kentucky Opera played "The Golden Cockerel." There are people who would not cross a street, let alone a state, to see the piece. Covent Garden staged "The Golden Cockerel" in 1954, with Mattiwilda Dobbs as the Queen of Shemakha, and revived it with Reri Grist in 1962 and with Patricia Brooks in 1969. That year, the editor of *Opera* declared it to be one of the five most boring works he had encountered at Covent Garden in decades of busy operagoing. I'm not quite so severe. True, in 1954 I pointed out that "Rimsky-Korsakov has written greater operas (the wonderfully touching 'Kitezh,' for example)," and called the work in 1962 "the dullest" and in 1969 "the least winning" of Rimsky-Korsakov's operas ("It lacks the nature magic of 'The Snow Maiden,' the bold epic vigour and sea magic of 'Sadko,' the variety and swiftness of 'Tsar Saltan,' the visionary tenderness of 'Kitezh' "). But even at his least inspired Rimsky-Korsakov is worth hearing. The flexible seductions of the Queen's music and the bright splendor of the Wedding Procession are not to be despised; there are strange, winning sounds in the parrot episode; and the music for Amelfa, the Royal Housekeeper, is delightful. Besides, critics are not always as confident as their pronouncements may suggest. I went to Louisville hoping to discover at last why companies persist in choosing "The Golden Cockerel." Surely there had to be higher reasons than that it has a familiar title, is short, has quite a small cast, and is modest in its scenic demands.

The libretto is again derived from Pushkin. Pushkin wrote "The Golden Cockerel," his last narrative poem, in 1834, at a time when he was unhappy and chafing at czarist interference with his life. (Washington Irving's "The Alhambra" provided the plot.) Rimsky-Korsakov began "The Golden Cockerel," his last opera, in 1906. He had sided with the reformers in the upheavals of 1905; for a while, he lost his post at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and performances of his music were banned. In Pushkin's poem, there are touches of political satire; in 1906, they became newly relevant and were made sharper. Pushkin's legendary King Dodon, an indolent and superstitious ruler, subject to his wife, matched Nicholas II more nearly than Nicholas I. (The artist Ivan Bilibin, who designed the first performance of "The Golden Cockerel," in 1909, had in 1906 prominently caricatured Nicholas II as a new Dodon.) The ignominious defeat of Dodon's army now seemed to reflect the outcome of the Russo-Japanese War. Those topical references have faded, and any deeper significances are hard to find. What remains is an elegant, glittering, decorative construction.

The Kentucky production was acquired from Scottish Opera, which had mounted it in 1975. The designs are by Sue Blane (sets) and Maria Björnson (costumes). In Glasgow, it was directed by David Pountney; in Louisville, by Jeremy Sutcliffe. It is a successful and effective show, but one that treats the music as accompaniment to a spectacle. At least two of the seven prefatory clauses in Rimsky-Korsakov's score were flouted:

1. The composer does not allow cuts.
2. In all lyrical and near-lyrical passages, actors who are onstage but not singing at the moment should not attract the audience's attention to themselves by

excessive byplay and movement. *An opera is first and foremost a musical work of art.*

The cuts in Louisville included much of Dodon's lament over his slain sons; two pages of cantilena for the Queen as she urges Dodon to sing to her; the whole of her second aria (the Romance of the Daughter of Air); the first scene of Act III; and the vocal parts in the Wedding Procession. As for added byplay, the cockerel—usually an ingenious mechanical bird, able to flap its wings and crow on cue—was played by a trapeze artist, whirling and twirling high above the stage and doing stunts that caused the audience to break into applause and drown the music. The parrot, instead of being another ingenious mechanical bird, confined to its one charming episode, was played by a mime, who accompanied the King through Acts II and III, making perky parrot movements all the while. Dodon's two sons were played as Siamese twins.

Gail Dobish, the Queen, sounded pretty when she sang gently, efficient and somewhat edgy of tone, not alluring, when she stepped up the volume. Roger Havranek was a dull Dodon. Two tenors were impressive: Nicholas Saverine as the Astrologer, soaring high above the staff in tones that stayed sweet and full, and Michael Ballam as Prince Gvidon, Dodon's elder son. Stephen Oliver's English translation was used. The Louisville Orchestra, conducted by Lawrence Leighton Smith, accompanied from an unhappily deep pit; the instrumental colors did not emerge sharp and clear. (The performance was given in Whitney Hall, in the new Kentucky Center for the Arts—a large, wide modern auditorium, seating twenty-four hundred, and not friendly to opera.) Music was not the point of the evening; the piece was offered as a specimen of designers' and directors' opera, cousin to "Starlight Express" and the Met "Turandot." Where Bloomington staged "Czar Saltan" with confidence in the work, presented it on Rimsky-Korsakov's own terms, and did all of it, Louisville staged "The Golden Cockerel" as a work that needs to be "saved" by trimming, embellishment, and distractions. It reinforced the popular misprizing of Rimsky-Korsakov as a skillful but heartless, mechanical, and essentially frivolous composer. In its way, the performance was a remarkable company achievement. Earlier Kentucky Opera productions I have seen—Gluck's "Alceste," in 1982, and "The Turn of the Screw," in 1983, both in the smaller Macauley Theatre—had a higher artistic aim.

—ANDREW PORTER

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I will now step over the soft velvet rope
and walk directly into this massive Hudson River
painting and pick my way along the Palisades
with this stick I snapped off a dead tree.

I will skirt the smoky, nestled towns
and seek the path that leads always outward
until I become lost, without a hope
of ever finding the way back to the museum.

I will stand on the bluffs in nineteenth-century
clothes, a dwarf among rock, hills, and flowing water,
and I will fish from the banks in a straw hat,
which will feel like a brushstroke on my head.

And I will hide in the green covers of forests,
so no appreciator of Frederick Edwin Church,
leaning over the soft velvet rope,
will spot my tiny figure moving in the stillness
and cry out, pointing for the others to see,

and be thought mad and led away to a cell
where there is no vaulting landscape to explore,
none of this bird song that halts me in my tracks,
and no wide curving of this river that draws
my steps toward the misty vanishing point.

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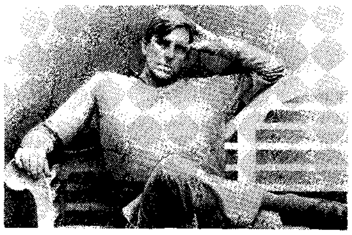

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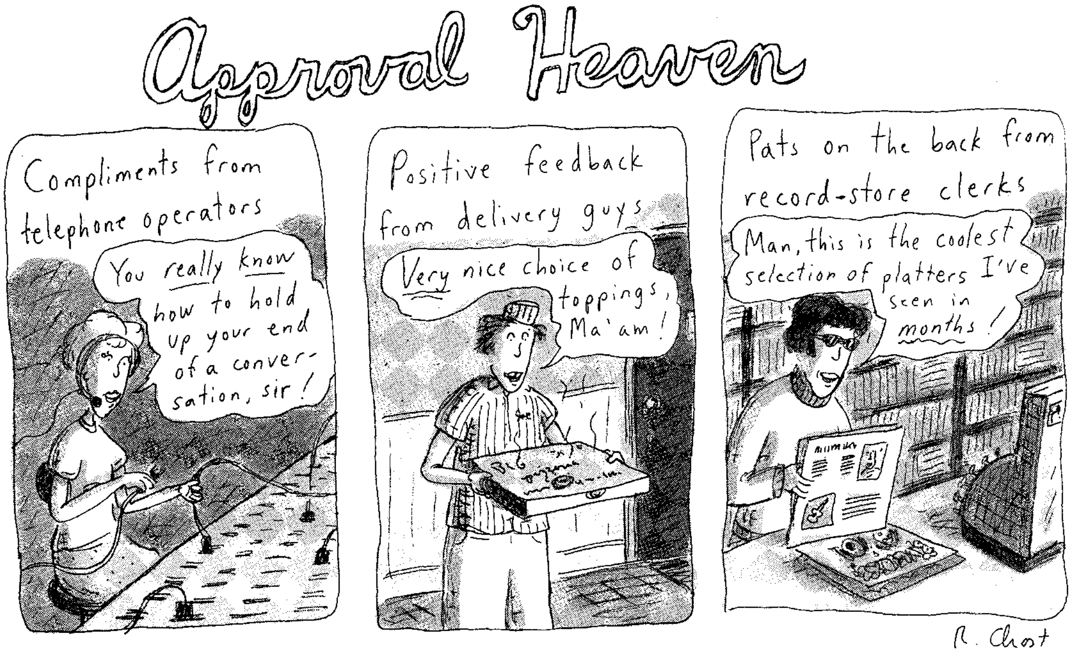
BOOKS

Back to the Classics

THE Summer, 1983, issue of *The Review of Contemporary Fiction* was devoted to Jack Kerouac and Robert Pinget; but though Kerouac's posthumous fame has reached all the way back to Lowell, Massachusetts, which is dedicating a downtown park next spring to its wandering native son, Pinget remains, in the United States, the all but exclusive property of college French departments and fanatic buffs of literary pre-postmodernism. His slim recent works, faithfully translated by Barbara Wright and published by the way-out firm of Red Dust, are printed in editions of a thousand copies. Nevertheless, Pinget bulks large in the present rather lean world literary scene—a determinedly experimental and unfettered writer whose education in music, painting, and the law help give his curious œuvre resonance. A considerable delay attends the publication of his books in English; the most recent to appear, "The Apocrypha" (Wright and Red Dust as usual; $12.95), came out in France in 1980. It is, like its predecessors "The Libera Me Domine" (1968 in France; Red Dust, 1978), "Passacaglia" (1969 in France; Red Dust, 1978), "Fable" (1971 in France; Red Dust, 1980), and "That Voice" (1980 in France; Red Dust, 1982), an extension or variation of an established though unsettlingly fluid world—a rural village world of circling gossip, moldering architecture, lurking atrocity, and (ever more centrally) botany, both in the wild and in the garden. From book to book, characters overlap—especially that of a reclusive "Master," who inhabits a mansion with his servant and brother or nephews or uncle, depending on how the forgetful, restlessly revising dominant voice phrases it at that moment. An atmospheric reality emerges all the more forcefully for the vibrant uncertainty of details; the decay and banality of provincial rustic life blur, at their margins, into something hellish, and also something redeeming. Pinget has said, in a note to "The Libera Me Domine," that "the interest of my work up to the present has been the quest for a *tone of voice*." The voice of his books (never quite the same) mitigates the sudden incidents of murder and madness with a comedy of expression, a garrulous patience, an onrolling indifference, a kind of cheerfully brute communal transcendence.

"The Apocrypha" seems to me not only an extension of Pinget's world but a consummation of it, his best novel (if comparative terms can be applied within a created microcosm so consistently indeterminate) since his best-known and most popular, "The Inquisitory" (1962 in France; Grove Press, 1967). The Apocrypha (a plural term whose root sense of "hidden" was applied by the Church to noncanonical works, which in time became magical in the popular imagination) are being composed by the Master—tortuously annotated and revised notebooks he is keeping, and his heirs are trying to edit. "Unravel the intricacies of these chronicles which delight in getting in a tangle, there's a secret plan somewhere there. . . . Upsurges of fervor which soon flag and leave him prostrate in his chair, his manuscript scattered all over the room, monologuing on the theme of the book to be written, of the adventure of art, and of the chaos in his mind." The Apocrypha are, among other things, the pages we hold in our hands. Pinget's recurrent method becomes a metaphor for its subject here: "*The essential often seems to be* brushed aside in favor of the adventitious as if some occult tyrant had adjured the scriptor only to approach the truth at a tangent." The Master's notes to himself become Pinget's self-admonitions: "Beware literary tone;" "Clarify terms." The elusiveness of the endlessly complicated text serves as metaphor, too, for decay—the Master's decaying mind, the erosions of anamnesis, the loss of circumstance within memory. His notebooks, often called a "gramarye"—an archaic word associated not only with grammar but with necromancy—are then "secret wellsprings of this fight against nothingness." And, as the book moves toward its climax, its texture merges with the revisions of the annual natural cycle, the variations from year to year: "The work would take shape according to the rhythm of the year, a forgotten arcanum." The years are almost interchangeable: "Leafing through the book he finds that the words he'd underlined aren't on the same pages, they've been displaced from where they were the previous year . . . Convinced that in the country things barely change from one year to the next, the first memorialist out of either laziness or lassitude might have confined himself to copying some of the passages dealing with the June of the previous year."

The temporal struc-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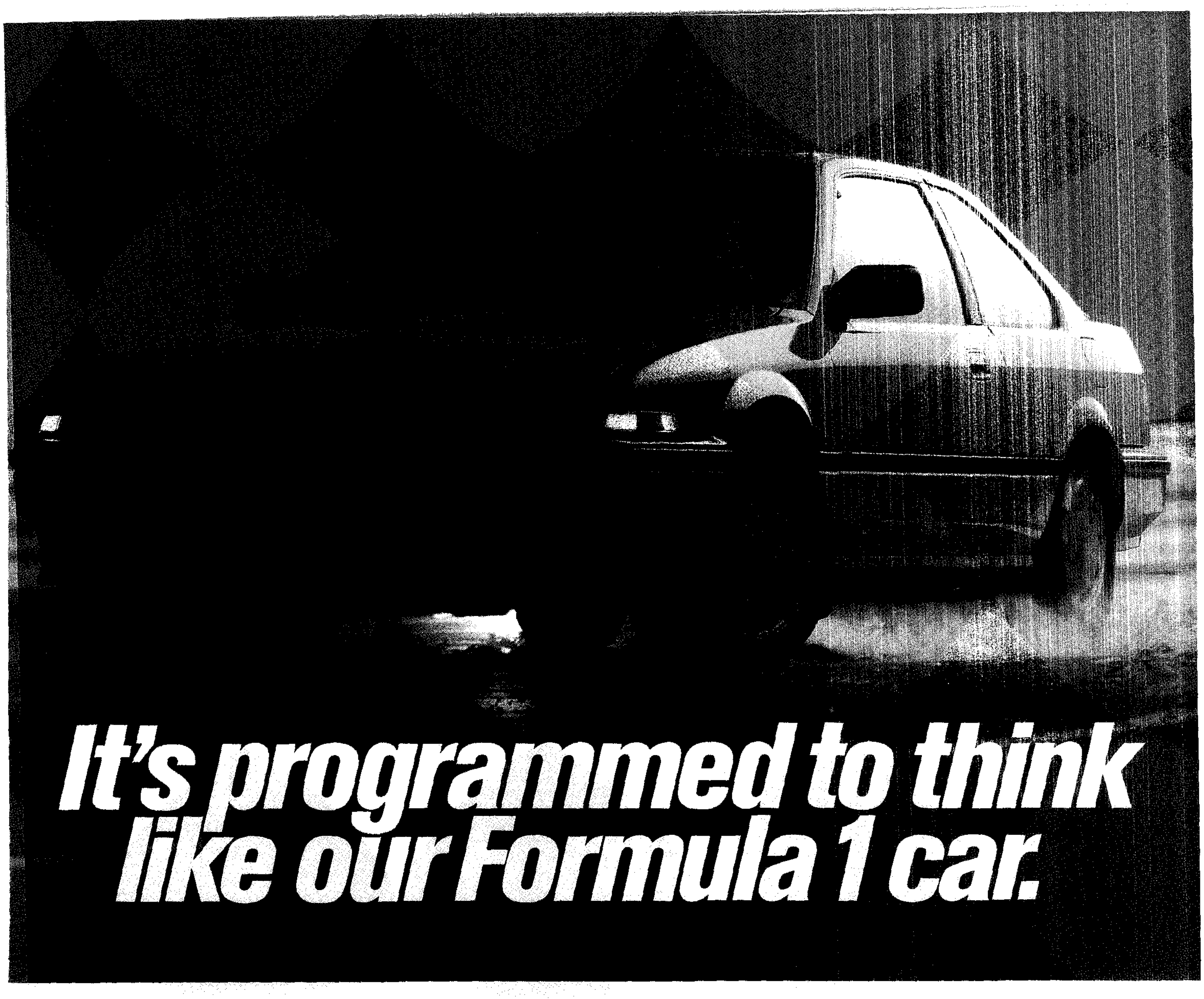

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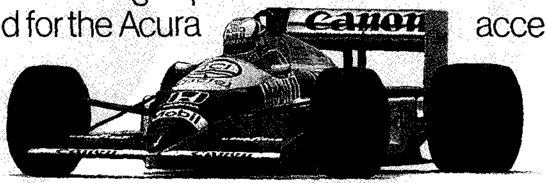

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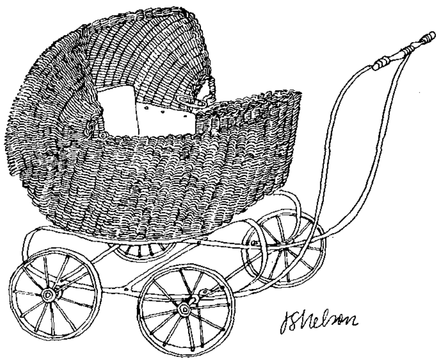
ture of "The Apocrypha" is clear enough: the year, marked by its seasonal weather and flowers and holy days, goes by twice, revolving about the figure of a shepherd most vividly seen in December. Stephen Bann, in a critical article of fourteen pages appended to this novel of not quite a hundred and thirty, explicates the pattern and also establishes clear textual links between "The Apocrypha" and Virgil's "Eclogues" and the Psaltery. The figure of the Good Shepherd, of course, is where paganism and Christianity overlap: early statues of Christ show a beardless youth with a lamb on his shoulders, and lines from the fourth Eclogue were interpreted throughout the Middle Ages as Virgil's magic prophecy of Christ's birth, of a virgin, in the reign of Augustus. The prettified shepherds of classic eclogues, the Good Shepherd, and the shepherds who came to the Nativity in Luke all blend into one another while the *image* of a shepherd, in the Master's roving purview, migrates from a shattered cup to a zodiac-rimmed picture printed in an ancient book, "an old book he found at a junk dealer's, a modern mind would be ill at ease with it the subject matter is so jumbled up, commentaries on this or that work of Virgil." Mr. Bann, with his sometimes bristling critical vocabulary ("Plunged in his pettifogging apocalypse . . . is a vivid example of this reiterated catachresis"), pounces on Pinget's increasing use of Christian symbolism, and sees the author as "anticipating the concerns of an important direction of French thought and criticism" and helping to establish "a claim for the seriousness of theological tradition in a post-psychoanalytic culture." This comes too close to making of Pinget a latter-day Bernanos. Pinget's fiction has always been haunted and obsessed by the past, and Christianity is Europe's crumbling past—"the whole shebang of the centuries which now they're old project a terrifying shadow into their enfeebled hearts in which they're looking for something that ought to be the soul, what was it exactly, a precious gift now confused with the fear of death." On the other hand, the image of the shepherd does, in the course of the double annual round of "The Apocrypha," appear to become whole. The imperfections repeatedly noted in both its ceramic and printed forms ("a tiny shard wrongly glued," "a bit of mould obliterates the original contour of the face and hands, just look how clumsily this ink line has been drawn to try to restore it") have by the last paragraph been, as if miraculously, absorbed into the perfection of an icon both Christian and humanist:

> The halo crowning his head is the heart of a masterly composition in which each extended line at an equal distance one from the other joins the ecliptic of the heavenly body that governs the system.

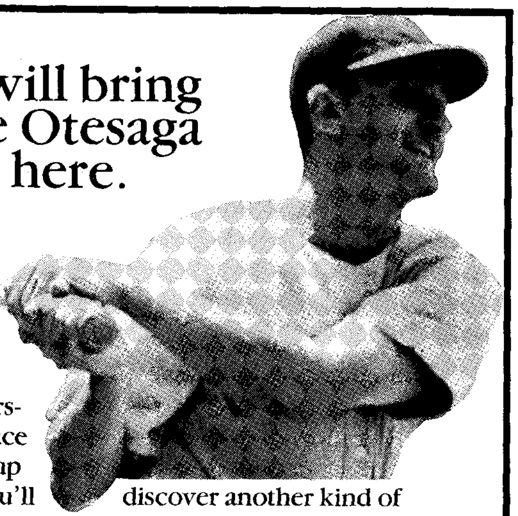
IRIS MURDOCH, too, plays with a classical model in her new book. "Acastos" (Viking; $15.95) binds together two Platonic dialogues, one of which has actually been produced in London as a short play. Miss Murdoch, of course, has taught philosophy at Oxford and published a book, "The Sovereignty of Good," upon Plato's views of art; her own Platonism informs the intellectual and erotic seethe of her tireless novels, whose characters reside half in a solidly realized England and half in a translucent realm of immaterial passions and ideas. "Yes," she and her favorite characters seem to keep saying, "the Good and the True and the Beautiful *do* exist, compellingly, bafflingly, absolutely." Plato himself, as a somewhat minor character in these two dialogues, asserts, "People know that good is real and absolute, not optional and relative, all their life proves it," and, when challenged by Alcibiades, gets quite sputtery about it: "Good must be pure and separate and—absolute—and—only what's completely good can—save us—" Alcibiades scoffs, "But your perfectly pure good thing does not exist, that's the trouble, dear, all the world proves *that!*" And Plato cries, "It *does*, it *must*—it's *more real*—I can't explain—" Plato, here a callow youth of only twenty, has already developed a lot of bullying mental maneuvers. God, too, *must* exist: "Religion isn't just a feeling, it isn't just a hypothesis, it's not like something we happen not to know, a God who might perhaps be there isn't a God, it's got to be necessary, it's got to be certain, it's got to be proved by the whole of life, it's got to be the magnetic centre of everything—" Miss Murdoch is the philosopher, and knows better than I how true to Plato's mature thought is this rather Kantian or Kierkegaardian sense of God's stern obligation to exist. Socrates gently says, "Then your 'ground of things,' your 'it must be so,' is really 'I want it to be so,' it's a cry of fear?" Plato begs off, and even Socrates seems to concede more than a strictly materialist and relativist standpoint would warrant: "The most important thing in life is virtue, and virtue isn't a mystery, it's truthfulness and justice and kindness and courage, things we understand. Anybody can *try* to be good, it's not obscure!"



Yet, of course, goodness *is* obscure, to an age that has heard it preached that the state is organized violence, that humility and submission help perpetuate the powerful in their crimes, that altruism is a kind of neuroticism, that a repressed "drive" (Freud) becomes self-destructive, and that "slave morality" (Nietzsche) should be despised and supplanted. Miss Murdoch has the aesthetic problem, in contriving these new Platonic dialogues, of how much of modern thought's dark, chaotic winds to admit to the forum: to stay entirely within the intellectual frame of Periclean Athens would be a pointless tour de force, and yet her exercises would be hopelessly campy did they feel any more up-to-date than they do. "Public morality . . . *is* breaking down" is no doubt a timeless complaint, but "Love is energy" seems a contemporary formulation put into Plato's mouth: "You see, love is energy. The soul is a huge vast place, and lots of it is dark, and it's full of energy and power, and this can be bad, but it *can* be good, and *that's* the *work*, to change bad energy into good . . . All right, it's sex, or sex is it—it's the whole drive of our being and that includes sex." A distinctly modern view of the evangelized lower classes and a certain West Indian accent creep into a servant's refreshing testimony on these great matters: "Like little fish in sea am I in God's love! All I eat, sleep, work, do, inside his love. . . . I am not good man, I have many sin, many fault, many, many. I need my God. I am all bad, he is all good, I have bad thoughts—"

But religion and its conundrums are enduring enough to straddle epochs, and the dialogue on religion is much the livelier one. The dialogue on art, which was the one to see performance (in the National Theatre, in 1980), seems relatively insipid, in part because its argumentation is confined to examples of art no later than the fifth century B.C. Even as a provisional definition, Miss Murdoch's Callistos could never, had he seen a single Rauschenberg construct or Pollock painting (or read a Pinget novel), have described art as "copying into a world where everything looks different and clearer, and there's no muddle and no horrid accidental things like in life." After Céline and Kafka, can we still, as Socrates urges, "thank the gods for great artists who draw away the veil of anxiety and selfishness"? Plato is made to say, "Art softens the demand of the gods. It puts an attractive veil over that *final* awful demand, that final transformation into goodness, the almost impossible *last step* which is what human life is really all about." This is thrillingly put, and in tune with the relevant chapters of "The Republic" —but are the demands of, say, "Finnegans Wake" really so soft, and is, say, a fur-lined teacup or a latrine displayed on a museum wall such an attractive veil? The phrase hardly seems true even of "Oedipus Rex," or of the satyrical activities painted on Greek vases.

When we turn to "The Republic" or to any of the authentic Platonic dialogues, we realize how much a novelist and sentimental *Neo*platonist Miss Murdoch is in her adroit and charming imitations. The original atmosphere was much more Spartan: In "The Republic," Socrates proposed to ban poets because human emotion, which poetry indulges, is "irrational, useless, and cowardly." Poetry "feeds and waters the passions instead of drying them up; she lets them rule, although they ought to be controlled, if mankind are ever to increase in happiness and virtue." Dry reason and manly endurance should rule "the sympathetic element." Callistos' babbling suggestion that art is "exciting and sexy" would have fallen on stony ground in the fifth century. The element of homoerotic byplay (not entirely absent from the originals: in the "Phaedo," Phaedo relates how Socrates, within hours of his own death, stroked his young disciple's head and "gathered the hair on my neck") pervades Murdoch's dialogues and verges on making them farcical playlets. As if in one of her irrepressible novels, each character strains to rattle off in his own direction; Socrates is a kindly pre-



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siding tutor but nothing of the remorseless logical engine who bulldozes his way through Plato's dialogues, reducing all others to yes-men. Plato composed in a time when truth was thought to be attainable, when permanent conclusions could be achieved and built upon; this live possibility, so near the beginnings of reasoned thought, throws a white light upon the stylized figures of his debates. Miss Murdoch writes in a time of multiplying shadows, of built-in indeterminacy and ambiguity, when Eros is the only apprehensible god. Socrates concludes the animated but highly inconclusive dialogue on art by claiming, "In truly loving each other we learn more perhaps than in all our other studies." The excitable young Plato tells his teacher, "I'm so happy, I don't know why. I love you so much," and "*Socrates puts his arm round him and leads him off.*" This note of affectionate fellowship among high-minded men and boys also ended Miss Murdoch's last novel, "The Good Apprentice," and appears strangely satisfying to her. She and Pinget are almost exactly the same age and, in their different ways, show a high tolerance for ambiguity. Models of creative integrity in a slack age, they sing oddly rapturous hymns to muddle. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY, by Nancy Price (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). Sara Gray dons a wig and assumes an alias, Laura Pray, and runs away from Boston and her sadistic husband. (He beat her if, say, the canned goods on the kitchen shelves were not arranged just so.) Sara/Laura heads for Iowa, where she rents rooms next door to a heartbroken young drama professor (male) and where she works for an invalid and embittered old English professor (female). Eventually, she is obliged, for a while, to add a beard to her disguise and to call herself Larry Day; her neighbor coaches her in male mannerisms. There is some heavy-handed symbolism involving potted plants and seedlings, and when the heroine whispers passionately "I want to get a master's degree in library science" the reader may laugh. But the plot unfolds satisfactorily, as the husband closes in.

THE MISALLIANCE, by Anita Brookner (Pantheon; $14.95). Miss

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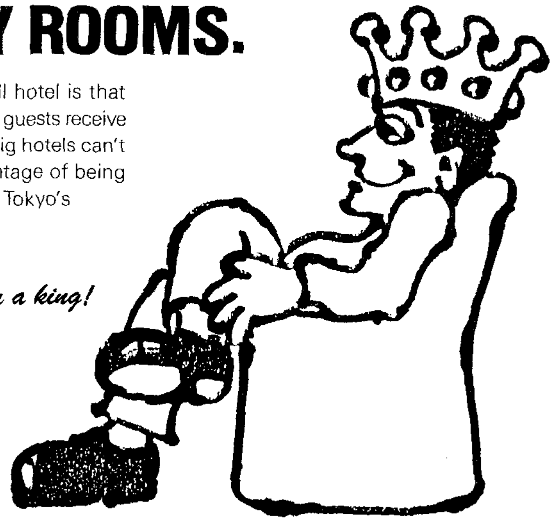

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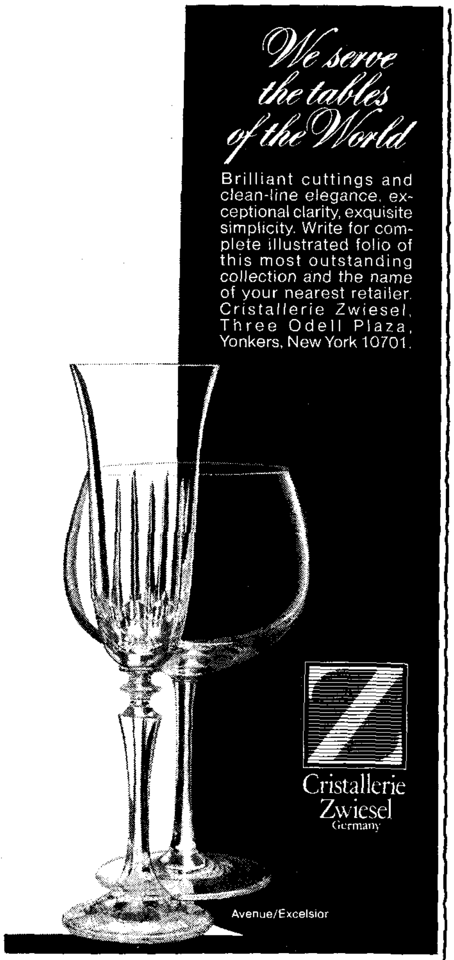

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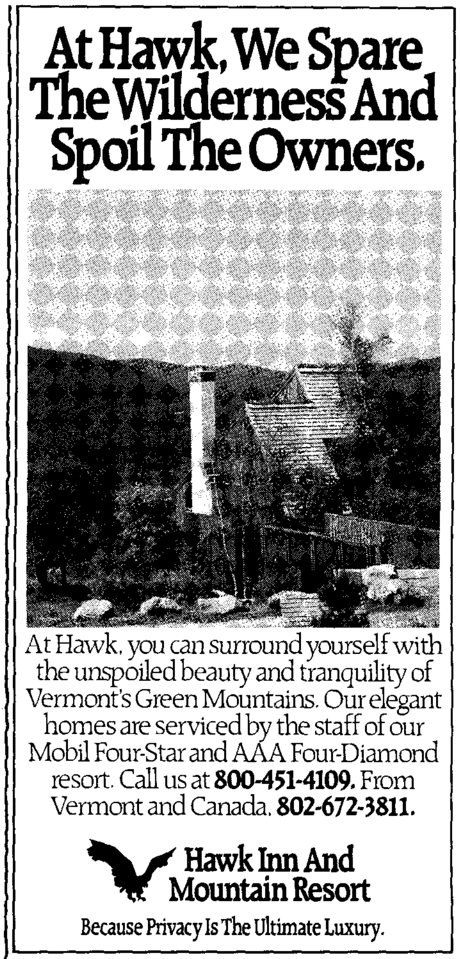
Brookner is not only a gifted novelist but also an authority on eighteenth-century painting, and her interest in that period seems to have become more and more of an influence on her writing. This new novel opens with a sentence that recalls Jane Austen: "Blanche Vernon occupied her time most usefully in keeping feelings at bay." Blanche—around forty, good-looking, chic, very bright, and reasonably rich—is the discarded wife of a London businessman, who has left her for a younger and less formidable woman. Blanche keeps her unhappiness at bay with visits to museums and with good works at a neighborhood hospital. It is at the hospital that she meets a feckless young woman and her three-year-old stepdaughter, with whom she forms an odd, godmotherish relationship. Like Jane Austen, Miss Brookner is concerned chiefly with behavior—with human nature and the varieties of response to life—and she possesses in abundance the wit and the intelligence she needs to elucidate her findings.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, by Ward Just (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). A sort of Grimm Brothers version of "Little Black Sambo"—that is how a West German diplomat describes the world view of Germany's radical underground. He is talking to the wife of Bill North, an American Ambassador whose posts have ranged from Central Africa to Bonn. The Norths' son, Bill, Jr., has adopted the radicals' world view, and it has prompted him to undertake various *Aktionen*, including bank robbery, kidnapping, and murder. The story that results is a complex matter of reflection and speculation, as Bill and Bill, Jr., play cat and mouse in Washington and Germany. Ward Just, whose ninth novel this is, has incorporated too many flashbacks and monologues, but there are thrilling scenes. Two that feature a caged Cape buffalo expose the cynicism endangering three continents, and three sons.

THE LOCKED ROOM, by Paul Auster (Sun & Moon; $13.95). This short, surrealistic novel—which, with "City of Glass" and "Ghosts," makes up what Mr. Auster calls The New York Trilogy—is, up to a point, the most explicit, even the most conventional, of the three. An unnamed narrator learns from



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the wife of his closest boyhood friend that the friend has disappeared and is presumed dead. The missing man, Fanshawe by name, left behind a great body of unpublished writings, and when the narrator sees them he at once recognizes that his onetime friend was a highly original novelist and playwright and a poet of genius. The narrator and Mrs. Fanshawe fall in love and marry, and the narrator undertakes to write a biography of Fanshawe. This requires him to retrace Fanshawe's early, wandering steps: in the merchant marine; in Paris, where he worked as a telephone operator at the New York *Times* bureau and as a consultant for a film producer; and in Provence, where he was a house sitter. In so doing, the narrator begins to feel that his own life is moving out of focus. It might be added that the enigma Mr. Auster so interestingly fashions here is rendered even more enigmatic by the fact (provided in a biographical note) that he himself once served in the merchant marine and worked as a telephone operator at the *Times* in Paris, etc.

NOTE: "Trust Me," a collection of stories by John Updike, has been published by Knopf ($17.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Old Left," a collection of stories by Daniel Menaker, has also been published by Knopf ($15.95). Many of these, too, originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

CONTINUO: A LIFE IN MUSIC, by Robert Starer (Random House; $16.95). After Hitler invaded Austria, in 1938, the author was expelled from Vienna's State Academy for Music because he was a Jew; at the age of fourteen, he fled to Jerusalem, where he studied music until he joined the British Army, in 1943. In 1947, he came to New York to study at Juilliard, and later became an American citizen ("my fourth and final nationality"). Throughout the upheavals of exile, war, and immigration, music dominated Mr. Starer's existence, and the continuity of musical tradition has given continuity to his life. He describes his experiences working with conductors, soloists, and dancers who commissioned and performed his music, but he never bogs down in gossipy anecdote; a musical

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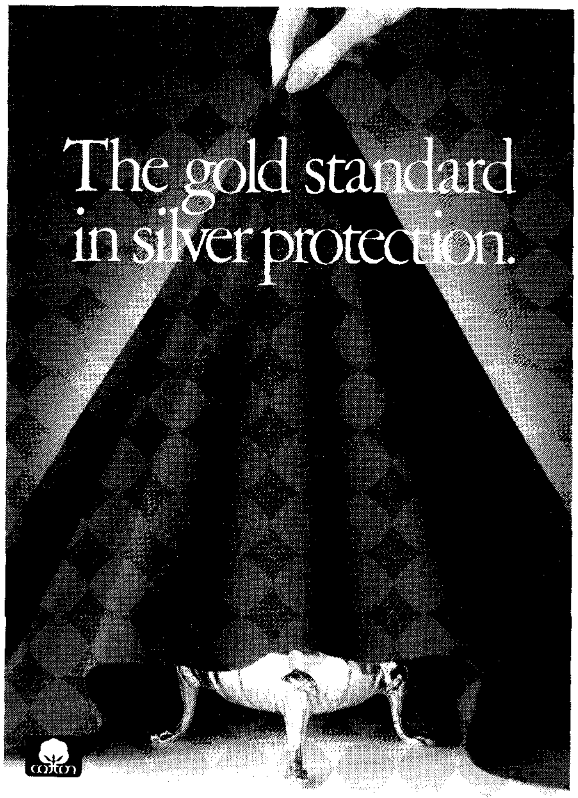

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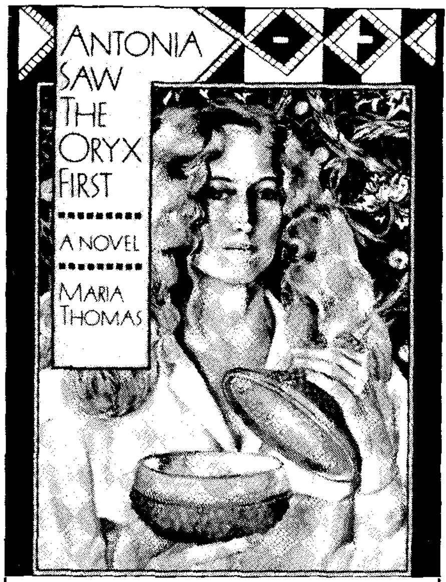
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purpose shapes his prose. His unpretentious style treats musical profundities and technicalities gracefully—not frivolously but accessibly. One chapter appeared, in slightly different form, in these pages.

Blues, by John Hersey (Knopf; $16.95). Izaak Walton's Piscator and Viator are the seventeenth-century antecedents of Hersey's Fisherman and Stranger, who encounter each other on Martha's Vineyard and over the next four months spend a number of days together in pursuit of bluefish. Hersey provides relevant poems (as did Walton) to enhance the texture of the work, and also a number of recipes for preparing the bluefish that Fisherman and Stranger catch. A work that is deliberately didactic at times, "Blues" is, of course, about much more than the pleasures and the techniques of fishing; it is, as Fisherman tells Stranger, about interconnections—the ties between *mankind and the natural* world, among others. "I warn you that you may develop an ache in your chest, a symptom of mourning, over what mankind is doing to the deeps," Fisherman tells Stranger when they first meet. "If these follies continue to go unchecked they are liable to break forever, irreparably, the delicate laws of balance. And if that happens, links of life on earth—the fragile chain—will part and will never be able to be mended. We'd better marvel while we can."

The Lamberts: George, Constant & Kit, by Andrew Motion (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50). George Lambert (1873-1930) was born in St. Petersburg, the son of an American railroad engineer working in Russia, and spent his youth in the outback of New South Wales. In the early nineteen-hundreds, he gained some prominence in London as a fashionable portrait and genre painter. His son, the composer Constant Lambert (1905-51), is better known, as a creator and conductor of ballets and as the enkindling spirit behind the Sadler's Wells Ballet. He was a wit, a bon vivant, and a pioneer in the appreciation of jazz as serious music, and he was prodigiously addicted to hard drink, which helped to kill him. His son, Kit Lambert (1935-81), found his métier as an impresario of rock and roll. He introduced the first successful British independent record label, and he virtually brought into being

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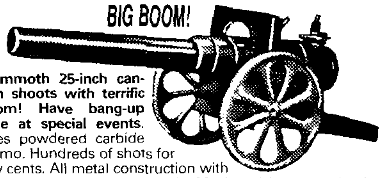

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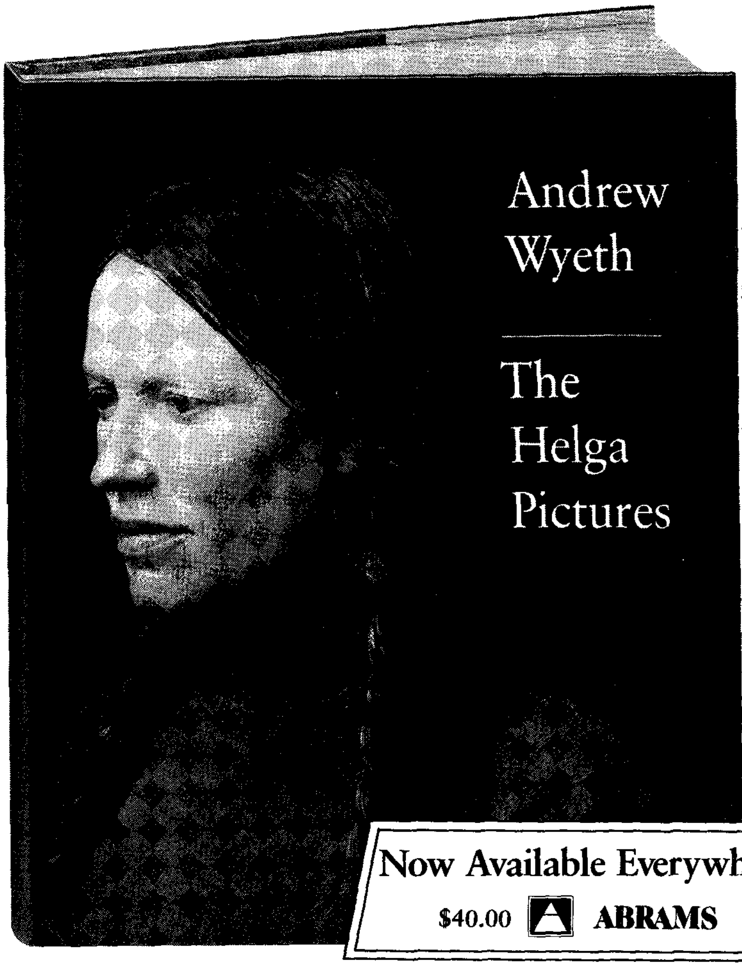
the rock group The Who. Like his father, he wrecked himself (with heroin). The author has re-created the bohemian life of twentieth-century London as the setting for this tragic and moving story of three lives. A memorable book. Photographs.

THE ITALIANS AND THE HOLOCAUST, by Susan Zuccotti (Basic Books; $19.95). Although by Mussolini's decree restrictions against Italian Jews went into effect in 1938, and although vigorous measures were taken to round them up and deport them to death camps after the Germans occupied the country, in 1943, eighty-five per cent of the Jewish population survived the war—a record comparable with Denmark's. This book describes how the great majority of Jews were able to evade the Fascist militia and the Nazi S.S. squads, either by going into hiding or by escaping to Switzerland. Italy, the author says, had little history of anti-Semitism, so the sudden persecution of the Jews met with no favorable response from the Christian public. Italians in all walks of life—doctors, government officials, peasants, and priests and nuns (without encouragement from the Vatican)—put themselves at risk to hide Jews or to help them leave. Mrs. Zuccotti relates scores of stories of the resourcefulness of the Jews and the bravery of those who helped them, and she also tells us of the more than six thousand Italian Jews who were destroyed, either by the Fascists at home or in the death camps. Photographs.

NOTE: "Nobody Better, Better Than Nobody," a collection of pieces by Ian Frazier, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($14.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Fast Forward: Hollywood, the Japanese, and the VCR Wars," by James Lardner, has been published by Norton ($18.95). Some of the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE KILLJOY, by Anne Fine (Mysterious; $15.95). Miss Fine's first novel is strange and wonderful—a painful but riveting version of the tale of Beauty and the Beast. Beauty here is Alicia Davie, a student at a Scottish university, and the Beast is Ian Laidlaw, head of the Political Science Department—a man near fifty, hideously disfigured by a dog-



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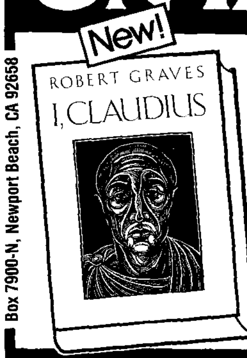

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bite scar that runs down one side of his face from hairline to throat. Beauty is not entirely beautiful, being lazy, slovenly, and self-centered, and the Beast is equally self-centered but not without some redeeming qualities. Beauty seduces the Beast and moves into his apartment. Miss Fine tells us with remarkable insight and style what happens next.

MURDER OF A MODERATE MAN, by John Howlett (St. Martin's; $15.95). A superior spy story. Parviz Vaziree, the son of an assassinated Iranian politician and himself a political prisoner in his native land, is unexpectedly released to appear as a witness at a hearing in England that seemingly has to do with the dealings of a tricky Italian businessman closely linked to Iran. In reality, the move is a scheme to lure Parviz's few remaining associates out of hiding. Mr. Howlett introduces us to an Interpol agent named Morgan Hunter-Brown (born Giuseppe Giugiardini), an American diplomat whose wife is a Persian-English interpreter, a genial American journalist, a retired British diplomat with long experience in Iran, and the diplomat's activist daughter, and he lets them talk themselves into vigorous life. He tells his story in short takes and fast moves, and with vivid credibility.

•

Again and again and again, Bowa put the Padres through their paces. As Tony Gwynn said early on in the camp, "The very worst we'll be is a good fundamental baseball team."

"We're continuously working on fundamentals," Bowa said. "We've probably spent more time on fundamentals than any other manager who's been here. And the only other thing I can do is, if we keep messing up, we'll keep going out and practicing. That's all I can do.

"You can't, uh, beat a dead horse in the mouth, but then again you can't just sweep it under the rug. It's not going to go away unless you practice it. Hopefully by the end of the year we won't mess up fundamentals."—*San Diego Union.*

Casey Stengel lives!

•

I told them that as far back as 1982, the New York Times had described the president's mental process as being disengaged. You push in the clutch and the motor hums but the car won't move. That's being disengaged.—*Barry Broadfoot in the Toronto Star.*

Right. Now let out the clutch, slowly.

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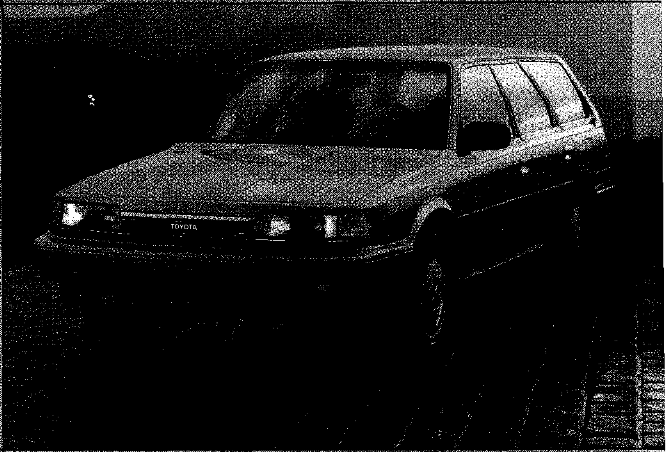

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**EPA estimated 25 city/31 highway MPG for Camry 5-Door LE Wagon with 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission.
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